THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A[illegible]trated Weekly Magazine
Fou[illegible] A[illegible] 1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOV. 6, 1909

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More Than a Million and a Quarter Circulation Weekly

Why the Franklin is the most comfortable and the most reliable of all automobiles.

The closest possible examination of the leading water-cooled automobiles shows them to be practically alike in all important features—alike in their construction principles, comfort and road ability. Yet it is claimed for each one that it is superior to the other.

Now an automobile in order to be essentially better than another must necessarily be different; for example, if it is more comfortable, there must be a reason for it. Water-cooled automobiles with their semi-elliptic springs and steel chassis frames all ride about the same. You can get but little more comfort with one than another.

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The comfort of the Franklin gives it the greatest road ability of all automobiles. You can make time everywhere. Passengers, even aged people, can ride long distances without fatigue. And being comfortable also means that the Franklin lasts indefinitely—it does not rack and strain itself. The deterioration and the rattle and noise which develop in other automobiles are avoided.

Other automobiles are all about the same on tires—usually unreliable. Their tires are too small and too weak. You know it; everybody knows it. So everywhere you go you carry an extra outfit of tires. This does not prevent the tire trouble with its annoying delays but it is the only thing you can do. Here again the Franklin is different. We practically eliminate tire trouble. The solution of the vexed problem is simply in providing tires large and strong enough for the service required. It is true that many automobiles are so heavy and stiff in construction that this is not practical. But the Franklin is light and flexible. It is easy on any tires, and with our 1910 tire equipment tire troubles are not a factor. You do not have to carry extra tires. The tires used are larger even than the tires used on water-cooled automobiles that weigh a great deal more.

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Franklin dealers will show you the new cooling system. You will understand it at a glance and will appreciate more than ever the advantage of air cooling over water cooling with its plumbing, weight and complication, and liability to freeze or boil dry.

The control is another feature in which the Franklin is also different. There is only the throttle lever. Ignition is by Bosch high-tension magneto with the Franklin governor which dispenses with the usual spark-advance lever. Better results are therefore obtained at all speeds.

The 1910 Franklins have been in use in all parts of the country for over five months and have thoroughly demonstrated the merit of the new cooling system.

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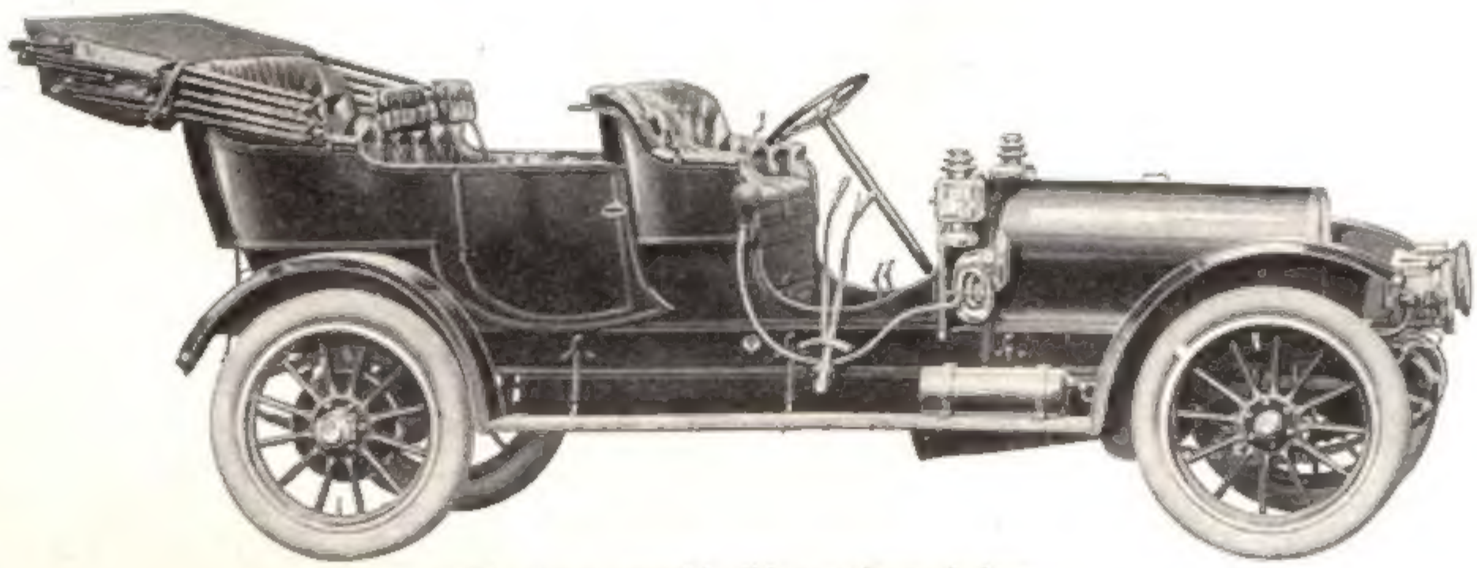

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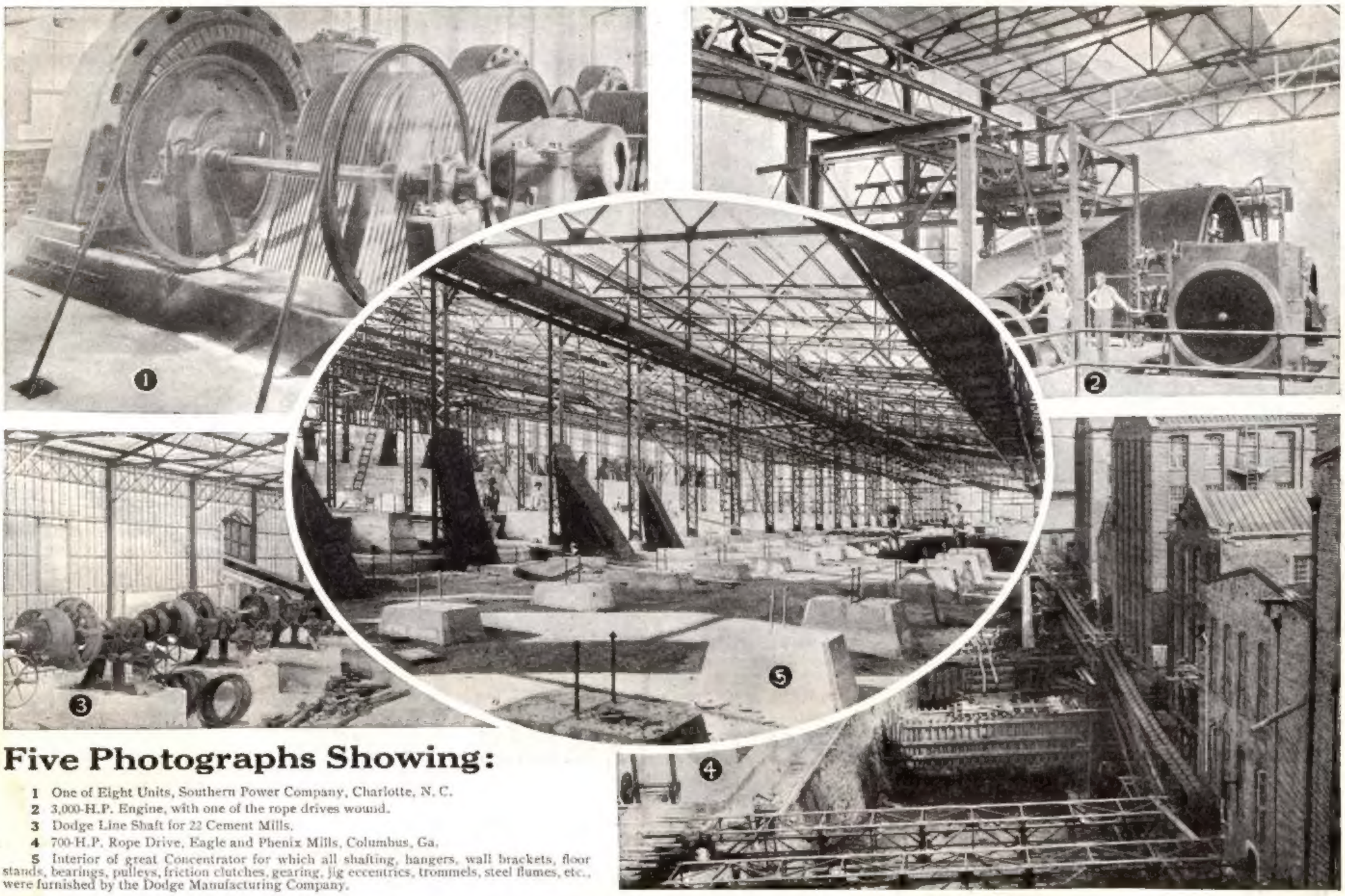

Five Photographs Showing:

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3 Dodge Line Shaft for 22 Cement Mills.
4 700-H.P. Rope Drive, Eagle and Phenix Mills, Columbus, Ga.
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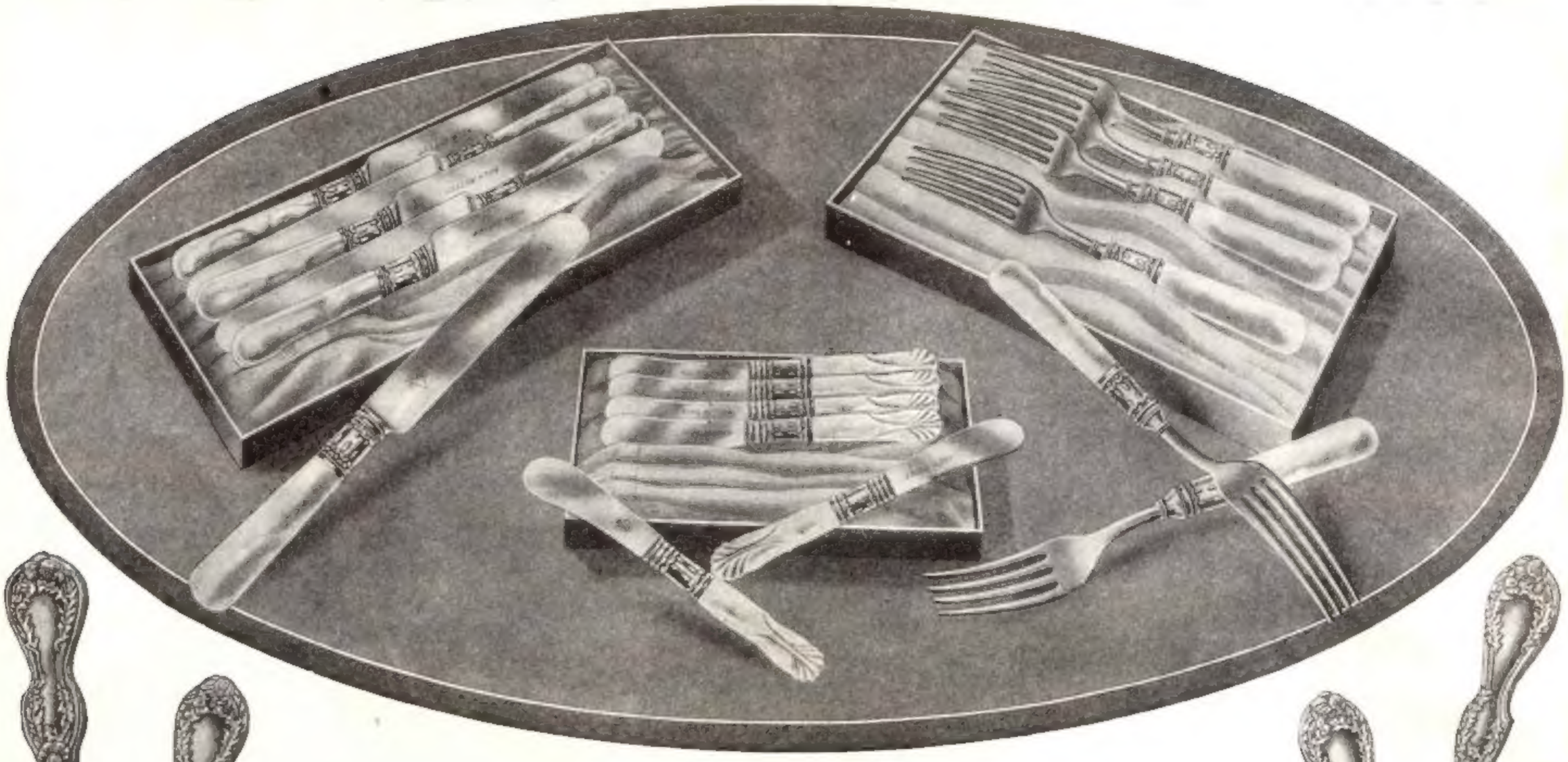

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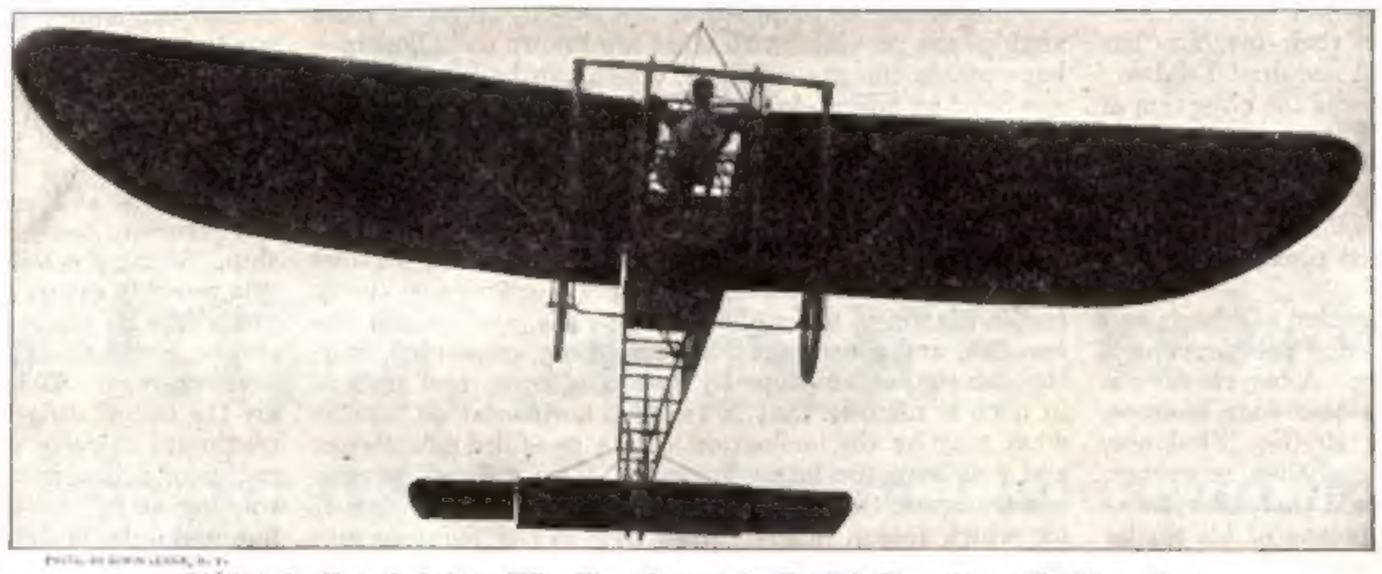
THE HIGH FLYERS

Flying—Present and Future

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

DECADES of almost disheartening failure, attended with the sacrifice of human life, have taught the inventor of flying machines that he may hope to navigate the air by four possible methods. He may mechanically imitate a duck by constructing a machine with flapping wings; he may literally push himself from the earth by employing the lifting effect of a horizontal revolving screw; he may skim the air in an aeroplane like a bird of prey; or he may raise himself by means of a buoyant gas and urge himself forward by means of propellers. Of these four possible devices only the skimming aeroplane and the gas-filled airship have been at all successful.



Blériot, the French Aviator Who Flew Across the English Channel, on His Monoplane

An aeroplane may be defined as a surface propelled horizontally in such a manner that the resulting pressure of air from beneath prevents its falling. It is an aerial skate gliding on a medium more treacherous and less sustaining than the thinnest ice. If it is to stay aloft it must skim the air so swiftly that it has no time to fall. Motion, therefore, incessant motion, is the secret of an aeroplane's flight. If it stops it must inevitably fall. The faster it glides the safer is the man whose hand grasps the controlling lever.

All aeroplanes are air skates. But these air skates may assume different forms. In a general way they may be divided into two classes—biplanes or double-decked machines and monoplanes or single-decked machines. The Wright, Curtiss and Farman machines are biplanes; the Blériot and Latham machines are monoplanes. Why do Wright and Curtiss prefer the biplane, and Blériot and Latham the monoplane, if both are alike in principle? Simply because each style has certain advantages over the other. The biplane has a larger supporting surface, which means greater carrying capacity; it can be handled almost as easily as if it had but a single surface; it is more easily controlled; and it is trussed and braced like a bridge so that it can be subjected to strains which might crush an ordinary monoplane. On the other hand, the monoplane is speedier than a biplane because, having but a single horizontal surface, it encounters less head-on resistance. Spreading but a single horizontal surface, as it does, it is difficult to make it stiff and strong.

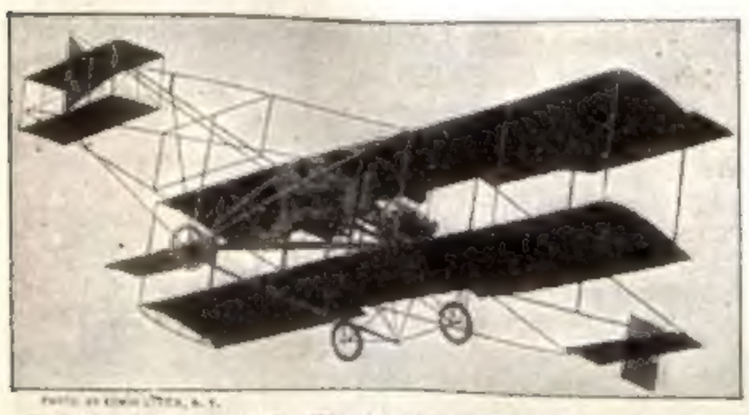
Both monoplanes and biplanes have made remarkable records. Only a few weeks ago Santos-Dumont, in his wonderfully light and delicate Demoiselle—a monoplane costing only one thousand dollars—wrested from Curtiss the world's speed record by traveling at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour; while more recently still Santos-Dumont's record has been beaten by Orville Wright in his biplane. With Santos-Dumont on board the entire weight of the apparatus is only two hundred and sixty pounds, which is more than noteworthy when it is considered that many monoplanes weigh over half a ton with the pilot. So far as distance is concerned it seems that both monoplanes and biplanes, like automobiles, are limited only by the capacity of their gasoline tanks. At Rheims Farman flew one hundred and twelve miles in three hours four minutes and fifty-six seconds and was obliged to stop only because of darkness. Although aviators at present prefer to skim near the ground at heights of fifty to one hundred feet, the aeroplane can ascend, theoretically, to any height. What can be done in this respect is shown by Orville Wright's recent performance in spirally reaching a height variously placed at fifteen hundred, sixteen hundred and seventeen hundred feet.

The skater on thin ice is far safer than his brother of the air, for the ice skater's only task is to move so fast that the ice beneath him has not even time to crack. In other words he has only to consider his weight and to regulate his speed accordingly. In addition, the monoplane or biplane skater is constantly confronted with the vastly more difficult problem of maintaining his equilibrium. That fragile, delicate mechanism of planes, rudders and propellers with which he rushes through the air is subjected to two forces—the pressure of the air and its own weight. The air pressure acts upward and, therefore, sustains the aeroplane in flight; the weight of the different parts naturally acts downward. If the center of air pressure or upwardly-acting force happens to shift to one side of the center of gravity the machine will capsize and crash to the ground. Why? Because the upwardly-acting pressure is more powerful at high speed than the downwardly-acting weight of the machine. In other words, an aeroplane is a kind of seesaw subjected to the action of two unequal and opposing forces. Obviously, the only way to maintain the seesaw in equilibrium is to bring the two forces together in the middle so that they will act, the one upward and the other downward, through the same point. When the aviator has accomplished this feat he has brought the center of air pressure and the center of gravity into coincidence. Since the wind, despite its apparent steadiness, is in reality composed of innumerable puffs and gusts, currents and counter-currents, the center of air pressure is constantly shifting, which renders the feat of balancing extremely difficult.

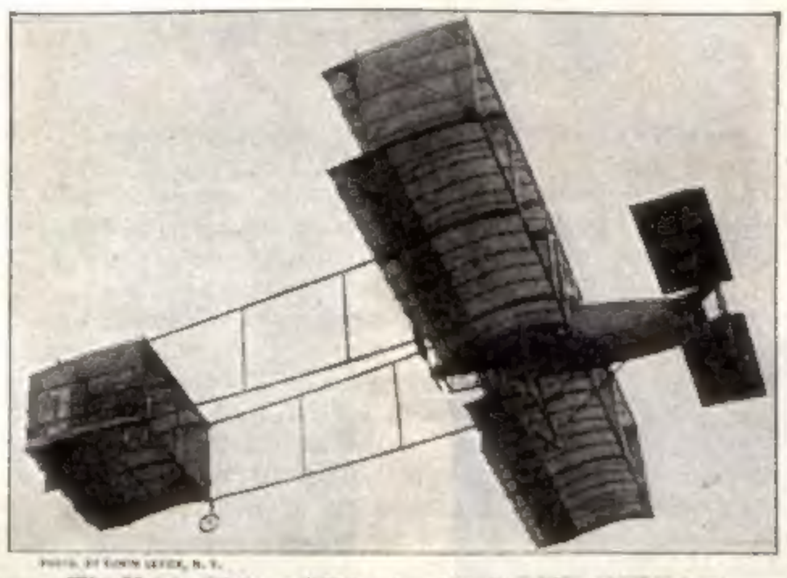
In order to bring the wandering center of air pressure back into coincidence with the center of gravity the Wright brothers have devised a method of warping or bending the outer ends of the planes. The same balancing effect is obtained by hinging flat surfaces or tips to the outer ends of the planes and swinging them up or down as the exigencies of the moment may require. In France these hinged tips are called *ailerons*, a term which is fast coming into general use. In the latest of Mr. Curtiss' machines these *ailerons* are removed entirely from the ends of the main planes and placed between them. Although changed in position their function remains the same.

Balancing an aeroplane by plane-warping devices or *ailerons* requires considerable skill. For that reason some attempts have been made to maintain stability automatically. In the Voisin machines, which Farman at one time piloted, something like automatic stability is obtained by constructing the aeroplane in the form of a number of boxes open at the ends and placed side by side, the whole being balanced by a tail, also boxlike in form. The vertical side members of the aeroplane are supposed to prevent any marked shifting of the center of air pressure, and the tail to maintain steadiness in flight. Farman has abandoned the box form and, like most aviators, now relies chiefly on *ailerons*. That a tail, however, does exercise some balancing effect must be admitted.

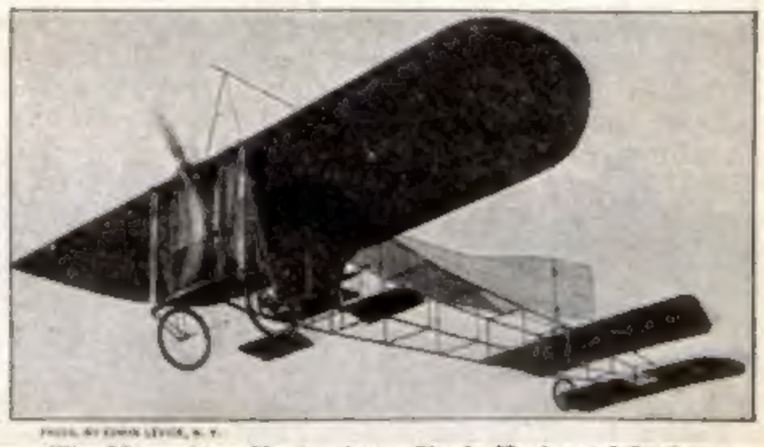
Before it can fly every monoplane and biplane must be in motion, in which respect it resembles every eagle,



At Betherry—Curtiss Piloting His Biplane in Full Flight. Note the *Ailerons* Between the Planes



The Voisin Biplane, Which Mr. De Rue (Captain Ferber) Piloted at Boulogne-sur-mer at the Time of His Death



The Monoplane, Having but a Single Horizontal Surface, Encounters Less Head-on Resistance Than a Biplane

The Dirigible La République, Above Paris

The Zeppelin Dirigible, Built on the Compartment Plan

buzzard or vulture. Most soaring birds of prey must run along the ground in the teeth of the wind and acquire considerable momentum before they can fly. Every aeroplane is in a similar predicament. Hence, various forms of launching contrivances have been invented to impart this initial velocity. The late Professor Samuel P. Langley, to whom we are indebted for a wealth of aerodynamic information gathered by long and tedious experimentation, used to place his models on a car which ran on a track and which fell down at the end of the rails, and thus released the model for its free flight. The Wright brothers likewise employ an inclined rail. When their machine has shot forward a sufficient distance and acquired headway it rises into the air. In order to overcome the objection of employing a track, Curtiss, Blériot, Farman, and indeed almost all aviators with the exception of the Wrights, mount their aeroplanes on bicycle wheels. The machines run along the ground for perhaps a hundred yards and are then lifted into the air by the upward pressure on their slightly-tilted horizontal rudders.

A modern bicycle is a useless aggregation of wheels and sprockets until one has learned to ride it. Yet bicycling is mere child's play compared with flying. A bicycle rider is concerned chiefly with keeping his side-to-side balance. An aviator must maintain not only his side-to-side balance, but his fore-and-aft balance as well, and that, moreover, at almost express-train speed. It is said that after Delagrange had covered about six miles in one of his earlier flights he was lifted from his machine in a state of utter exhaustion. Farman's first flight covered only a few yards. Six months later he flew two miles in a circle. Yet the machine which, after the first attempt, obstinately refused for two whole months to soar for more than a few yards at a time was precisely the same machine that later flew under more or less perfect control. After the pilot has acquired the requisite skill he seems capable of daring almost anything. At Rheims, Lefebvre, who later met a tragic death, amused the public by performing acrobatic feats in the air on one of the lighter Wright machines and by taking an occasional flight across country.

The Difference Between Aeroplanes and Airships

AN AEROPLANE is a dynamic machine. It must always move. Therein lies one of its chief disadvantages. A dirigible airship, on the other hand, can hover over a single spot in a calm. Yet that type of air-navigating apparatus is also not without defects—defects that will become more apparent if the principle of its construction is examined.

Reduced to its essential elements the airship is merely an elongated bubble of gas urged forward by the aid of an engine-driven propeller and steered by means of horizontal and vertical rudders. Given a sufficient volume of gas and an envelope strong enough to contain it there is theoretically no limit to the weight that may be lifted. Speed of propulsion rather than dirigibility and lifting power is the chief object of present research. Assume that a velocity of thirty miles an hour can be attained in calm air. In a thirty-mile, head-on wind, then, the airship will stand still even though the propellers are churning the air with their maximum effect. The huge cross section of an envelope containing thousands of cubic feet of gas offers so much resistance that only at the expense of much engine power is high speed attained even in light breezes.

In the effort to adapt the envelope to the peculiar properties of buoyant gases various types of dirigible airships have been evolved. As an airship rises and is more exposed to the rays of the sun the gas expands. To prevent the envelope from bursting because of the resulting pressure a certain amount of gas is allowed to escape through valves. When the airship descends to a lower level the gas naturally contracts again and the envelope partly collapses so that it resembles a half-inflated football. To compensate for this loss of gas and to maintain the proper degree of inflation the gas-envelopes of most airships are provided with what are known as ballonets—bags within the gas-envelope, which can be blown up by means of an engine-driven air-pump like the inner tube of a bicycle tire. Airships provided with such ballonets are either of the non-rigid or semi-rigid type.

Perhaps the best example of the non-rigid airship is Major von Parseval's dirigible, to which Germany has more or less pinned her military faith. Imagine an inclined gas-envelope one hundred and ninety feet long and thirty feet in diameter, resembling a rather fat, eyeless and finless fish, and a comparatively small car suspended from the fish-shaped envelope by means of cords and pulleys in such a manner that it remains horizontal no matter what may be the inclination of the gas-filled fish above, and you have the latest Parseval. Two military wagons can transport this fairly large aerial craft when deflated; for which reason it lends itself well to the requirements of army service. A portable gas-plant accompanies the collapsed dirigible on its peregrinations, ready to inflate it for scouting. In a recent flight the Parseval remained in the air for thirteen hours. Still more recently it buckled; in other words, it bent in two. Fortunately, Major von Parseval and his four companions escaped alive.

Because of the necessity of employing ballonets to preserve the shape of the gas-envelope of a non-rigid dirigible and because of the tendency to buckle for lack of stiffness the distinguished Count von Zeppelin invented the rigid type. The several airships which he has designed are as daring and ambitious as any aerial craft conceived by scientific romancers of the Jules Verne school. His aerial leviathans are all built on the compartment principle followed in ship construction. Instead of a single bubble of gas sixteen or seventeen bubbles are placed end to end in a stiff aluminum frame of braced and connected rings covered with waterproof fabric. Because the separate gasbags are shielded from the rays of the sun by the fabric cover of the framework there is comparatively small loss of gas by expansion; and because the framework itself is exceedingly stiff it is not likely to buckle. If one of the many bubbles should be pricked, either by a projectile hurled from a gun below or by some accident, the remaining bubbles will still keep the ship afloat. That this principle is indeed sound was amply demonstrated in the accident that occurred several months ago. One of Zeppelin's mastodons was steered down into a field and by a strange fatality collided with the only tree in the vicinity. Part of the long, canvas-covered frame containing the independent gasbags was torn away, but enough gas was still left in the remaining compartments for a homeward limp.

The Zeppelins, which have electrified Germany, are by far the largest aerial cruisers ever built. In size they outrank many an ocean steamer. The cylindrical frames in which the gas-envelopes are held vary in length from four hundred and twenty to four hundred and fifty feet. From this long, overhead cylinder two cars are suspended, connected by a long, canvas-covered saloon, which is as luxuriously appointed as that of any yacht. It has celluloid windows at the side and celluloid windows in the floor, through which the constantly shifting panorama below may be seen. Both ends are closed by revolving celluloid doors against cold blasts. At night the interior can be electrically lighted and heated. On either side are upholstered seats and collapsible dining and writing tables. Between watches the crew sleep in hammocks as on board ship. What a colossus of this rigid type can accomplish was recently evidenced by the dramatic trip that Count von Zeppelin made from Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance, Switzerland, to Berlin and return with a crew of fourteen men. All the three Zeppelins now in commission are the fastest dirigibles in the world, for they travel at a maximum velocity of thirty-three miles an hour. Their radius of action is truly remarkable. With both motors running at full speed a Zeppelin should travel eighteen hundred miles in sixty hours and carry between seven and eight tons in addition to its own weight, provided that its career be not checked by too blustering a wind.

The Safety of the Zeppelin Type

THE semi-rigid type of airship, as its name implies, is a compromise between the non-rigid and the rigid. It still retains the ballonet for maintaining the shape of the gas-envelope, but employs a rigid keel to which the gas-envelope is attached and from which the car is suspended. The chief object of the compromise is to save the additional weight rendered necessary in a rigid Zeppelin by the elaborate and costly bracing of the long, cylindrical framework and yet to prevent the possibility of buckling. Perhaps the best examples of the semi-rigid construction are the five military dirigibles of the French army. Typical of these is La République, a two-hundred-foot aerial cruiser having a lifting capacity of three thousand pounds and a radius of action of five hundred miles with eight men on board. Its maximum speed of thirty miles an hour compares favorably with that of the great Zeppelins. Near Moulins, recently, La République met with an accident which cost the lives of four army officers. A propeller blade snapped, flew upward and punctured the gas-envelope. End on, the ship plunged downward. Although such an accident at best is a rather remote possibility with any type, a rigid Zeppelin, divided into many gas compartments, would alone have survived it.

So far as actual performance goes the Zeppelin type of airship has hopelessly outclassed La République or any

Latham Trying to Break the Record for Distance

Latham Flying Toward the English Coast

other airship that has ever been built. Count von Zeppelin's recent journey from Lake Constance, in Switzerland, to Berlin and return stands without a parallel in aeronautic annals. That distance of five hundred miles was covered with fair continuity, the airship remaining aloft at one time for a period of no less than twenty-three hours. La République was hardly designed for such feats of endurance, for which reason her voyages of one hundred miles cannot fairly be compared with Count von Zeppelin's long-distance flights. Like the Parseval airship, she is designed for comparatively short journeys of reconnaissance.

Both the aeroplane and the dirigible must be large if they are to carry much weight. It may be doubted if the aeroplane will ever greatly exceed its present dimensions. Its carrying capacity depends on its spread of plane. To increase the load means so important an increase in spread that an unmanageable area of supporting surface would be necessary. In order to secure the necessary strength to hold up this increased area an increased weight per square yard is entailed. Hence it is unlikely that aeroplanes carrying many passengers will be built. Mr. Orville Wright in January last doubted whether the aeroplane would "ever take the place of trains or steamships for the carrying of passengers. My brother and I," he stated, "have never figured on building passenger-carrying machines. Our idea has been to get one that would carry two or three or five persons, but this will be the limit of our endeavors."

To the size of the gas-filled airship there is no limit. Indeed, the larger it can be built the more economically can it be driven, when we measure economy by ratio of carrying power to cost of operation. Just how large an airship can be constructed is a question of constructive engineering. In considering that question the late Professor Simon Newcomb pointed out that economy is gained only when the dimensions of an airship are so increased that it will carry more than an ocean steamer or a railroad train. To attain that end he estimated that it would be necessary to build an airship at least half a mile in length and six hundred feet in diameter. Such an airship might carry a cargo of ten thousand tons or fifteen thousand passengers. Because the construction of such a craft is not an utter engineering absurdity it is possible that our grandchildren will cleave the air in future aerial Lusitanias. Indeed, we ourselves may witness something like this at no distant day, for Count von Zeppelin is even now completing arrangements for the inauguration of an aerial passenger service between Hamburg in the north and Lucerne in the south. Eventually Berlin and Munich may be linked to this transportation system. The Hamburg-Switzerland line is to be opened next spring and the fare for the journey will be one hundred and fifty dollars. Between twenty-five and thirty passengers are to be carried at a time, for whom adequate sleeping and dining accommodations will be provided.

Although the airship may be the burden-carrying vessel of the future the aeroplane is not without its possibilities. It is highly probable that the monoplane and the biplane will become what the bicycle once was—a vehicle of sport. Indeed, France has already set the pace. Perhaps in a few years, five or ten at the most, our gilded youth will fly over our heads in monoplanes instead of past our noses in automobiles.

But before that time can arrive the aeroplane must become a reasonably safe machine by becoming stable. In other words, some means must be contrived of balancing it automatically and, therefore, of lightening the aviator's present labors. Mechanical methods have been devised with this object in view—methods that depend upon the use of gyrostats—heavy, rapidly-revolving flywheels—and of shifting weights, but which are at present unserviceable because they impose new burdens upon a machine which must be of feathery lightness. For the moment nothing practicable has been done in the way of designing aeroplanes which preserve their stability when driven slowly. Perhaps the inventor of the future may solve this very difficult problem. According to French experimenters, stability, in the present state of the art, must depend upon the speed at which the machine is propelled. Although the Wright biplane travels at the rate of forty miles an hour and Farman's Voisin biplane is credited with as much as forty-five miles an hour, still higher velocities are necessary if the machine of the future is to remain on an even keel without the exercise of that eternal vigilance on the part of the aviator which at present is the price of aeronautic safety. A distinguished English authority, E. W. Lanchester, has stated that an average speed of at least sixty miles an hour must be maintained in order that the machine may travel faster than those occasional gusts which to the aviator are as perilous as sunken rocks to a mariner. If a speed of one hundred miles an hour could be kept up an aeroplane could travel in any wind, and not, as at present, merely in a gentle breeze. The whole problem seems to be one of engines and propellers and, therefore, not beyond solution. When that solution comes the flying machine will be the master of the wind and not its slave.

Even though the airship and the aeroplane are not practical in their present state it is safe to prophesy the employment of both in the next war, each for its own peculiar military purpose. In popular estimation it will

(Continued on Page 30)

LORD BILL JONES

By Jacques Futrelle

Author of The Thinking Machine and The Chase of the Golden Plate

His Title, Ancestral Halls and Seven Thousand Pounds a Year

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

USED to be a whole passel of us Joneses in Maricopa County, out around the White Tank Mountains, four of us bein' engaged simultaneous in the frivolous pastime o' punchin' cows for old man Ike Hickman, which, if he hadn't had a daughter Dollie, one o' them clean, straight, hard-ridin', quick-shootin', rosy-faced girls who'd been 'way East as far as Chicago, and all that——! Well, anyway, there was Big Jones and Little Jones and Jones, and then there was Bill Jones. I was Big Jones, but Bill Jones was the Jones o' the bunch, fer I don't mind tellin' you, son, that there never was another Jones in this here world like Bill.

Fust place, Bill looked like he was born under a bureau—short, you understand. Untied his shoestrings with his teeth, and when he had a pain he never knowed whether it was his corn or a headache; sorter like he'd dropped in sudden from a long distance and got driv up as he landed. Why, it was just the luckiest chancst in the world fer Bill that his legs was long enough to reach the ground.

And wide! Yes, sir. Bill's height sidewise warn't more'n an inch or two less'n his width tallwise; but not fat, you understand—just naturally born wide—shoulders like a coal-heaver and chesty as a pouter pigeon. And strong! Which I don't mind tellin' you, every time he shook hands it felt like an amputation. And he was most o' the aces with old man Hickman, bein' so strong in that there particular quarter that he was the only man on the ranch who ever done more'n take his hat off to Dollie.

Bill warn't no relation o' the rest of us, and as a matter o' fact I don't reckin he ever knowed just who he was, bein' as he was drug up in an orphan asylum at Tucson, and stayed there until such time as it struck him that he ought to lick the superintendent, which he done good and proper, after which he hauled his freight and appeared out at the White Tank. He warn't nothin' but a kid then, about eighteen; but he made good, all right, and the old man gives him a job, so me and him was right chummy fer five or six years. Which, I reckin, too—Bill not knowin' just who he was—had somethin' to do with his future conduct.

Now, if I'd stopped to think I mighter knowed what was comin', bein' as Bill was young and used to set up half the night readin' The Duchess and Ella Wheeler Wilcox; but I didn't think. So one day it sorter surprised me when Bill was tuck mushy right bad. Me and him was skedaddlin' across the prairie, chasin' some steers

From That Minute the Britisher Didn't Have a Chancst

that had some sot notions o' their own as to where they wanted to graze, when Bill opens up, and I knowed in a minute it was serious.

"Big," he allows, "was you ever in love?"

"Fifteen or seven times," I opines, cautious. "It never tuck, though."

"In love bad?" Bill peruses.

"So bad once that a greaser had to shoot me twice through the gun arm before I realized that it was nothin' but a foolish infatuation," says I, enigmatic. They's some things in my life I ain't proud of; that's one of 'em.

We rid on silent-like fer a long time, then Bill allows:

"What you reckin old man Hickman'd do if I up and ast for Dollie's hand in the holy bonds o' matrimony?"

"Oh, I reckin he wouldn't do more'n shoot you up some," I remarks.

And Bill didn't say no more for quite a spell. I reckin we muster gone a mile or so, then he allows:

"Why?"

"A cow-puncher with his thirty-five a month and chuck ain't liable to make no tremenjous hit askin' fer a girl whose paw owns half a million acres o' land, more or less, and counts his cattle in five-thousan' lots," I opines.

Bill didn't say another word until two or three hours later, when we'd rounded up the steers and was back home washin' up fer dinner.

"That's just the trouble, Big," he allows, mighty glum. "I cain't offer Dollie nothin' 'cept plain love and affection."

"You sure cain't offer her much up and down," says I as I looks him over. "Fergit it, you little runt!" I tells him, good-natured. "Fust thing you know, you'll git tuck bad, and when a man's serious in love it makes his poker game fall off."

"And, Big, I do love her," Bill peruses, and his eyes was soft and tender like a woman's. "I love her more'n anybody ever loved anything—I love her all there is."

When a man talks like that they ain't nothin' to be said about it—just try to keep the patient quiet and easy and let the disease run its course.

Flames that rush and riot
Soon to ashes go,

I quotes.

Bill blushed.

"You been readin' them books, too?" asts he, suspicious.

"Reckin I can recite as many of 'em back'ards as you can," I allows, boastful. "Ain't no livin' man who knows more'n I do, by heart, of A Maiden All Forlorn."

Then we fell to discussin' literchoor, and Bill's love troubles was swallowed up temporary. 'Cept the durn thing sure was solemn, so far as he was concerned. Which I want to tell you that durin' the next month Bill didn't smile but once, and that was when he held two deuces and made Little Jones shove three aces in the pack without a murmur. I suspicion that all that time he was tryin' to find some reasonable excuse to speak to old man Ike.

In them days we used to get our mail at Buckeye, so one day me and Bill rid over to get aforesaid mail. And I don't mind tellin' you he warn't no cheerful companion, which he always seemed to be a-watchin' something was

off yonder, t'other side o' the sky. It takes 'em frequent that way.

"You know, Big," Bill allows, sudden-like, "it ain't like you'd go and ask the old man. I ain't even got a name to offer the girl; leastwise, a name I know's mine," he says. "When I was delivered to the orphan asylum I warn't more'n six months old and there warn't nothin' to show who I was 'cept the W. J. on my clothes. They called me William Jones, but my name mighter been—why, Great Scott! it mighter been ——"

"Wellington Jenks," opines I, "or Wilberforce Jessup, or—or Whangdoodle Jimcrack," I allows, sarcastic. "What's the matter with Jones? Ain't that good enough fer any man?"

"But supposin', Big, supposin' my name warn't Jones? Supposin' I was somebody's long-lost hair—or—or something? And they was wuth a million dollars!"

"And was all dead!" I interruptolates.

"Supposin' that!" Bill says.

He was still a kid, you know, and full o' The Duchess and other insidjous forms o' romance, so I soothes him and we rid on to the post-office. The postmaster shoves out a wad o' stuff, and we looks it over.

"Anything fer me?" Bill wants to know.

The postmaster picks up another letter and looks at it curious.

"This here billy-doo," he allows, "is directed to Mr. Willyum A. A. T. P. Jones," he says, and he looks Bill over thoughtful; "but I reckin as a letter with a name on it that long cain't belong to no duck-legged galoot who's so short he cain't reach high enough to comb his own hair."

"Lemme see it," says Bill, reaching out his hand.

"Besides," says the postmaster, "I reckin it ain't yours nohow, 'cause it's marked 'Hold till called for.'" Then he looks at me. "What's your name, Big?" he opines.

"Harold Pinckney Jones," I allows, blushin'.

"What's Little Jones' name?"

"Clarence," Bill tells him, and he wank at me.

"And what's Jones' name?"

"Archibald," says Bill. "So, you see, that there billy-doo is mine and you cain't get around it. They put that 'Hold till called for' on to keep you from telegraphin' it to me."

"But, Bill," complains the postmaster, "you know you ain't got all them letters in the middle o' your name?"

"But ain't I the only Bill Jones in this deestrict?" Bill argies.

The postmaster allows as how he was.

"Ain't the letter addressed to Mr. Willyum Jones?'

The postmaster allows as how it is.

"To be held till called for?" Bill says.

The postmaster allows that, too.

"And ain't I called for it?" Bill allows.

The postmaster couldn't think o' nothin' to say in answer to that, and besides, he and Bill was the only Democrats in the deestrict and was always a-favorin' each other; so he gives him the letter. Then we seed, me and Bill, that the letter had a foreign-lookin' stamp on it and was postmarked London. That naturally rouses our curiosity some, so Bill opens it with feverish fingers, as The Duchess would say.

"Whoopee!" allows Bill, so sudden-like that Cy Rawlins' bronco, tied a quarter of a mile away, breaks loose and starts West. "Whoopee!" Bill allows again.

And after I read the letter aforesaid I seen why. It was from some lawyer fellows in London, and it allows as how they've been searchin' for him for five years all over the world, and as how they're at last on his trail, and they're pleased to inform him, thank you, that owin' to the demise, decease and death of his father five years ago, and the accidental drownin' o' his two brothers a few months later, he, Bill, becomes Lord Willyum Augustus Algernon Tweltenham Percival Jones, thank you; said father, at said demise, decease and death, leavin' to his survivin' hairs the fambly estate in England—Bill aforesaid bein' the only hair left, therefore it was his'n—and an income o' seven thousand pounds a year.

"Seven thousand pounds o' what?" says Bill.

"Seven thousand pounds o' money, you galoot," says I.

And I reckin there was a situation that'd 'a' made The Duchess pull up lame! Bill's face was a scene that sure did beggar description. He sorter squares off and looks at me, and then he says, says he, just as ca'm:

"It means the girl, Big," says he. Then, suddenly, without no reason his voice begins to tremble like the fiddle does when the villyun enters. "What shall I do fust?"

"The fust and properest thing to do," I allows, "is fer us to irrigate. Let's take seven or eight hundred drinks, and then we'll talk it over ca'm."

We starts for Tom Black's boozarium, and Bill ain't sayin' a word—just preservin' a haughty silence, as The Duchess would say. And he didn't say nothin' till we'd gone in and had three or four, and then he allows:

"I hope," says he, "it's seven thousand pounds o' hundred-dollar bills, and not just seven thousand pounds o' silver dollars," he says.

After Which We Et in Peace

Then we takes another drink. By this time the licker was sorter explorin' around into the innermost corridors o' my bein', and I begins to get sorter proud o' myself. It just struck me that it warn't every plain American cowpuncher who could sagatiate shoulder to shoulder with a real lord every day; and here was me bustin' into high life to beat hell, as The Duchess'd say. Struck me Bill ain't received the tidin's in the proper sperrit, so I allows:

"You don't seem to be powerful cast down by this here bereavement."

"Seein' as how I never knowed these here gents aforesaid, I don't see how as you can expect it to set much on my chest," Bill allows.

Then we takes another drink.

"Bill," says I after a while, "I hope as how in these here days o' your prosperity you won't ferget that I've always been a good friend o' yours?" I suggests subtle-like. "You won't ferget, will you, Bill?"

I guess Bill is feelin' his licker by this time, too, 'cause he rises and draws hisself to his full height, which, with me settin' down, made him most as tall as I was. Then he stands and stares at me very haughty.

"'Bill'!" says he, mighty cuttin'. "Is that the way to address a member o' the royal fambly? 'Bill'! You will please to remember, Mr. Big Jones," he allows, "that henceforth and forever I am Lord Bill—Lord Bill Jones; and don't," says he, "presume upon our casual acquaintance to speak to me so familiar."

Then we takes another drink.

"Yes, sir," says I, meek-like; "and may I presume to inquire, your Lordship, how you're goin' to spend the money?"

"Tut, tut!" Bill allows. "A paltry little seven thousand pounds a year! Tut, tut!" I don't mind tellin' you, son, the way he done it he was a dead ringer for Sir Rupert Bansiford in the ninth chapter. "I shall marry the girl, of course; I may or I may not decide to buy the ranch and remain in this country, instid o' shakin' the dust of Arizony off'n my feet."

Then we takes another drink.

"I shall call upon her father immediate," he peruses, "and inform him of my wishes in the matter, whereupon the alliance will be contracted." And maybe by this time he warn't puttin' it all over The Duchess!

"But, your Lordship," I opines—I knowed The Duchess, too, you see—"your Lordship, have you contemplated the possibility o' parental objection?"

Bill looked at me fishy-eyed a minute—I sorter thought that'd hold him—then waves his hand.

"Doesn't matter," he allows. Then, to Tom Black: "I say, my good man, bring us a little snifter!"

Then we takes another drink.

"I always knowed it was in me, Mr. Big Jones," Bill allows, quite some haughty. "I always felt that blue blood flowed in these here veins." Bill sure did know his Duchess. "And if I decide not to stay in this here country I shall take Lady Bill Jones which is to be, and we shall become permanent domiciled in my fambly ancestral halls."

I begins to weep softly at that.

"We'll sure hate to lose you," I opines between sobs. "Good old Bill Jones jerkin' hisself away like that! We'll sure miss you!"

"Lord Bill, if you please."

"Yes, sir," says I.

These here tears o' your'n, Mr. Big Jones," Bill says with some emotion—same kind of emotion mine was—"these here tears sure do stir me to the depths. I grieve that they are to be shed, but I rejoice that they are for me. It proves better than words that I hold a place in the sanctuary of your heart."

Bill turns majestic in his tracks, as The Duchess would say.

"Oh, I say, my good man," allows he. "This here booze is rotten. Give us a drink outer that bottle!" And he sorter emphasized the remark by shootin' the top off it as neat as you please.

Some o' the things Tom says are considerable disreligious, but the general tenor o' his remarks was that if Bill Jones, or any other galoot who warn't more'n knee-high to a grasshopper, come aroun' his boozarium, shootin' it up, he'd just naturally have to crawl over the counter and throw him clean away.

"Tut, tut!" says Bill. "You would not dare," he allows, "to lay hands upon me, a scion o' the aristocracy."

"I don't know what you're the sign of," Tom allows, "but when anybody comes in my place, shootin' it up, it's a sign o' trouble."

I stays my flood o' tears and takes Tom to one side and explains, Bill standin' lookin' on real haughty, and then the three of us got soused good and plenty. About three o'clock in the afternoon we leaves Tom sleepin' peaceful with his head in a bucket, and wends our way, as The Duchess'd say, down to the Grand Union Palace Restaurong, where Lizzie Billin's slings chuck.

"Hello, Big," she says to me. Then to Bill: "Hello, Bill."

Bill gives her a reg'lar Prince Marmaduke Maltravers sorter bow, and Lizzie's so astonished she pours a little hot coffee down the neck o' the big greaser she's waitin' on.

"Lord Bill, if you please!" Bill allows.

The greaser rises and explodes a few forked flashes o' language; Lizzie's just starin' at Bill. I think, behind that callous exterior o' her'n, Lizzie always sorter loved Bill; 'cause sometimes she was powerful demure, as The Duchess'd say.

"What's eatin' you, Bill?" she coos coyly.

Bill's ory-eyed by this time, but steady on his pins, you understand, and full o' conversation.

"Know, then, girl," he thunders at her all sudden, "that Bill Jones ain't no more. He has came into his own, aforesaid own bein' a princely fortune, ancestral halls and a title. Bill Jones is dead—Lord Bill Jones is born." He pulled out a chair to set down. "Bring us about eighty-two dollars' wuth o' ham and eggs."

Lizzie's sorter pained and hurt and mystified; and Bill sees it, so he leans over and flicks her under the chin—good-natured, you understand—and he sure did hear from it later on! Lizzie laughs, pleased.

"Up an alley for you!" she says. "You're pifflicated."

That was the cue for the big greaser, who looks about nine feet high when he's all unwound, to cut loose another forked streak o' words, and he slides over and jams his face right into Bill's, smellin' around for trouble. He didn't know it, but he sure had driv up to the right place to get it, as The Duchess'd say. Bill looks at him a minute and then turns to me.

"Big Jones, you don't care much for greasers, do you?" he allows, ca'mlike.

"Not a powerful mite," says I.

That greaser would 'a' made three o' Bill if he'd been cut up and sorted, but Bill lights on him all spraddled out, takes his gun away from him, then picks him up bodily, him writhin' like a snake, and takes him out and chucks him head first in the rain-barrel, after which we et in peace.

Seems, after we left the Grand Union Palace Restaurong, a long, thin, pasty-faced, straw-headed gent wearin' a collar and necktie, who'd been settin' over in a corner lookin' on while he et, devoured and consumed some hummin'-bird tongues or somethin' equally sustainin', strolls over to old Pop Gamble, who owned the restaurong and always set in the cashier's pen collectin' pay for the eats at the p'int of a gun, and allows, says he:

"Seems to have been some sort of a bally ruction, what?" he opines.

"Naw," Pop growls at him. "Two gents just passin' the time o' day."

"The short man been drinkin', what?"

"Naw, he ain't been drinkin' what. He was out rowin' a boat and fell into it."

Didn't seem to faze the straw-headed gent none; he just laughs one o' them Haw-haw-haw things.

"What's his name?" he allows.

"Bill Jones," says Pop.

The straw-headed gent looks at him straight and steady a minute.

"Bill Jones!" he repeats. "If it's the Bill Jones that works for Mr. Hickman I have some business with him," he allows.

"Take it from me, stranger," Pop advises him, "and don't try to talk no business with Bill right now. He's considerable lit, and he's liable to gallop right through you."

The straw-headed gent lifts his arched eyebrows in quiet astonishment, as The Duchess'd say.

"Remarkable strong, ain't he, what?" he allows.

"Strong?" says Pop. "Bill Jones strong? Why, he's a infant. We've got one man in this here town who can pick up a bull and throw him all the way to Tucson."

"You're chawffin' me," says the straw-headed gent. "I don't believe that, you know."

"Why don't you believe it?" Pop bellows at him.

"Because," allows the straw-headed gent as he lights a gold-tipped cigarette—"because I'm from Bull-garia myself."

He strolls out quite noncahalant and never bats an eye. To this day Pop don't know whether he was guyin' the straw-headed gent, or the straw-headed gent was guyin' him.

Well, anyway, I wakes up at home next mornin' with a taste in my mouth like the day after Cleveland was elected the fust time. And there layed Lord Bill Jones, if you please, sound asleep on the floor, with one foot on a chair and his boots in the wash-basin. I looks him over thoughtful and philosophizes some.

"The British nobility," I allows, "sure will be pleased and delighted when Bill appears in the offin'."

Then I pulls him out from under the bed and wakes him up.

"How do you feel?" says I.

"If I look as bad as I feel I'm dead," Bill remarks. "What was we drinkin' yesterday? Merry-go-rounds?"

"Cheer up, your Lordship," opines I, ceremonious. "Arise from your downy couch," I says, "and lave your fevered brow, your Lordship."

That makes Bill set up straight.

"'Your Lordship'!" says he. "Sufferin' pickles! I thought I dreamed that. I got a letter or something, didn't I?"

We reads the epistle all over again and frames it all up how Bill's goin' to get plumb sober, then go to old man Ike Hickman and break the glad news to him. After which Bill is goin' to suggest an alliance betwixt him and Dollie. It listened good.

"But don't put on too much side," is my last word o' advice. "Tell him all about the money and the ancestral halls, but do it modest-like. Don't get chesty and try to make him call you Lord Bill Jones, 'cause he sure will go mad and bite you."

"I reckin that was the booze that was doin' that talkin', Big," Bill allows, sorter shamefaced. And it was, I reckin.

That afternoon I had to ride over to the Double X pasture, twenty miles off, and I was gone a week. When I gets back things has happened. Seems Bill went to old man Ike Hickman and told him all about the inheritance and the ancestral halls and the seven thousand pounds a year, whereupon the old man remarked as follows, to wit, namely: "Rats!" Then Bill broaches the subject o' marryin' Dollie; and the boys tell me, when Bill come down the steps his coat tails was so full o' the old man's boots you couldn't tell which from t'other. And up to that time Bill'd been sorter strong with the old man, too.

"Which it looks to me now," says Little Jones, who done the talkin', "as if the Britisher'd win the girl."

"What Britisher?" allows I.

"A long, thin, straw-headed gent who driv up the day you went to the Double X," elucidates Little, "and who's been a guest o' the old man since, and who's been stickin' to Dollie like a postage stamp," says he. "His name is Jones, too—Mr. Willyum Jones."

That gimme somethin' to think about. Another Willyum Jones! Where does he get on at? thinks I. And he's a Britisher! Maybe that's his letter Bill got, and maybe Bill ain't no lord at all!

I goes to look up Bill, and I finds him cleanin' his gun. And I don't mind tellin' you he had an expression on his face that differentiated him quite some from the Good Samaritan.

"Hello, Bill," says I; "what's pesterin' you right now?"

"Nothin'," Bill allows. "They's goin' to be a shortage in the crop o' Joneses in this here neck o' the woods, that's all."

"I imagine the shortage will fust be noticeable around the precincts of a certain long, thin, straw-headed Britisher?" I guesses. Bill don't say nothin'; just keeps on cleanin' his gun. "Why?" says I.

Then Bill ups and tells me all about how he and old man Ike mixed, and how, unbeknownst to the rest of us, he and Dollie had been hittin' it off pretty good anyhow for the last six months, and bein' encouraged by her was what led him on. Then the Britisher Jones comes along and, it appears, tells Dollie and old man Ike this funny story about the sawed-off cow-puncher, Bill Jones, who was flirtin' with Lizzie Billin's in the Grand Union Palace Restaurong at Buckeye; and how a greaser steps in in Lizzie's behalf, and the sawed-off throwed him into the water barrel. Guess it was funny, but the Britisher didn't know all of it, hence he got it all balled up.

"Now," says Bill, and his white teeth comes together like a pistol-click, "now I'm goin' to kill Mr. Willyum Jones. Not 'cause," he allows—"not 'cause he is probably the Lord Bill Jones that I thought I was, as I suspicion he is, 'cause I've got a sorter hunch I ain't; not 'cause he gets the ancestral halls and the seven thousand pounds a year, if he gets 'em; not 'cause he's settin' up to Dollie; but 'cause he ain't toted fair with me. He's tellin' tales that queered me with her—tales about me flirtin'." He stops and lays a hand on my shoulder. "I might 'a' been soused to the guards, Big, but they ain't enough licker in the world to make me flirt with a face like Lizzie's."

"Which we ain't disparagin' the lady whatsoever, but me neither," agrees I. "But, Bill, this here thing o' killin' the Britisher," I says. "'Twon't do you no good to shoot him—just show your mean disposition, that's all."

Bill's got a sorter curious expression on his face, kinder befuddled-like, as The Duchess'd say.

"It's funny, Big," he allows. "I don't want to shoot him. What I'd like to do is to get my hands on him—just naturally pull one o' his arms out by the roots and beat him to death with it. 'Cept it wouldn't do for me, strong as I am, to get hold o' him, 'cause the undertaker sure would have to tie him together with a string after I'd finished. 'Twouldn't be fair to him—a hand-to-hand scrap. Shootin's always fair. He's got as much chancst as me."

"Does the Britisher tote a gun?" I says.

"If he don't it's his own fault," Bill opines. "I've sent him word he's my meat if I see him fust. I wouldn't kill no man 'thout givin' him a chancst."

I kept on argyin', but it didn't do no good; and that afternoon Bill Jones and Mr. Willyum Jones, Esquire, of England, meets casual-like in the courtyard back o' the stable. Bill's quicker'n a snake, you know, and if anybody wanted to keep him from pullin' his gun they couldn't. Fust any of us knowed, Mr. Britisher is lookin' down the barrel of it. But instid o' bein' skeered or anything, he just looked sorter bored, as The Duchess'd say.

"I'm goin' to kill you, Britisher," Bill allows, and he didn't say it in just that soothin' tone that's fit and proper to speak to a man who's about to quit livin'.

"Why?" says Britisher. He don't appear to be powerful peeturbed about it.

"Ain't no need o' goin' into details," Bill opines. He's crouchin' a little, with his gun at his hip, and his eyes fixed on the Britisher's. "Ain't no need o' that, but it's 'cause you ain't toted fair with me. You lied about me—to her."

The Britisher's pasty face flushed, but not 'cause he's skeered! Reckin maybe he didn't like the word.

"Just a minute 'fore you do it, Mr. Jones," says he, just as smooth and easy. "I have no pistol, so you can take your time—they ain't no hurry, what? T'other day," allows he, "you got a letter at Buckeye that was rightful mine, and ——"

"That ain't got nothin' to do with this," Bill interruptolates.

"On the strength o' that letter," Britisher peruses, "you makes some bluffs about inheritin' a title and an estate and an income of ——"

"And that ain't got nothin' to do with it," Bill emits.

"Hold your tongue till I finish, won't you?" the Britisher blazes at him all sudden, and it surprised Bill so he did; but the gun's still unlimbered and ready for action. "An hour or so after you got the letter I arrives, and the postmaster says he give it to you. I was in the restaurong," he allows, "when you throwed the greaser out, but you was bally well pegged up considerable, so I didn't try to talk with you then. Next day I comes out here, and you gimme the letter, and it was mine. I ain't mentioned the matter to anybody else. I've let your bally bluffs stand, but I did tell Mr. Hickman and his daughter a funny story about you and the greaser and the waitress. At that moment I didn't know you was interested in Miss Hickman. Since then Mr. Hickman has honored me by grantin' permission for me to pay my addresses to his daughter," says he. Maybe them ain't just the Britisher's words, but that's what he's talkin' about.

"That's the answer," Bill allows.

"I've been nearer death than I am this minute, Mr. Jones," the Britisher remarks, "bein' as I was captain of a British company in South Africa durin' the Boer War; so, if you wanter shoot, let her go. Only," he adds, "if you'll lay down the bally gun and gimme a bloomin' chancst at you, fist to fist, I'll give you the soundest whalin' you ever got in your life."

"Whale me?" Bill gasps, delighted. "Why, you piece o' string! I'll tie a true-lover's knot in you!"

He slams the gun down on the ground while a beatific smile overspreads his face, as The Duchess'd say; then he yanks off his coat and slings it just generally toward the Northwest. The Britisher folds his coat careful and lays it aside, Bill watchin' him, grinnin' like somebody'd just handed him a million-dollar bill. Six or eight o' the boys came crowdin' around, and word gets to the stable, and here comes a dozen more. Little Jones instant takes charge o' the festivities.

"Gents," says he, "the star bout o' the afternoon will be a fight to the finish betwixt Kid Bill Jones, the untamed catamount o' Arizony, and," says he, "Mr. Willyum Jones of England, more common known as the Human Spring. The fust round," he opines, "will continue until the end o' the fight, and they ain't goin' to be no pauses for refreshments. Both boys," says he, "'members o' this club!" He pushes everybody back to give 'em room, then, "Gents, mix!" says he.

And I don't mind tellin' you, son, they mux! Now, Bill's strong—I've seen him flop a bronco over on his back with one hand—so I busts in with a glad cry o':

"Four to one on Kid Bill Jones!" I allows.

"You're on as far as you'll take it," opines the Britisher. He's got his hands up, watchin' Bill. "My pocketbook is in my coat—cover as much as you like. I'd come and count it out," says he, "but I'm some busy. I'm sure you'll excuse me."

As I say, Bill's strong, and when he goes plowin' into that Britisher with both fists and his head I was some nervous for fear the fight'd be over 'fore I got my money down. But it ain't. The Britisher taps him under the chin with his right and Bill straightens his head up just so sudden you can hear his teeth clack together.

Sorter stings Bill, I reckin, and he plunges in again, still grinnin', but madder'n—well, anyhow, he was mad! For a whole minute, I reckin, you couldn't see nothin' 'cept a half acre, more or less, o' flyin' fists, then Bill hears a loud crash as somethin' hits the ground. It's him! The Britisher had bashed him a swat that just naturally spreads his proboscis all over the southern territory o' his face, as The Duchess'd say. And as Bill sets there the Britisher stands lookin' at him, wipin' the blood off'n his fingers with a handkerchief.

"Enough?" he allows, pleasant-like.

"Enough?" yells Bill. "Why, I ain't started yet!"

"Enough?" Yells Bill. "Why, I Ain't Started Yet!"

(Concluded on Page 34)

Getting Out—The Salesman's Exit

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. L. FITHIAN

A STRONG, cheerful, positive young man walks into a retail store to tell a merchant about some new goods just being marketed by his company. The merchant begins to be more or less contented and happy the moment this young man shakes him by the hand; he feels well, somehow, and isn't so anxious about the outlook for fall business as he was an hour ago.

The young man talks warmly of these new goods, showing that there is extra profit in them, and growing trade, and freedom from competition. The merchant believes what this salesman says, understands the goods, approves the prices, knows the company, and admits that he ought to stock them.

And yet—he doesn't buy.

For this young man is one of those skillful explanatory salesmen who can sell magnificently up to the point where he ought to get the order. Then he doesn't get it. His sale is one hundred per cent perfect when the customer ought to say: "Send us a gross." But the customer says nothing. He is the sort of salesman who can approach and convince, but seldom "closes."

Selling is leading a horse to water and making him drink.

It may take anywhere from ten minutes to ten months to lay down the groundwork of logic leading up to a sale. The closing, however, is something that usually happens in a few minutes, perhaps seconds, and calls for ability decidedly different from that needed in explaining. Some men have this ability naturally, others acquire it, and many others seem to be incapable of developing it at all.

"Take the First Train Out of Town After You Sell Your Man"

If the mechanism of a representative sale could be laid bare for study it would probably approximate the mechanism of the universe in that material theory by which the philosophers explain the whole thing up to the point where a slight push was necessary to set it going eternally. The sale of the man who doesn't close is technically complete except for the push that lands the order.

Sales may be made by patient exposition of facts, building up the case for the goods. But to close them, very often, a real push or kick is needed. Logic avails up to the moment when the customer must be rushed.

Rounding Up a Lost Order

NOT long ago a manufacturer's salesman went into the office of a large jobber to introduce an improved household device. The jobber's trade in older types of that device amounted to many carloads yearly, but profits had been cut down to almost nothing by competition, and there were losses and troubles due to defective goods.

"If I could show you an improved article," asked the salesman, "that has never proved defective, involves no loss or trouble, sells at one-half the price of the old to consumers, gives the retailer a bigger profit and, at the same time, nets you twenty per cent, what would you say?"

"I'd say you had a fortune," declared the jobber emphatically.

"Well, there it is," said the salesman, producing his sample.

Nothing could be added to the logic of that sale. Yet when the jobber saw himself being led up to buy he immediately tried to back down.

"Why, my dear sir, if you will not order these goods," asked the salesman, "what did you mean by telling me we had a fortune in them?"

"I was a blamed fool to make such a remark," confessed the jobber.

Next morning, however, that salesman got access to the jobber's own salesmen, showing his sample and explaining its advantages to two dozen men actively selling in the field. They saw its value immediately and brought such pressure to bear on the Old Man that a sale was made of an initial carload.

In the employ of a certain manufacturing company in the East there is a sales manager whose closing ability has led his people gradually to extend the territory he covers until today he is responsible for all sales to a widespread retail trade in New York City, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. That ability is almost entirely the capacity to close sales. He has twenty young men under him of the type described in the opening of this paper—big, positive, cheerful explainers. They cover the trade thoroughly, and, of course, close many sales themselves. But in three-fourths of their work it is necessary to get this sales manager to wind up the deal. Some of his young men lack the power to give the final push to a sale. Two or three of his best explainers are such tremendously good fellows, so big and dignified and broad, that, as the sales manager puts it, customers rather hesitate to buy from them. They are such fine, clean chaps, and sketch the company's proposition in such strong lines, that the customer may hesitate to give them just a common order, bringing the matter down to sordid dollars and cents. It seems as though tomorrow the company would send another man to find out how many gross the merchant wants.

This sales manager weighs not more than a hundred and thirty pounds and has no advantages in manner or bearing. When one of his dandy explainers has sowed all the facts in a merchant's mind, however, he comes along next day and rapidly goes over the story again to determine what points make the strongest impression on the man to whom he is selling. All these selling points are well in hand. He finds that in his whole territory there are only two types of customers, one the merchant and the other the repair man. If a customer rises from his bench when he enters a store he knows that he is interested chiefly in the mechanical aspects of the company's products, and he talks of bearings, levers and materials. If the customer is of the merchant type he says nothing about mechanism, but talks of profits, probable sales, advertising, price protection, and so forth. Some repair men can be appealed to through their interest in well-made goods, while others think just the opposite way and are on the lookout for defects and weaknesses. To a merchant, perhaps profit appeals strongest, or character of goods. The sales manager marshals the facts covered by the explainer who came in yesterday, bringing the whole story fresh to the customer's mind, and also finding the best points to emphasize. Finally, when he is ready to close the sale he makes a swift recapitulation of everything, driving home his chief points in a moment or two. Here he talks in short sentences,

"You Have an Exploded Fallacy There, My Friend"

and drives one point home with another just as soon as he sees that the customer has grasped it. No time is left the latter to think between sentences or raise doubts, and when he finally asks: "Now, will you do this instead of thinking about doing it?" the customer almost invariably says: "I will—send me a gross."

One of the best fundamental appeals in closing sales is that which puts the proposition up to a customer in the form of an opportunity to be accepted within a certain time or be lost forever.

An advertising solicitor had a third cover page in a directory which nobody seemed to want. Several customers were waiting to pay a premium for the second cover page, and the last cover page was booked months ahead. Even the back of this directory bore an advertisement, for which a special price was easily obtained. Yet nobody wanted the third cover space, and for more than a year it was filled with an announcement of the directory company, bringing no revenue. The solicitor reasoned that if this page were once sold and occupied by a bona fide advertisement others would want it—that is human nature. So he devoted three weeks to selling the space. Several customers were brought to manifest a tepid interest in it. One would go in if the price were a little lower, and another wanted better terms. Finally, one afternoon, the salesman called up the first prospective customer on this list.

"We are going to press this week," he said, "and it is time to decide about that third cover page. Do you want it, or shall we give it to somebody else?"

The customer was interested immediately.

"How long will you give me to decide?" he asked.

"Half an hour—and then it is optional with the next man on our list."

"Well, just wait till our president gets back, will you?"

Within twenty minutes that page was sold. By the same tactics of presenting it as an opportunity it might have been sold any time the previous year.

The Assignee's Bid for a Bid

AN EXCELLENT story illustrating the mechanism of closing was told on the anniversary of a famous American review some years since. When it was small the original publishers failed, and their assignee advertised the property for sale to the highest bidder whose offer was received by noon of a given day. On that morning not a single bid had been sent in. Nobody wanted the publication, apparently. Walking into the office of a prominent publisher the assignee said:

"I have not received your bid yet."

"No, nor you won't—we shall not make an offer," replied the publisher.

The assignee pointed to the clock, which marked half-past eleven, and said significantly that he was on his way to the office to open the bids. It took twenty-five minutes to persuade the publisher to make an offer so low that he considered it a straw bid. This was written on a slip and handed to the assignee, and the latter, walking to his office, solemnly opened it and came back to announce that this publisher was the successful bidder!

There are various other ways of applying this final push that sets the whole sale going. Very often the customer is brought to the closing point by pressure that leads him to choose between two or three different offers instead of being urged to grasp an opportunity. This is an especially strong lever upon the suspicious buyer.

A new garage company was installing telephone service. There was no question as to the sale, for telephone facilities were necessary. But the officers delayed signing a contract because they wanted to select a number which would be easily remembered by patrons. A telephone salesman came round with several numbers which were available, and the officers, after discussing them exhaustively, asked the salesman for his opinion. He recommended two numbers that he thought best from a telephonic standpoint. There was absolutely no difference to him one way or the other, for connections were all to be made from the same box—it was a matter of choosing between several plugs. After listening to what he had to say, the officers retired for a private conference and finally announced that they had selected one of the numbers the salesman hadn't recommended. They decided thus on the assumption that he must have some hidden motive for recommending the others.

A real-estate salesman had two customers out on a residential subdivision one afternoon, and had brought them to a point where they were trying to make a choice between three lots which were really about the same

in value and desirability. Delay in the decision was caused not by any real differences in the lots, but by distrust in the customers' minds as to the salesman's motives. Their eyes roamed absently as they thought. One of them saw a sloping hillside which did not belong to the subdivision at all, being part of a dairyman's farm

"Let's see if we can't find something better over there on the hill," he objected.

The salesman, without a word, walked over on to the dairyman's hillside, helped them pick out an imaginary lot, and quoted a price about five times what was asked for the property they had been considering. The shock at finding values so high on the hill led them to come back and make a quick decision.

Sometimes a sale is closed by a piece of audacity.

A certain salesman travels about the country installing a mechanical device, together with a system for using it, which works large economies in the operation of manufacturing plants. The facts concerning this device and its actual operation are highly impressive, but when he first began selling it the salesman found himself up against an obstacle in nearly every case. Gaining an audience, he would tell his story to a manufacturer. No matter how thoroughly the latter might be persuaded, he would submit the proposition to certain advisers who were competitors of the salesman's company, and the sale would be blocked because these advisers opposed installation.

This salesman closed few contracts until he learned to reserve his most impressive facts and use those competitors themselves as a closing argument.

"We can't go any further," the manufacturer would object, "for our regular man advises against it and says there are no real economies."

"Will you do me the courtesy to invite your man here and let me ask him some questions?" the agent suggested.

The prospective customer was usually willing, and when the competing adviser appeared the salesman asked, in the presence of the manufacturer:

"Do you know how many mills have installed this device and system during the past year?"

"None of any importance that I have heard of," the adviser would reply loftily.

"Do you know what saving it would effect on operations of one hundred thousand dollars a year?"

"I haven't figured that out, but it would be negligible—you have an exploded fallacy there, my friend."

Then the salesman produced letters from large mills that had installed the device within a few months, together with exact figures of important economies effected. This evidence was irrefutable. Yet it was never effective as a closing argument until he learned to send out for his competitor, who was blocking the sale, and to use him as a fulcrum for the lever which moved the customer.

A One-Dollar Autograph

IN ANOTHER case an insurance solicitor was canvassing the superintendent of a large factory. He had just got to the point where he felt justified in handing him the fountain pen for his signature on the dotted line, when an employee came in to say that there was trouble in the factory. The superintendent's mind settled on this trouble instantly, while a moment before it had been keyed up to the necessity of making better provision for his family.

"Just excuse me," he said. "We'll talk about that insurance some other time."

"When will you be back here in the office?" asked the solicitor, disconcerted.

"Well, today my time is worth about a dollar a minute."

Quick as a flash the solicitor took a silver dollar from his pocket, slapped it down on the desk and said:

"Then sell me a minute of it."

"All right—fire away," acquiesced the superintendent, settling back in his chair. The insurance man shoved over an application blank, put the pen in his hand and said: "Sign at the bottom and tell the cashier to give me a check for the first year's premium." The force of this argument appealed to the prospect, and he signed immediately, put the dollar in his pocket and went out into the works.

In many other cases sales are often closed by leading the prospective customer along quietly. Instead of the swift final rush, a bit of gentle strategy does the business.

One of the leading newspapers in the Middle West has a school for the canvassers who solicit subscriptions. A set of books is sold in connection with a year's subscription to this paper, and the solicitors are drilled in old-fashioned bookselling tactics, learning their argument by rote. At the precise point where the signature of the prospect is to be secured the salesman is taught to take his pencil from his pocket, drop it on the floor apparently by accident, stoop over and pick it up as he finishes his argument, and put it into the prospect's fingers as a matter of course. Six times in ten the signature is written without more argument.

A supply salesman arrives at the same result by assuming at some point in his argument, which he gauges by the prospective customer's attention, that an order has already been given. Without definitely broaching the subject of a sale he talks as though the deal had been closed, and presently asks how the goods are to be shipped.

A salesman brought in a contract for a fireproof safe after a morning's work on a stubborn German. The specifications were all there, but the contract was unsigned.

The Stubborn Customer Affixed His Signature Without a Word

"I simply couldn't get his signature," said the salesman.

"Come with me and I'll show you how to do that," said his manager.

They went to the merchant's office, but the latter had gone to lunch. They trailed him to a restaurant, found him in the crowd, and the manager, telling the salesman to keep quiet, approached the stubborn German.

"Mr. Zimmermann, I want to know how you want that safe lettered," said the manager, sitting down and handing him a pad and fountain pen. The merchant laid down his knife and fork and wrote his firm's name on the pad. Then the manager shoved the contract over with a finger on the dotted line, and the stubborn customer, with whom the salesman had reasoned all morning, affixed his signature without a word.

The chief shortcoming of the salesman who has difficulty in closing is, usually, that he doesn't know when the psychological moment has come to rush his man. This is a very definite moment in every deal. Veteran salesmen gauge it in various ways, some by the attention their argument is receiving, others by some sign in the customer's eyes, and others still by a sort of sixth sense which seldom leads them wrong. The explainer type of salesman may actually sell goods to a customer and then, by staying and talking, unsell him without knowing it. He talks his man into saying "Yes," and then talks him into stipulating for a night to reconsider the matter before he asks him to say it.

One afternoon not long ago, for instance, a salesman sold eleven thousand dollars' worth of fabrics to a prominent merchant and, by staying for a friendly chat after the order had been secured, gave the merchant time to think twice and cancel it.

An excellent rule is that of a salesman who took hold of the electrical supply concern of which he is now president at a period when its sales amounted to only a few thousand dollars yearly. In two years he built up its business to a quarter million in competition with wealthy competitors, doing this by sheer selling ability.

"Take the first train out of town after you sell your man," was his rule. If there was no train for several hours he excused himself the moment a deal was closed, and disappeared.

"Just as sure as I stayed around after that order was in my pocket," he says, "part of it would be canceled or modified by the buyer, or some of my work in selling undone. If it were nothing else the buyer would play on the fact that I felt good about getting that order, and squeeze something extra out of me. When you land your man get out of sight."

Conrad's Interruption

HOW easily a customer may be talked out of buying is shown in the experience of a real-estate promoter who sells New York property to investors in other cities through a staff of salesmen. One of his men reported that he was unable to close an elderly German in Pittsburgh.

"I've explained the whole property," said the salesman. "He understands the possibilities, yet doesn't invest."

Next time the promoter was in Pittsburgh he called on this investor, accompanied by his salesman. The latter explained the proposition again most exhaustively, and made every effort to be clear and convincing. He pictured the growth of New York in statistics, told of enormous returns on real estate, laid bare the future lines of growth following transportation developments. From time to time the investor tried to interrupt, but the salesman swept on, saying: "Just a moment, and I'll take that point up with you." When the story was finished he recapitulated. When that was finished he began a résumé of the recapitulation preparatory to rushing his man. Here the boss felt that the investor really wanted to be heard, so he interrupted the salesman:

"Charlie, I guess if Mr. Conrad here doesn't realize the magnificent opportunities in New York realty after all you've told him, there's no use telling him any more."

"Mein gracious!" protested Conrad. "I do realize them. What I wanted to say is that I will take those lots."

Tactics probably play a larger part in closing than in approach, for the latter is to a great extent a matter of health, directness and cordiality, whereas closing means that a customer is being asked to spend his money, often in considerable sums, and this calls for more logic.

A company promoter had sold half the stock in a sound enterprise to a group of rich investors in another city. The rest was held by himself and small investors in his own town. The company grew, and more money was needed. He appeared before his wealthy shareholders to sell them a new issue of stock.

"Suppose we refuse to put more money into this thing—what then?" the spokesman of the shareholders said.

"In that case the enterprise must halt and ultimately go into receivership," replied the promoter. "I should wait until its assets were offered for sale. Then I would get together every dollar I could borrow and buy it in, for it is bound to succeed, no matter what your action today."

"That's what we wanted to know," said the spokesman, smiling. "We wanted some proof that you really believe in this enterprise yourself. We will take that entire issue of new stock."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Collins about salesmen's methods.

Better Americans or Worse?

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

ANY old time is better than the present—in our minds. Actually, it's the only time we have, yet most of us prefer, mentally, either to live in the future or dwell in the past. Probably because the present is too real, too insistent. It can neither be glorified by the golden light of our memory nor warmed with the roseate hues of anticipation and hope. Indeed, few days—or men—can be idealized until they are dead. The Golden Age has always been in the past, and Heaven on the top of some Olympus or in some realm above the clouds, untouched by time. This was the spirit of the past, of the Dark Ages, which still survives among us. This is the spirit which worships the good and the gods that were—or, more frequently, never were. Work, which is worship of God, of things as they are, is the religion of the twentieth century, and service, not holiness, is the master word.

Even Our Most Unsparing Critics Admit That as a Race We are Taller

Few better illustrations of this worship of the past and belittling of the present, this mediæval glorifying of the soul and contempt for the body, can be found than our opinion of our own physique "in these degenerate days." However modestly and inconclusively we may be content to express ourselves upon the nebular hypothesis, or the negro question, or the future navigation of the air, we are quite sure that our ancestors in the good old days, particularly in the Old Country, were taller, stronger, healthier and longer-lived—to say nothing of more honest and patriotic—than we are. This conviction rises to the dignity and universality of an article of faith. But what is it based on? Why should we be so ready to write ourselves down "degenerate sons of sterner sires"? The moment we apply to this pious belief the acid test of actual investigation of recorded vital statistics, of measurements and of feats of strength, it dissolves as do many of the legends of the happy days of yore. We may be degenerate, but there is no valid evidence of the fact. In fact, all the data and records we have point in exactly the opposite direction. The human race is still moving steadily upward, as it has always done from the days of the worm and the sea-squirt in the beginnings of time.

Some Exploded Ideas About Americans

WE HAVE been particularly sure of our American degeneracy because we were the newest among the nations—the latest experiment, as it were. We do things so differently from the way they were done before, and are making such a strange success of the task along special lines, such wonderful progress in mere commercial and financial aspects—in dollar-hunting, in a word—that we must be paying the penalty for this one-sided success in some form of shipwreck, either physical or moral.

Merely a decent sense of respect for their own ideals was sufficient to lead the older nations to this conclusion. So, when they crossed the Atlantic to study our provincialism and to discover the penalties which we had paid for our unwholesome and rather shocking success they naturally found them, and went home and wrote a book about them.

Now, we Americans have not the reputation of suffering from an undue or excessive modesty. We generally take all that is due us, and claim a little bit more; but in some instances our bashfulness and self-depreciation are really extraordinary, and this is one of them. We were even willing to accept ourselves at the valuation placed on us by our critics, and, much as we might resent their comments upon our manners, when it came to our health and our minor morals we were willing humbly to plead guilty. The amazing feature about the situation was that, if after crying "*Peccavi!*" we had plucked up courage to retort, "You're another!" we should have checkmated our critics at once.

For by this universal kink in the psychology of mankind our haughtiest visitors and critics were equally firmly convinced that their particular nation was also degenerate as compared with the age of heroes two generations or centuries ago. All of which shows how easy and common it is to be mistaken when you shut your eyes and dream about things as they were or must be, instead of looking them straight in the face as they are.

Not every visitor to our shores has come over for the purpose of writing a book, but many of them have, and they all feel able to write it at the end of about three weeks—and some sooner. The longer they are here the less able they feel to write it, but they usually take time by the forelock and write at once. The first thing they say is that the American race is degenerating; that we are becoming emaciated, with high cheek-bones, lank jaws and straight hair, like the native aborigines. They add that we bolt all our meals in about fourteen minutes each; that we waste the saliva which we need in our digestion on the sidewalks and carpets; that we are dyspeptic, neurasthenic and insomniac; that we worship the nimble dollar and chase it day and night; and that we live with a time-table in one hand, a ticker-tape in the other, and a newspaper constantly before our eyes. What else could we expect but that the race would degenerate?

As a rule, we have admitted these statements. Though we are the home of the free and the land of the brave and the chosen of destiny, when it comes to health and dyspepsia and fried foods and too much pie and strong coffee we humbly admit that we are undoubtedly undermining our constitutions and ruining the good physique that we inherited.

We were almost willing to admit the allegation of Martin Chuzzlewit that "everything degenerates in America; the lion becomes a puma, the eagle a fish-hawk and man a Yankee."

We were also sure that our teeth were the worst in the world, the justification for which belief being that we had so many dentists. Yet these dentists, after they had developed here, went abroad and swept the field because they had had so much more experience with bad teeth than the European dentists. That sort of thing went on for so many years that we were beginning to get used to it and meekly make the best of our condition of ill-health and decrepitude.

Now for the actual facts in the case. It is, of course, difficult to make precise comparisons upon some points, on account of the fewness and imperfectness of the records of one hundred years ago, and, even in many districts, of today. Accurate and precise vital statistics upon even such important and simple matters as births, deaths, diseases, length of life, height, weight, tests of strength and endurance, which we are sure include all or a fair majority of the community, are scarcely more than thirty-five or forty years old, even in the civilized countries of the world.

Acts Like Walking on the Grass or Picking Flowers are Serious Offenses

But such data as we can secure are practically all on one side and most unexpectedly show a steady and well-marked improvement in every respect—physical, mental and moral—for the past century. The only apparent exceptions are a declining birth-rate, an increasing divorce-rate and an apparent increase in certain classes of crime. These exceptions, however, we share with all civilized countries.

To take, first, one of the simplest and crudest comparisons—that of mere bodily dimensions and size. Even our most unsparing critics, who, exercising the charming privilege of absolutely plain speaking within the family, have usually been our blood relatives, admit that as a race we are taller, though generally they have added "and lanky," or "lathy," or "lean," or some other adjective to that effect. The first opportunity to make comparisons upon a large scale came during our Civil War. Careful and accurate measurements were then taken by our army surgeons at the recruiting depots of some three hundred and fifty thousand recruits for the Union Army. These men were not only from all the states of the Union, but over one-third of them foreign born. Among these foreigners were men from every important nation of Europe and several of Asia, and the larger of these nations were represented by thousands in the list.

The Race Growing Taller

SOME years after the close of the war two army surgeons, named Gould and Baxter, collected and carefully studied all these recorded measurements with reference to nationality, age and climate, with the distinctly unexpected result of finding that the average height of the American-born soldiers exceeded that of the foreign-born soldiers of the nations from which they were descended by an inch and three-quarters. Not only this, but further analysis showed that the greatest heights, chest expansions and weights in the entire series were found in the recruits from those states which were most purely American in blood, in the sense of having been free from foreign admixture by immigration for at least one hundred years, so that most of the people were probably Americans of from the third to the fifth generation. Among these were the mountaineers of Kentucky and West Virginia and their descendants in Ohio, Missouri, California and Kansas.

We are Quite Sure That Our Ancestors Were Taller, Stronger and Longer-Lived

The same class and state groups, it may be incidentally remarked, also furnished the tallest regiments to our army in the late Spanish War. Therefore, as far as heights are concerned the American degeneracy appears to be of that curiously-negative type which expresses itself by growing taller than the races from which it was descended.

This, of course, might only have been due to a process of "spindling"; but when they came to study chest measurements it was found that the girth of chest of our native-born recruits was nearly half an inch greater than the average of the European-born. Again the mountaineers of Kentucky and their descendants had a further superiority of nearly an inch over the American average. This might possibly have been attributed merely to our well-known oratorical propensities, gained by long practice in making the eagle scream. But when later through the medium of our life-insurance companies we were able to contrast the weights of large bodies of men on both sides of the Atlantic it was found that American policyholders showed practically the same lead over Europeans in weight that they did in height, in chest measurement and longevity—that is to say, up to about the fortieth year. After that the average weight was more nearly equal, indeed, somewhat greater on the other side of the Atlantic, on account of a much more marked tendency to lay on flesh after this age. But, roughly speaking, before forty weight above the average is an indication of vigor and an advantage; after forty, it is not necessarily so—indeed, often the reverse. It is, of course, a matter of common, every-day observation that the average American traveling abroad very seldom finds himself uncomfortably undersized or below the average height in a crowd; in fact, is often conspicuous by his stature.

Corroboration of an unmistakable sort of our steady increase in height and size comes from a somewhat

unexpected and almost whimsical source—that is, from the makers of ready-made clothing, gloves and shoes. The cutters of these firms are unanimous in their testimony that there has within recent years been a steady increase in the size of their customers, so that models for a given age or marked as of a given size thirty years ago will not fit their customers of today with any degree of comfort. In gloves and in shoes, for instance, the sizes most in demand are actually from one to three trade sizes larger than they were thirty years ago.

It was brought out a few days ago in the courts, through a suit growing out of the refusal of a Western jobbing house to receive a consignment of gloves because the latter were "Philadelphia sevens" instead of "Chicago sevens," that this process of increase was greater and progressed further in the West, where the process of Americanization is supposed to be getting on more rapidly and typically than in the East. Of course, the same thing has long been known in regard to the pedal extremities of the daughters of the great inland city, but this is treading on dangerous ground.

This physical development is, of course, only what might have been expected on *a priori* grounds from our superb and abundant supply of food—especially of meats, fats and sugars—our entire freedom from starvation and even from its second cousin, close economy; our high wages; our broad acres of rich, virgin soil; our abundance of elbow-room, and freedom from stifling traditions and beliefs of all sorts. But our believers in decadence promptly retort:

"Just look at your awful American habits of bolting your food, of hustling, of turning night into day, of working till you drop exhausted. Those of you who survived may possibly have grown taller and chestier, but what of those who fell by the wayside?"

Our Diminishing Death-Rate

SURELY we are shortening our lives and raising our death-rates by this senseless, steam-driven rush of ourselves! Perhaps. About thirty years ago we began to get mortality records which really covered all the population and were reasonably accurate and reliable. Upon contrasting these with the French, English, German and Norwegian records we were surprised to discover that, instead of a higher death-rate than any of these, we had one of the lowest.

Certain of our larger Western cities, indeed, have the lowest official death-rate of any towns of their size in the civilized world; some of them falling as low as nine per thousand living per annum, contrasted with fourteen, eighteen and twenty. Part of this favorable showing is, of course, due to a higher percentage of adults in the population due to immigration—for it is children who raise the death-rate and pull down the average duration of life—and part to imperfect and incomplete reporting of all deaths. But even when both these sources have been allowed for our best American death-rates compare exceedingly favorably with even the best policed and sanitated European districts.

Our great cities long lagged behind on account of the notorious inefficiency of their governments, and for years ranged up alongside of Constantinople and St. Petersburg in their mortality records. This reproach has now, however, been wiped out, and New York and Chicago can both show rates that are only about one point a thousand living behind London and Berlin—in fact, New York has once, within the last five years, gone below London's record.

All this time, however, our pessimists have been holding back their strongest and best-supported charges, and they now bring them forward with a triumphant air and defy us to disprove them. These are: That we don't live so long as they used to in the good old days, and that the American child has been literally spoiled within an inch of his life until he is a mere bundle of nerves and bad teeth! Both of these statements are so universally accepted that it seems, at first sight, hopeless to challenge them, and our wisest course would apparently be to plead guilty and pass on to the next count. But we are not going to surrender without a fight, and propose to take the attitude of the Irishman who, when he was brought before the court and asked by the judge to plead "guilty" or "not guilty," promptly replied: "Shure, how can I tell until I hear the ividence?"

We Live With a Time-Table in One Hand, a Ticker-Tape in the Other, and a Newspaper Constantly Before Our Eyes

The Average American Traveling Abroad Very Seldom Finds Himself Uncomfortably Undersized

The first thing that began to give us some glimpse of hope as to the length of the average modern life was that afforded by the attitude of our insurance companies. No one had better opportunities than they to know whether or not American lives were becoming shorter, or whether the expectation of life on this side of the Atlantic was less than that in Europe, yet there they stood, doing business amid the wreck of this decaying race and civilization at the same old rates calculated forty, fifty and seventy years ago. They had not raised the premiums on account of lack of centenarians in America, and they did not seem to be losing money, either. And the result magnificently justified them.

Nearly a decade ago it was discovered that the actual average longevity here in America had increased thirty-five per cent since those rates were calculated, and the average expectancy of life at all years under fifty was greater by from five to eight years, and still a considerable proportion of the companies kept on doing business at the same old rates—are still keeping on! The average length of life of American whites is now about six years greater than it was thirty years ago.

Having heard the evidence, we decline to plead guilty on this count, and proceed to the next: That the health and morals of the rising generation are being ruined by the indulgent methods of its bringing up.

Here the case seems almost hopelessly against us. Everybody knows that the American child is spoiled; that it eats too much candy, goes to bed when it likes, has no reverence for its elders, and naturally grows up neurotic and excitable; begins to need false teeth at twelve and glasses at fourteen; while reformers appear to find it difficult to express in percentages, without going above one hundred, the extent to which the American boy is addicted to cigarettes. Altogether, the outlook of the future of the race is as bad as can be!

American Boys the Biggest

ABOUT fifteen years ago some heartless scientists, regardless of the mental suffering which their researches must cause, began to apply the yardstick and the scales to the degeneracy of the rising generation. The most reckless offenders in this respect were Professor Peckham, of Milwaukee, Doctor Porter, of St. Louis, and Doctor Bowditch, of Boston. Here are their results, in which even he who runs may read the fate of our civilization. The results were damningly identical in all three of these cities, so that there is no escape from their conclusions. Upon the basis of some ten thousand or more measurements the awful fact was shown that the average American-born boy at seventeen years of age is only five feet ten inches in height and weighs barely one hundred and thirty pounds; while the average German boy in similar schools is five feet four and one-half inches, the average Irish boy five feet six inches, and the average English boy five feet six inches. In short, the pure American children—that is, those whose parents and grandparents were born in the United States—are from two to three inches taller and from three to six pounds heavier at seventeen years of age than those of any European nationality with the exception of the Germans, who, although much shorter, equal or exceed them in point of weight.

When the comparison is carried a trifle farther we find that children born in the United States of foreign parents are taller and heavier than children of corresponding age in their fatherland; that children whose parents were born in the United States are again superior to those born of immigrants; and the children whose grandparents were born in the United States give the highest measurements of all.

Another unexpected result of these measurements which has done much to start the movement to put our education upon a rational basis, was that the taller and heavier the children were at all ages the farther advanced they were in the school standards, even under our present antediluvian system of grading. Children's minds tend to grow just as naturally and as irrepressibly as their bodies. Take care of their bodies, and their minds will take care of themselves! American-born children in all these three cities were from one to two grades ahead of the foreign-born of like years, the only ones who could even tie them being those who equaled them in weight—that is, the Germans. Really, spoiling seems to agree with the average American child!

Of course, it may be urged that mere size and bulk do not constitute vigor and endurance, and that our lack of measurable degeneracy in these respects may be due simply to our more abundant food and protection from overcrowding, and more favorable average conditions of life generally. As to whether we really are stronger and tougher and longer-winded than our ancestors or their representatives of today on the other side of the Atlantic is a little more difficult question to determine, but there are two straws which may at least be taken as indicating probabilities. One is such records as we possess of running, high jumping, putting the shot and other athletic feats of the previous century.

Seventeenth Century Records Beaten

THESE all point in the same direction as the other data, there being not a single record of the seventeenth century which has not been lowered anywhere from five to thirty per cent, and which is not still being lowered year after year. The other is the comparison with the descendants of our ancestor races on the other side of the Atlantic, who, having continued to live in their original environment, presumably more closely resemble our common ancestors than we do. This is furnished by those famous revivals of classic contests known as the Olympic Games. In both of these our American athletes carried off more prizes than any other nationality represented, with the exception of the English, and more prizes in proportion to the number of competitors entered than any nation. Even though some of our English cousins may be inclined to think that a little too much of our lung power was expended in the ungracious exercise known as roaring, and that some of the vigor of our quadriceps extensors was expended in "kicking," which would have been better utilized in the high jump, no one who scans the records could for a moment claim that the American race as represented by its athletes was physically degenerate, unless the whole world be so.

They Usually Take Time by the Forelock and Write at Once

But what as to our record on the mental and moral side? Surely the much-lamented strain of civilization is telling heavily upon us on this score. Success today is emphatically won by brain, and as more strain is being placed upon that important organ it must necessarily be breaking down earlier and more frequently. Here the records upon their face appear to be against us, for the tabulated number of the insane is steadily and constantly increasing, both absolutely and in proportion to the population. But when we glance at the records abroad we find that a similar increase is taking place all over Europe, so that this progress of insanity is not a peculiarly American symptom. Furthermore, our records of insanity in the past were grossly defective, only the most violent and most unmanageable cases being, as a rule, placed in public institutions and formally registered. Therefore, it is impossible to draw any positive conclusions one way or the other. It may, however, be said that the most expert alienists and statisticians on both sides of the Atlantic are inclined to doubt whether insanity is really increasing at all, except on paper; and this statistical increase is largely owing to the fact that our hospitals and asylums for the care of the insane are so much better managed and more successful in their results than they were formerly that a large percentage of all classes of the

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DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

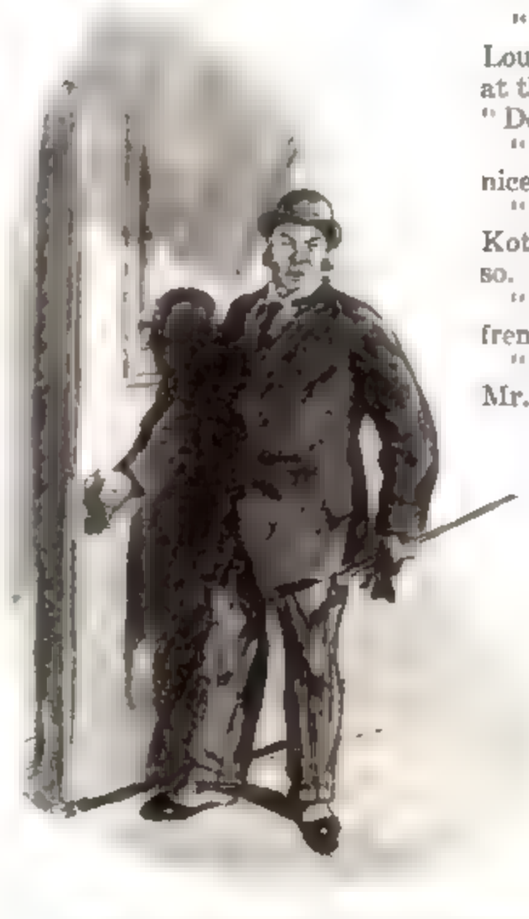
By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"YES, Mawruss," Abe Potash commented as he glanced over the "Business Troubles" column of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record, "Hymie Kotzen is certainly playing in hard luck."

"Is he?" Morris Perlmutter replied. "Well, he don't look it when I seen him in the Harlem Winter Garden last night, Abe. Him and Mrs. Kotzen was eating a family porterhouse between 'em with tchampanyer wine yet."

"Well, Mawruss," Abe said, "he needs it tchampanyer wine, Mawruss. Last month I seen it he gets stung two thousand by Cohen & Schondorf, and today he's chief mourner by the Ready Pay Store, Barnet Fischman proprietor. Barney stuck him for fifteen hundred, Mawruss, so I guess he needs it tchampanyer wine to cheer him up."



"I Want Them Diamonds and I'm Going to Have 'em, Too"

"Well, maybe he needs it diamonds to cheer him up, also, Abe," Morris added. "That feller got diamonds on him, Abe, like 'lectric lights on the front of a moving-picture show."

"Diamonds never harmed nobody's credit, Mawruss," Abe rejoined. "You can get your money out of diamonds most any time, Mawruss. I see by the papers diamonds increase in price thirty per cent in six months already. Yes, Mawruss, diamonds goes up every day."

"And so does the feller what wears 'em, Abe," Morris went on. "In fact, the way that Hymie Kotzen does business I shouldn't be surprised if he goes up any day, too. Andrew Carnegie couldn't stand it the failures what that feller gets into, Abe."

"That's just hard luck, Mawruss," Abe replied; "and if he wears it diamonds, Mawruss, he paid for 'em himself, Mawruss, and he's got a right to wear 'em. So far what I hear it, Mawruss, he never stuck nobody for a cent."

"Oh, Hymie ain't no crook, Abe," Morris admitted, "but I ain't got no use for a feller wearing diamonds. Diamonds looks good on women, Abe, and maybe also on a hotel-clerk or a feller what runs a restaurant, Abe, but a business man ain't got no right wearing diamonds."

"Of course, Mawruss, people's got their likes and dislikes," Abe said; "but all the same I seen it many a decent, respectable feller with a good business, Abe, what wants a little accommodation at his bank. But he gets turned down just because he goes around looking like a slob; while a feller what can't pay his own laundry bill, Mawruss, has no trouble getting a thousand dollars because the second vice-president is buffaloed already by a stovepipe hat, a Prince Albert coat and a four-carat stone with a flaw in it."

"Well, a four-carat stone wouldn't affect me none, Abe," Morris said, "and believe me, Abe, Hymie Kotzen's diamonds don't worry me none, neither. All I'm troubling about now is that I got an appetite like a horse, so I guess I'll go to lunch."

Abe jumped to his feet. "Give me a chance oncet in a while, Mawruss," he protested. "Every day comes half-past twelve you got to go to your lunch. Ain't I got no stomach, neither, Mawruss?"

"Oh, go ahead if you want to," Morris grumbled, "only don't stay all day, Abe. Remember there's other people wants to eat, too, Abe."

"I guess the shoe pinches on the other foot now, Mawruss," Abe retorted as he put on his hat. "When I get through eating I'll be back."

He walked across the street to Wasserbauer's café and restaurant and seated himself at his favorite table.

"Well, Mr. Potash," Louis, the waiter, cried, dusting off the tablecloth with a red-and-white towel, "some nice *Metzelsuppe* today, huh?"

"No, Louis," Abe replied as he took a dill pickle from a dishful on the table, "I guess I won't have no soup today. Give me some *gedämpftes Kalbfleisch mit Kartoffelklösse*."

"Right away quick, Mr. Potash," said Louis, starting to hurry away.

"Ain't I nobody here, Louis?" cried a bass voice at the table behind Abe. "Do I sit here all day?"

"Ex-cuse me, Mr. Kotzen," Louis exclaimed. "Some nice roast chicken today, Mr. Kotzen?"

"I'll tell you what I want it, Louis, not you me," Mr. Kotzen grunted. "If I want to eat it roast chicken I'll say so. If I don't I won't."

"Sure, sure," Louis cried, rubbing his hands in a perfect frenzy of apology.

"Gimme a *Schweizerkäse* sandwich and a cup of coffee," Mr. Kotzen concluded, "and if you don't think you can bring it back here in half an hour, Louis, let me know, that's all, and I'll ask Wasserbauer if he can help you out."

Abe had started on his second dill pickle, and he held it in his hand as he turned around in his chair. "Hallo, Hymie," he said; "ain't you feeling good today?"

"Oh, hallo, Abe," Kotzen cried, glancing over; "why don't you come over and sit at my table?"

"I guess I will," Abe replied. He rose to his feet with his napkin tucked into his collar and, carrying the dish of dill pickles with him, he moved over to Kotzen's table.

"What's the matter, Hymie?" Abe asked. "You ain't sick, are you?"

"That depends what you call it sick, Abe," Hymie replied. "I don't got to see no doctor exactly, Abe, if that's what you mean. But that Sam Feder by the Kosciusko Bank, I was over to see him just now, and I bet you he makes me sick."

"I thought you always got along pretty good with Sam, Hymie," Abe mumbled through a mouthful of dill pickle.

"So I do," said Hymie; "but he heard it something about this here Ready Pay Store and how I'm in it for fifteen hundred, and also this Cohen & Schondorf sticks me also, and he's getting anxious. So, either he wants me I should give him over a couple of accounts, or either I should take up some of my paper. Well, you know Feder, Abe. He don't want nothing but A Number One concerns, and then he got the bank's lawyer what is his son-in-law, De Witt C. Feinholz, that he should draw up the papers; and so it goes. I got it bills receivable due the first of the month, five thousand dollars from such people like Heller, Blumenkrohn & Co., of Cincinnati, and The Emporium, Duluth, all gilt-edge accounts, Abe, and why should I lose it twenty per cent on them, ain't it?"

"Sure," Abe murmured.

"Well, that's what I told Feder," Hymie went on. "If I got to take up a couple of thousand dollars I'll do it. But running a big plant like I got it, Abe, naturally it makes me a little short."

"Naturally," Abe agreed. He scented what was coming.

"But anyhow, I says to Feder, I got it lots of friends in the trade, and I ain't exactly broke yet, neither, Abe."

He lifted his Swiss-cheese sandwich in his left hand, holding out the third finger the better to display a five-carat stone, while Abe devoted himself to his veal.

"Of course, Abe," Hymie continued, "on the first of the month—that's only two weeks already—things will be running easy for me."

He looked at Abe for encouragement, but Abe's facial expression was completely hidden by veal stew, fragments of which were clinging to his eyebrows.

"But, naturally, I'm at present a little short," Hymie croaked, "and so I thought maybe you could help me out with, say, a thousand dollars till the first of the month, say."

Abe laid down his knife and fork and massaged his face with his napkin.

"For my part, Hymie," he said, "you should have it in a minute. I know it you are good as gold, and if you say that you will pay on the first of the month a United States bond ain't no better."

He paused impressively and laid a hand on Hymie's knee.

"Only, Hymie," he concluded, "I got it a partner. Ain't it? And you know Mawruss Perlmutter, Hymie. He's a pretty hard customer, Hymie, and if I was to draw you the firm's check for a thousand, Hymie, that feller would have a receiver by the court tomorrow morning already. He's a holy terror, Hymie, believe me."

Hymie sipped gloomily at his coffee.

"But Mawruss Perlmutter was always a pretty good friend of mine, Abe," he said. "Why shouldn't he be willing to give it me if you are agreeable? Ain't it? And, anyhow, Abe, it can't do no harm to ask him."

"Well, Hymie, he's over at the store now," Abe replied. "Go ahead and ask him."

"I know it what he'd say if I ask him, Abe. He'd tell me I should see you; but you say I should see him, and then I'm up in the air. Ain't it?"

Abe treated himself to a final rubdown with the napkin and scrambled to his feet.

"All right, Hymie," he said. "If you want me I should ask him I'll ask him."

"Remember, Abe," Hymie said as Abe turned away, "only till the first, so sure what I'm sitting here. I'll ring you up in a quarter of an hour."

When Abe entered the firm's sample-room five minutes later he found Morris consuming the last of some crullers and coffee brought in from a near-by bakery by Jake, the shipping clerk.

"Well, Abe, maybe you think that's a joke you should keep me here a couple of hours already," Morris said.

"Many a time I got to say that to you already, Mawruss," Abe rejoined. "But, anyhow, I didn't eat it so much, Mawruss. It was Hymie Kotzen what keeps me."

"Hymie Kotzen!" Morris cried. "What for should he keep you, Abe? Blows you to some tchampanyer wine, maybe?"

"Tchampanyer he ain't drinking it today, Mawruss, I bet yer," Abe replied. "He wants to lend it from us a thousand dollars."

Morris laughed raucously.

"What a chance!" he said

"Till the first of the month, Mawruss," Abe continued, "and I thought maybe we would let him have it."

Morris ceased laughing and glared at Abe.

"Tchampanyer you must have been drinking it, Abe," he commented.

"Why shouldn't we let him have it, Mawruss?" Abe demanded. "Hymie's a good feller, Mawruss, and a smart business man, too."

"Is he?" Morris yelled. "Well, he ain't smart enough to keep out of failures like Barney Fischman's and Cohen & Schondorf's, Abe, but he's too smart to lend it us a thousand dollars, supposing we was short for a couple of days. No, Abe, I heard it enough about Hymie Kotzen already. I wouldn't positively not lend him nothing, Abe, and that's flat."

To end the discussion effectually he went to the cutting-room upstairs and remained there when Hymie rang up.

"Them Stones Belong to You if I Don't Pay You Inside of Two Weeks"

"It ain't no use, Hymie," Abe said. "Mawruss wouldn't think of it. We're short ourselves. You've no idee what trouble we got it with some of our collections."

"But, Abe," Hymie protested, "I got to have the money. I promised Feder I would give it him this afternoon."

Abe remained silent.

"I tell you what I'll do, Abe," Hymie insisted; "I'll come around and see you."

"It won't be no use, Hymie," Abe said, but Central was his only auditor, for Hymie had hung up the receiver. Indeed, Abe had hardly returned to the sample-room before Hymie entered the store door.

"Where's Mawruss?" he asked

"Up in the cutting-room," Abe replied.

"Good!" Hymie cried. "Now, looky' here, Abe, I got a proposition to make it to you."

He tugged at the diamond ring on the third finger of his left hand and laid it on a sample-table. Then from his shirt-bosom he unscrewed a miniature locomotive headlight, which he deposited beside the ring.

"See them stones, Abe?" he continued. "They costed it me one thousand three hundred dollars during the panic already, and today I wouldn't take two thousand for 'em. Now, Abe, you sit right down and write me out a check for a thousand dollars, and so help me I should never stir out of this here office, Abe, if I ain't on the spot with a thousand dollars in hand two weeks from today, Abe, you can keep them stones, settings and all."

Abe's eyes fairly bulged out of his head as he looked at the blazing diamonds

"But, Hymie," he exclaimed, "I don't want your diamonds. If I had it the money myself, Hymie, believe me, you are welcome to it like you was my own brother."

"I know all about that, Abe," Hymie replied, "but you ain't Mawruss, and if you got such a regard for me what you claim you have, Abe, go upstairs and ask Mawruss Perlmutter will he do it me the favor and let me have that thousand dollars with the stones as security."

Without further parley Abe turned and left the sample-room.

"Mawruss," he called from the foot of the stairs, "come down here once. I want to show you something."

In the mean time Hymie pulled down the shades and turned on the electric lights. Then he took a swatch of black velveteen from his pocket and arranged it over the sample-table with the two gems in its folds.

"Hymie Kotzen is inside the sample-room," Abe explained when Morris appeared in answer to his summons.

"Well, what have I got to do with Hymie Kotzen?" Morris demanded.

"Come inside and speak to him, Mawruss," Abe rejoined. "He won't eat you."

"Maybe you think I'm scared to turn him down, Abe?" Morris concluded as he led the way to the sample-room. "Well, I'll show you different."

"Hallo, Mawruss," Hymie cried. "What's the good word?"

Morris grunted an inarticulate greeting.

"What you got all the shades down for, Abe?" he asked.

"Don't touch 'em," Hymie said. "Just you have a look at this sample-table first."

Hymie seized Morris by the arm and turned him around until he faced the velveteen.

"Ain't them peaches, Mawruss?" he asked.

Morris stared at the diamonds, almost hypnotized by their brilliancy.

"Them stones belong to you, Mawruss," Hymie went on, "if I don't pay you inside of two weeks the thousand dollars what you're going to lend me."

"We ain't going to lend you no thousand dollars, Hymie," Morris said at last, "because we ain't got it to lend. We need it in our own business, Hymie, and, besides, you got the wrong idee. We ain't no pawnbrokers, Hymie; we are in the cloak and suit business."

"Hymie knows it all about that, Mawruss," Abe broke in, "and he shows he ain't no crook, neither. If he's willing to trust you with them diamonds, Mawruss, we should be willing to trust him with a thousand dollars. Ain't it?"

"He could trust me with the diamonds, Abe, because I ain't got no use for diamonds," Morris replied. "If any one gives me diamonds that I should take care of it into the safe they go. I ain't a person what sticks diamonds all over myself, Abe, and I don't buy no tchampanyer wine one day and come around trying to lend it from people a thousand dollars the next day, Abe."

"It was my wife's birthday," Hymie explained; "and if I got to spend it my last cent, Mawruss, I always buy tchampanyer on my wife's birthday."

"All right, Hymie," Morris retorted; "if you think it so much of your wife, lend it from her a thousand dollars."

"Make an end, make an end," Abe cried; "I hear it enough already. Put them diamonds in the safe and we give Hymie a check for a thousand dollars."

Morris shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, Abe," he said. "Do what you please, but remember what I tell it you now. I don't know nothing about diamonds and I don't care nothing about diamonds, and if it should be that we got to keep it the diamonds I don't want nothing to do with them. All I want it is my share of the thousand dollars."

He turned on his heel and banged the sample-room door behind him, while Abe pulled up the shades and Hymie turned off the lights.

"That's a fine crank for you, Abe," Hymie exclaimed.

Abe said nothing, but sat down and wrote out a check for a thousand dollars.

"I hope them diamonds is worth it," he murmured, handing the check to Hymie.

"If they ain't," Hymie replied as he made for the door, "I'll eat 'em, Abe, and I ain't got too good a di-gestion, neither."

II

AT INTERVALS of fifteen minutes during the remainder of the afternoon Morris visited the safe and inspected the diamonds until Abe was moved to criticise his partner's behavior.

"Them diamonds ain't going to run away, Mawruss."

"Sure I Had a Vest"

"Maybe they will, Abe," Morris replied, "if we leave the safe open and people comes in and out all the time."

"So far, nobody ain't taken nothing out of that safe, Mawruss," Abe retorted; "but if you want to lock the safe I'm agreeable."

"What for should we lock the safe?" Morris asked. "We are all the time getting things out of it what we need. Ain't it? A better idee I got it, Abe, is that you should put on the ring and I will wear the pin, or you wear the pin and I will put on the ring."

"No, siree, Mawruss," Abe replied. "If I put it on a big pin like that and I got to take it off again in a week's time might I would catch a cold on my chest, maybe. Besides, I ain't built for diamonds, Mawruss. So, you wear 'em both, Mawruss."

Morris forced a hollow laugh.

"Me wear 'em, Abe!" he exclaimed. "No, siree, Abe, I'm not the kind what wears diamonds. I leave that to sports like Hymie Kotzen."

Nevertheless, he placed the ring on the third finger of his left hand, with the stone turned in, and carefully wrapping up the pin in tissue-paper he placed it in his waistcoat pocket. The next day was Wednesday, and he screwed the pin into his shirt-front underneath a four-in-hand scarf. On Thursday he wore the ring with the stone exposed, and on Friday he discarded the four-in-hand scarf for a bow tie and shamelessly flaunted both ring and pin.

"Mawruss," Abe commented on Saturday, "must you stick out your little finger when you smoke it a cigar?"

"Habits what I was born with, Abe," Morris replied. "I can't help it none."

"Maybe you was born with a diamond ring on your little finger. What?" Morris glared at his partner.

"If you think that I enjoy it wearing that ring, Abe," he declared, "you are much mistaken. You got us to take these here diamonds, Abe, and if they got stole on us, Abe, we are not only out the thousand dollars, but we would also got to pay it so much more as Hymie Kotzen would sue us for in the courts. I got to wear this here ring, Abe, and that's all there is to it."

He walked away to the rear of the store with the air of a martyr, while Abe gazed after him in silent admiration.

Two weeks sped quickly by, during which Morris safeguarded the diamonds with the utmost zest and enjoyment, and at length the settling day arrived. Morris was superintending the unpacking of piece goods in the cutting-room when Abe darted upstairs.

"Mawruss," he hissed, "Hymie Kotzen is downstairs."

By a feat of legerdemain that a conjurer might have envied, Morris transferred the pin and ring to his waistcoat pocket and followed Abe to the sample-room.

"Well, Hymie," Morris cried, "we thought you would be prompt on the day. Ain't it?"

Hymie smiled a sickly smirk in which there was as little mirth as there was friendliness.

"You got another think coming," Hymie replied.

"What d'ye mean?" Morris exclaimed.

"I'm up against it, boys," Hymie explained. "I expected to get it a check for two thousand from Heller, Blumenkrohn this morning."

"And didn't it come?" Abe asked.

"Sure it come," Hymie replied, "but it was only sixteen hundred and twenty dollars. They claim it three hundred and eighty dollars for shortage in delivery, so I returned 'em the check."

"You returned 'em the check, Hymie?" Morris cried. "And we got to wait for our thousand dollars because you made it a shortage in delivery."

"I didn't make no shortage in delivery," Hymie declared.

"Well, Hymie," Abe broke in, "you say it yourself Heller, Blumenkrohn is gilt-edge, A Number One people. They ain't going to claim no shortage if there wasn't none, Hymie."

"I guess you don't know Louis Blumenkrohn, Abe," Hymie retorted. "He claims it shortage before he unpacks the goods already."

"Well, what has that got to do with us, Hymie?" Morris burst out.

"You see how it is, boys," Hymie explained; "so I got to ask it you a couple of weeks' extension."

"A couple of weeks' extension is nix, Hymie," Abe said, and Morris nodded his head in approval.

"Either you give it us the thousand, Hymie," was Morris' ultimatum, "or either we keep the diamonds, and that's all there is to it."

"Now, Mawruss," Hymie protested, "you ain't going to shut down on me like that! Make it two weeks more and I'll give you a hundred dollars bonus and interest at six per cent."

Abe shook his head. "No, Hymie," he said firmly, "we ain't no loan sharks. If you got to get that thousand dollars today you will manage it somehow. So that's the way it stands. We keep open here till six o'clock, Hymie, and the diamonds will be waiting for you so soon as you bring us the thousand dollars. That's all."

There was a note of finality in Abe's tones that made Hymie put on his hat and leave without another word.

"Yes, Abe," Morris commented as the door closed behind Hymie, "so liberal you must be with my money. Ain't I told you from the very start that feller is a lowlife? Tchampanyer he must drink it on his wife's birthday, Abe, and also he got to wear it diamonds, Abe, when he ain't got enough money to pay his laundry bill yet."

"I ain't worrying, Mawruss," Abe replied. "He ain't going to let us keep them diamonds for a thousand dollars, Mawruss. They're worth a whole lot more as that, Mawruss."

"I don't know how much they're worth, Abe," Morris grunted, putting on his hat, "but one thing I do know: I'm going across the street to get a shave; and then I'm going right down to Sig Pollak on Maiden Lane, Abe, and I'll find out just how much they are worth."

A moment later he descended the basement steps into the barber-shop under Wasserbauer's café and restaurant.

"Hallo, Mawruss," a voice cried from the proprietor's chair "Ain't it a hot weather?"

It was Sam Feder, vice-president of the Kosciusko Bank, who spoke. He was midway in the divided

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THE LION OF THE NORTH

By Samuel G. Blythe

NATURALLY, William R. Megaw, former mayor of Vernon, British Columbia, was elated when he was chosen to drive Lord Strathcona and Sir Edward Clouston, of Montreal, over to Lord Aberdeen's ranch; and, naturally, Mayor Megaw being a famous whip and desirous of getting his noted passengers to the ranch quickly, took the best team of horses in Vernon.

They were pattering down a steep hill, three miles from town and near Long Lake, when the horses, frightened because the whiffletrees banged against their legs, started to run. They bolted toward the lake. Megaw tried to stop them and couldn't. He tried to steer them around a sharp turn and couldn't. So he pulled them into a fence.

He went out over the dashboard and broke his leg Lord Strathcona and Sir Edward Clouston landed variously, but neither was hurt, except for a slight bruise on Strathcona's arm. They sent back for another conveyance, saw to it that Megaw was well cared for, and paid their visit to the ranch.

Now, that is an ordinary recital of an ordinary occurrence. Plenty of horses have been frightened and bolted. Plenty of men, even lords and sirs, have been dumped out. But it has rarely happened that a lord aged eighty-nine years has been thrown a double somersault from a carriage under such circumstances, and struck with no worse effects than a slight bruise on his arm.

That is what Lord Strathcona did, and that is but one of a hundred remarkable things that have happened to this remarkable man, who now, at eighty-nine is as spry as three-quarters of the men you meet thirty years younger, as alert intellectually and as strong physically

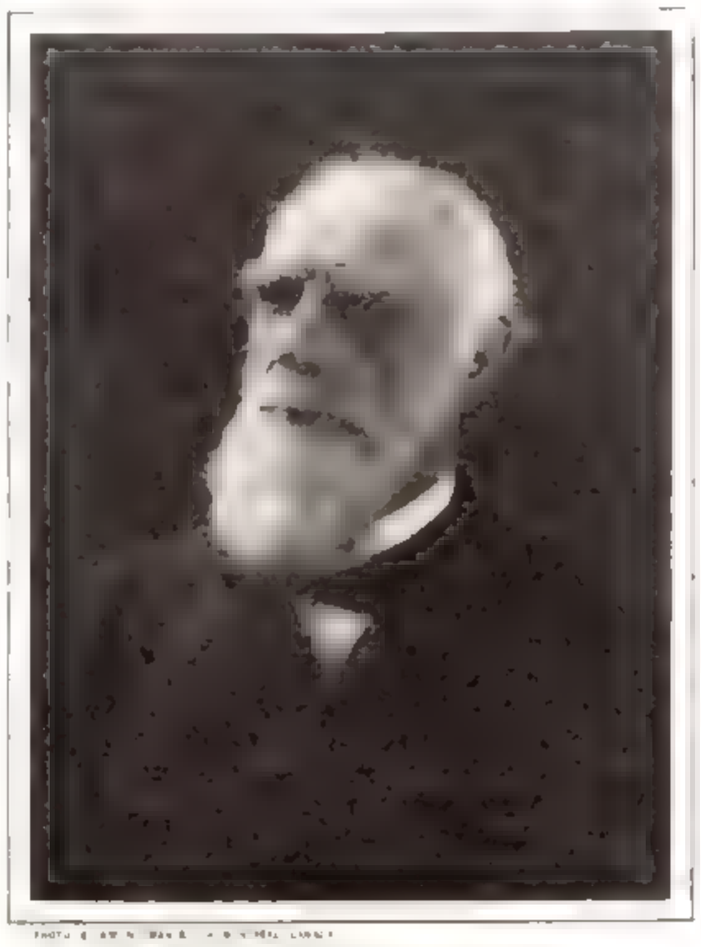
Strathcona has lived an epic in the tremendous North They call him the Grand Old Man of Canada, and he is all of that, and more. None, from the days of the voyageurs, has done so much for Canada, and none has done so much for himself. He began as an emigrant Scotch apprentice boy, bound to the Hudson Bay Company, and he is now Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada, largest individual landowner in the world, rich beyond computation, establisher of great hospitals and schools, developer of an empire, chief factor in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, statesman, politician, diplomatist, philanthropist, viking of commerce.

Thirty Years in the Wilderness

THIRTY years of his life were lived in the wilderness, with no companions save Indians and trappers. He was almost fifty when he came out of the snows to take over the presidency of the Hudson Bay Company. He was neither rich nor famous then, but since his fiftieth year his achievements have been bewildering in their brilliance and wonderful in their breadth and variety. He was just beginning at the time of life when most men are thinking of the day and way to stop. Now, in his ninetieth year, he is active, virile and busily at work.

Today Lord Strathcona shows few marks of his great age except his white hair and beard. He is about five feet eight or nine inches tall, lean, with a face seamed and tanned by the cold winds of the North to a dark brown that forty years of life away from the wilderness has not bleached. He talks on any subject that may be broached, having positive opinions and expressing them forcibly. His manner is kindly and his words have still just the touch of a Scotch burr on them, although when he left Scotland for the North Queen Victoria had been but one year on the throne and Van Buren was President of the United States.

When he is indoors he wears a little, silk-knitted cap over his bald spot, a little cap that may have been knitted by Lady Strathcona, judging from the tender care Lord Strathcona gives it. He is likely to shake his head in conversation or emphasize what he has to say by a quick nod, and the little cap always slips off. Lord Strathcona stops, gravely replaces the cap, and then goes on with his sentence. The general cast of his face is not unlike that of Ambassador Bryce, although Lord Strathcona is a larger man than Bryce; but the gray beard and the bushy eyebrows give that same general aspect. His deep-set eyes twinkle, and he has a habit of placing his hand on your shoulder if you are standing, or on your knee if you are sitting, as he talks. He lives in a palace in London now, but comes to Montreal nearly every year and visits other parts of the Dominion. Receptions are given for him when he comes, and addresses and speeches and all that, and he goes through the ceremonies with much more vigor than many a man thirty years younger would display.



Donald A. Smith, Now Lord Strathcona

Not many men who have accomplished things have had a life so distinctly two-phased as Lord Strathcona. Of course, the first thirty years were years of preparation for the later forty, but his history seems like that of a man who lived one life and then took up and lived another There is not much concerning his time in the wilds that can be told or written: for Lord Strathcona looks on it as thirty years of service, not exactly ordinary, but somewhat in common with that of many other men who have given much to the Hudson Bay Company, and only refers to it in the most general way. His later achievements were among men in the centers of population, mostly, and, no doubt, much greater than his early ones; but that thirty years among the snows and barrens furnishes a background of mystery and romance that appeals.

Lord Strathcona was born Donald Alexander Smith in the Highlands of Scotland, and when he was eighteen years old left home for Canada, apprenticed to the Hudson Bay Company. He was sent to Labrador, or the vast country that in 1838 went by that name and included four hundred and twenty thousand square miles of almost unexplored territory. The Hudson Bay Company had, a few years before, decided to take over this section as a possible field for money-making, and had sent a party or two of traders up into its wilds. The results were not promising, but Sir George Simpson, then head of the company, persisted, and when young Smith came to Montreal for duty assigned him to Labrador, and instructed him to report to a man named McLean who had been in that territory for the company for a time.

Smith reported to McLean and, eventually, came to be stationed at Hamilton Inlet, where there were two posts Smith was a trader. He moved around. The country was trackless, save for Indian trails. The cold was intense. There was no companionship. There was a mail but once a year. The living conveniences were of the crudest. He had ten years of struggle with the bleak and barren country. He tramped on snowshoes through miles and miles of forest. He skirted the rocky coasts in frail and leaky boats. He dealt with the few Eskimos that remained and with the Indians and the trappers. His only care was to do better and better for the company each year, and his only recreation, aside from the fishing and hunting, was writing home to his mother. The winters were eight months long with the temperature at times fifty below zero.

A Cold-Blooded Welcome

DURING this ten years when, as he says himself, he had "no companionship save a few employees and his own thoughts, learning the secrets of the company, how to manage the Indians and how to produce the best returns," he was stricken with snow blindness. There was no doctor and to wait until summer, he thought, would mean that he would be blind forever. He took two Indians and started for Montreal.

Weeks later, gaunt, haggard, exhausted, with the terror of blindness still on him, he staggered into Montreal and went at once to the offices of the Hudson Bay Company. The Indians who were with him, more worn than he was, remained outside while he went in and asked to see his chief

They had walked through the snow, from Labrador, picking up their own trail, undergoing incredible hardships, frozen, starved and suffering; and all the time young Smith was urged on by the thought that he must get to a doctor or lose his eyesight.

"Who are you?" asked his chief when the young Scotchman came before him.

"Donald Smith of the company's service in Labrador."

"What are you doing here?"

"I am stricken with snow blindness and I walked here to get a doctor."

"Who gave you permission to quit your post?"

"No one," faltered Smith. "No one could. There is no official of the company within a thousand miles of me. It would have taken a year to get permission and by that time I might have been blind. So I came without orders."

"You came without orders," shouted his chief, pounding on his table. "Well, sir, leave Montreal instantly for your post."

Simpson dismissed him and Smith left the room. That afternoon he and his two Indians had begun the terrible return journey. Weeks afterward, a mere shadow of a man, he arrived at his post; but it was a year before he recovered fully.

Half a century later a man who had heard this story asked Lord Strathcona to tell him something of the trip back.

"I cannot," he said. "I remember but little of it, except the horror of the struggle through the snow and cold, and what I do remember is too terrible to repeat or even think about."

Finally, Smith began to get recognition from the company. He was made a chief trader, and spent ten years on the shores of Hudson Bay in one of the company's oldest forts. About 1861 Smith was made a chief factor for the company, and seven years later, in 1868, after various deaths and changes, the Scotch boy became the Canadian head of the company, with offices in Montreal. He was then forty-eight years old, and

One of Lord Strathcona's Residences

knew more about the Hudson Bay Company, its methods and its capabilities, than any other man.

He had spent thirty years in the wilderness, and he had an important and profitable position, with a life of ease before him if he chose to make it so. He had married the daughter of one of the agents in Rupert's Land, who was a widow and who had a son. There was no minister or priest for fifteen hundred miles, so Smith and the woman, now Lady Strathcona, stood up and declared themselves man and wife. When Smith was made Lord Strathcona he and Lady Strathcona were remarried according to the ritual of the Church of England and the civil bond was ratified by an Act of Parliament.

Smith did not take on the easy life for two reasons. He had no aptitude for that sort of thing, and soon after he became the North American head of the company there was a great disturbance over the lands owned by the company. It was the intention of the Dominion Government to take Rupert's Land, which the company owned by charter, and make it Dominion territory. This became an active political issue, with Sir John Macdonald bitterly opposed to the company. After long negotiations it was decided to give a million and a half dollars for the territory, with some restrictions in favor of the company. There was an immediate row, because the London shareholders of the company were expected to get all the money, leaving the officers and employees in the territory and the inhabitants of the Red River country out of it. There was a tremendous pother about the affair, that even went so far as talk of revolution and secession to the United States.

The deed of surrender of this territory, about as much land as there is between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Coast in the United States, was signed in November, 1869; and when the Government Commissioner went West to take the land there arose a great protest, a time of tremendous excitement, and, finally, there emerged Louis Riel, the rebel

Riel issued a proclamation, appointed a provisional government and took a fort. Smith saw that the Hudson Bay Company would inevitably be held responsible for the disorders and decided that his place was at the front, where he could not only explain the attitude of his company, but also could treat with the malcontents direct. Smith went out to Fort Garry, where Winnipeg now is, making most of the journey by wagon and stage. After much negotiation, a meeting was held in the open air, with the thermometer at twenty below zero.

Riel had threatened and had tried to frighten Smith by sending a file of soldiers after him in the night, had held up prison before him and had made desperate attempts to get his papers. Smith outwitted him. The meeting was held in the teeth of a wind that was almost a blizzard, with every man's breath congealing in his beard and in circumstances of great discomfort, but it was the largest gathering of white men that had ever been known in that territory up to that time.

Smith read his credentials and other documents amid great excitement. Then he fired his biggest shot and read a communication from the Earl of Granville, stating the Queen's wishes in the matter. There was an adjournment for five hours, and after that many meetings. Riel had possession of the fort and had some prisoners. Smith was virtually a prisoner, as he was constantly shadowed by spies. After two months of negotiation Smith finally had the better of the controversy, and although Riel was in power and had a large following of halfbreeds he was not able to accomplish much, and disappeared presently when he heard of an expedition of British troops. Smith's diplomacy had undermined him. His people would not fight. Fifteen years later Riel started another rebellion and was hanged for it. It is now the general opinion that Smith's visit to Fort Garry, the skill of his negotiations and the strength of his diplomacy saved Manitoba to Canada. Riel almost succeeded in getting his rebellion started. He would have started it and, probably, would have won it for a time if Smith had not taken that journey to the wilds.

That did not end the troubles of Smith. As soon as he had returned to Montreal, and before, the discontent of the employees and settlers of the land the company sold to Canada became greater. It was claimed the English shareholders intended to take all the million and a half dollars Canada was to pay for the land. Smith went to a meeting of these men, promised to get them their share, and they believed him. They thought he would do well if he got them fifty thousand dollars. He went to London, had his fight with the shareholders of the company, and brought back five hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars for the men who were in the field.

As long ago as 1870 corporations were not over popular, and the Hudson Bay Company had its share of enemies. Still, it was Smith's job to keep his company going, to hold it up through public attack and get everything he could for it. One of the perquisites the company had was the monopoly of the river transportation on the Red River for all goods destined for the Northwest. Land transportation was by means of Red River carts. Brainerd, Minnesota, was the nearest point to Manitoba touched by a railroad, and it was, in 1872, the terminus of the Northern Pacific road. The carts went in great numbers between St. Cloud and the Red River. The only steamer on the Red River was the Hudson Bay's boat, the International.

Just here James J. Hill, himself a born Canadian, but then beginning his remarkable transportation career in Minnesota and the West, stepped in and defied Smith

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Ole Skjarsen's First Touchdown

A Siwash College Story—By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

AM I GOING to the game Saturday? Am I? Me? Am I going to eat some more food this year? Am I going to draw my pay this month? Am I going to leave my little old office at five P. M. or stay around and wait for opening time next morning? All foolish questions, pal. Very silly conversation. Pshaw!

Am I going to the game, you ask me? Is the sun going to get up tomorrow? You couldn't keep me away from that game if you put a protective tariff of seventy-eight per cent ad valorem, whatever that means, on the front gate. I'm going to the game, and when the Siwash team comes out I'm going to get up and give as near a correct imitation of a Roman mob and a Polish riot as my throat will stand; and if we put a big crimp in those large-footed, moss-covered, humpy-shouldered behemoths from Muggledorfer, I'm going out tonight and burn the City Hall. Any Siwash man who is a gentleman would do it. I'll probably have to run like thunder to beat some of them to it.

We Were So Mad Our Clothes Smoked

You know how it is, old man. Or maybe you don't, because you made all your end runs on the Glee Club. But I played football all through my college course and the microbe is still there. In the fall I think football, talk football, dream football, even though I haven't had a suit on for six years. And when I go out to the field and see little old Siwash lining up against a bunch of overgrown hippos from a college with a catalogue as thick as a city directory, the old mud-and-perspiration smell gets in my nostrils, and the desire to get under the bunch and feel the feet jabbing into my ribs boils up so strong that I have to hold on to myself with both hands. If you've never sat on a hard board and wanted to be between two halfbacks with your hands on their shoulders, and the quarter ready to sock a ball into your solar plexus, and eleven men daring you to dodge 'em, and nine thousand friends and enemies raising Cain and keeping him well propped up in the grandstands—if you haven't had that want you wouldn't know a healthy, able-bodied want if you ran into it on the street.

Of course, I never got any further along than a scrub. But what's the odds? A broken bone feels just as grand to a scrub as to a star. I sometimes think a scrub gets more real football knowledge than a varsity man, because he doesn't have to addle his brain by worrying about holding his job and keeping his wind, and by dreaming that he has fumbled a punt and presented ninety-five yards to the hereditary enemies of his college. I played scrub football five years, four of 'em under Bost, the greatest coach who ever put wings on the heels of a two-hundred-pound hunk of meat; and while my ribs never lasted long enough to put me on the team, what I didn't learn about the game you could put in the other fellow's eye.

Say, but it's great, learning football under a good coach. It's the finest training a man can get anywhere on this big old ball. Football is only the smallest thing you learn. You learn how to be patient when what you want to do is to chew somebody up and spit him into the gutter. You learn to control your temper when it is on the high speed, with the throttle jerked wide open and buzzing like a hornet convention. You learn, by having it told you, just how small and foolish and insignificant you are, and how well this earth could stagger along without you if some one were to take a fly-killer and mash you with it. And you learn all this at the time of life when your head is swelling up until you mistake it for a planet, and regard whatever you say as a volcanic disturbance.

I suppose you think, like the rest of the chaps who never came out to practice but observed the game from the dollar-and-a-half seats, that being coached in football is like being instructed in German or calculus. You are told what to do and how to do it, and then you recite. Far from it, my boy! They don't bother telling you what to do and how to do it on a big football field. Mostly they tell you what to do and how you do it. And they do it artistically, too. Use plenty of language. A football coach is picked out for his ready tongue. He must be a conversationalist. He must be able to talk to a greenhorn, with fine shoulders and a needle-shaped head, until that greenhorn will pick up the ball and take it through a Sioux war dance to get away from the conversation. You can't reason with football men. They're not logical, most of them. They are picked out for their heels and shoulders and their leg muscles, and not for their ability to look at you with luminous eyes and say: "Yes, Professor, I think I understand." The way to make 'em understand is to talk about them. Any man can understand you while you are telling him that if he were just a little bit slower he would have to be tied to the earth to keep up with it. That hurts his pride. And when you hurt his pride he takes it out on whatever is in front of him—which is the other team. Never get in front of a football player when you are coaching him.

But this brings me to the subject of Bost again. Bost is still coaching Siwash. This makes his 'steenth year. I guess he can stay there forever. He's coached all these years and has never used the same adjective to the same man twice. There's a record for you! He's a little man,

Bost is. He played end on some Western team when he only weighed one hundred and forty. Got his football knowledge there. But where he got his vocabulary is still a mystery. He has a way of convincing a man that a dill pickle would make a better guard than he is, and of making that man so jealous of the pickle that he will perform perfectly unreasonable feats for a week to beat it out for the place. He has a way of saying "Hurry up," with a few descriptive adjectives tacked on, that makes a man rub himself in the stung place for an hour; and oh, how mad he can make you while he is telling you pleasantly that while the little fellow playing against you is only a prep and has sloping shoulders and weighs one hundred and eleven stripped, he is making you look like a bale of hay that has been dumped by mistake on an athletic field. And say, when he gets a team in the gymnasium between halves, with the game going wrong, and stands up before them and sizes up their insect nerve and rubber backbone and hereditary awkwardness and incredible talent in doing the wrong thing, to say nothing of describing each individual blunder in that queer nasal clack of his—well, I'd rather be tied up in a great big frying-pan over a good hot stove for the same length of time, any day in the week. The reason Bost is a great coach is because his men don't dare play poorly. When they do he talks to them. If he would only hit them, or skin them by inches, or shoot at them, they wouldn't mind it so much; but when you get on the field with him and realize that if you miss a tackle he is going to get you out before the whole gang and tell you what a great mistake the Creator made when He put joints in your arms instead of letting them stick out stiff like any other signpost, you're not going to miss that tackle, that's all.

"If it Will Not Annoy You Too Much, Would You Mind Running the Same Way the Rest of the Team Does?"

When Bost came to Siwash he succeeded a line of coaches who had been telling the fellows to get down low and hit the line hard, and had been showing them how to do it very patiently. Nice fellows, those coaches. Perfect gentlemen. Make you proud to associate with them. They could take a herd of green farmer boys, with wrists like mules' ankles, and by Thanksgiving they would have them familiar with all the rudiments of the game. By that time the season would be over and all the schools in the vicinity would have beaten us by big scores. The next year the last year's crop of big farmer boys would stay at home to husk corn, and the coach would begin all over on a new crop. The result was, we were a dub school at football. Any school that could scare up a good rangy halfback and a line that could hold sheep could get up an adding festival at our expense any time. We lived in a perpetual state of fear. Some day we felt that the normal school would come down and beat us. That would be the limit of disgrace. After that there would be nothing left to do but disband the college and take to drink to forget the past.

But Bost changed all that in one year. He didn't care to show any one how to play football. He was just interested in making the player afraid not to play it. When you went down the field on a punt you knew that if you missed your man he would tell you when you came back that two stone hitching-posts out of three could get past you in a six-foot alley. If you missed a punt you could expect to be told that you might catch a haystack by running with your arms wide open, but that was no way to catch a football. Maybe things like that don't sound jabby when two dozen men hear them! They kept us catching punts between classes, and tackling each other all the way to our rooms and back. We simply had to play football to keep from being bawled out. It's an awful thing to have a coach with a tongue like a cheese knife swinging away at you, and to know that if you get mad and quit, no one but the dear old coll will suffer—but it gets the results. They use the same system in the East, but there they only swear at a man, I believe. Siwash is a mighty proper college and you can't swear on its campus, whatever else you do. Swearing is only a lazy man's substitute for thinking, anyway; and Bost wasn't lazy. He preferred the descriptive; he sat up nights thinking it out.

In Bost's second month he had the whole team so wrought up and anxious to please that they would have bucked brick walls and locomotives. Big, beefy men were running fifty yards, over and around determined opposition, in six seconds, and wondering nervously when they got up from under the pile if that was fast enough to keep Bost quiet. You never saw such abject and eager obedience. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the tongue makes both of them look like feather ticklers.

We began to see the results before Bost had been tracing our pedigrees for two weeks. First game of the season was with that little old dinky Normal School which had been scaring us so for the past five years. We had been satisfied to push some awkward halfback over the line once, and then hold on to the enemy so tight he couldn't run; and we started out that year in the same old way. First half ended 0 to 0, with our boys pretty satisfied because they had kept the ball in Normal's territory. Bost led the team and the substitutes into the overgrown barn we used for a gymnasium, and while we were still patting ourselves approvingly in our minds he cut loose:

"You pasty-faced, overfed, white-livered beanbag experts, what do you mean by running a beauty show instead of a football game?" he yelled. "Do you suppose I came out here to be art director of a statuary exhibit? Does any one of you imagine for a holy minute that he knows the difference between a football game and ushering in a church? Don't fool yourselves. You don't; you don't know anything. All you ever knew about football I could carve on stone and put in my eye and never feel it. Nothing to nothing against a crowd of farmer boys who haven't known a football from a duck's egg for more than a week! Bah! If I ever turned the Old Folks' Home loose on you doll babies they'd run up a century while you were hunting for your handkerchiefs. Jackson, what do you suppose a halfback is for? I don't want cloak models. I want a man who can stick his head down and run. Don't be afraid of that bean of yours; it hasn't got anything worth saving in it. When you get the ball you're supposed to run with it and not sit around trying to hatch it. You, Saunders! You held that other guard just like a sweet-pea vine. Where did you ever learn that sweet, lovely way of falling down on your nose when a real man sneezes at you? Did you ever hear of sand? Eat it! Eat it! Fill yourself up with it. I want you to get in that line this half and stop something or I'll make you play left end in a fancy-work club. Johnson, the only way to get you around the field is to put you on wheels and haul you. Next time you grow fast to the ground I'm going to violate some forestry regulations and take an axe to you. Same to you, Briggs. You'd make the All-America boundary posts, but that's all. Vance, I picked you for a quarterback, but I made a mistake; you ought to be sorting eggs. That ball isn't red hot. You don't have to let go of it as soon as you get it. Don't be afraid, nobody will step on you. This isn't a rude game. It's only a game of post-office. You needn't act so nervous about it. Maybe some of the big girls will kiss you, but it won't hurt."

Bost stopped for breath and eyed us. We were a sick-looking crowd. You could almost see the remarks sticking into us and quivering. We had come in feeling pretty virtuous, and what we were getting was a hideous surprise.

"Now I want to tell this tea-party something," continued Bost. "Either you're going out on that field and score thirty points this last half or I'm going to let the girls of Siwash play your football for you. I'm tired of coaching men that aren't good at anything but falling down scientifically when they're tackled. There isn't a broken nose among you. Every one of you will run back five yards to pick out a soft spot to fall. It's got to stop. You're going to hold on to that ball this half and take it places. If some little fellow from Normal crosses his fingers and says 'naughty, naughty,' don't fall on the ball and yell 'down' until they can hear it downtown. Thirty points is what I want out of you this half, and if you don't get 'em—well, you just dare to come back here without them, that's all. Now get out on that field and jostle somebody. Git!"

Did we git? Well, rather. We were so mad our clothes smoked. We would have quit the game right there and resigned from the team, but we didn't dare to. Bost would have talked to us some more. And we didn't dare not to make those thirty points, either. It was an awful tough job, but we did it with a couple over. We raged like wild beasts. We scared those gentle Normalites out of their boots. I can't imagine how we ever got it into our heads that they could play football, anyway. When it was all over we went back to the gymnasium feeling righteously triumphant, and had another hour with Bost in which he took us all apart without anæsthetics, and showed us how Nature would have done a better job if she had used less wood and more brain tissue in our composition.

That day made the Siwash team. The school went wild over the score. Bost rounded up two or three more good players, and every afternoon he lashed us around the field with that wire-edged tongue of his. On Saturdays we played, and oh, how we worked! In the first half we were afraid of what Bost would say to us when we came off the field. In the second half we were mad at what he had said. And how he did drive us down the field in practice! I can remember whole cross sections of his talk yet:

"Faster, faster, you scows. Line up. Quick! Johnson, are you waiting for a stone-mason to set you? Snap the ball. Tear into them. Low! Low! Hi-i! You end, do you think you're the quarter pole in a horse race? Nine men went past you that time. If you can't touch 'em drop 'em a souvenir card. Line up. Faster, faster! Oh, thunder, hurry up! If you ran a funeral, center, the corpse would spoil on your hands. Wow. Fumble! Drop on that ball. Drop on it! Hogboom, you'd fumble a loving cup. Use your hand instead of your jaw to catch that ball. It isn't good to eat. That's four chances you've had. I could lose two games a day if I had you all the time. Now try that signal again—low, you linemen; there's no girls watching you. Snap it; snap it. Great Scott! Say, Hogboom, come here. When you get that ball, don't think we gave it to you to nurse. You're supposed to start the same day with the line. We give you that ball to take forward. Have you got to get an act of Congress to start those legs of yours? You'd make a good vault to store footballs in, but you're too stationary for a fullback. Now I'll give you one more chance——"

And maybe Hogboom wouldn't go some with that chance!

In a month we had a team that wouldn't have used past Siwash teams to hold its sweaters. It was mad all the time, and it played the game carnivorously. Siwash was delirious with joy. The whole school turned out for practice, and to see those eleven men snapping through signals up and down the field as fast as an ordinary man could run just congested us with happiness. You've no idea what a lovely time of the year autumn is when you can go out after classes and sit on a pine seat in the soft dusk and watch your college team pulling off end runs in as pretty formation as if they were chorus girls, while you discuss lazily with your friends just how many points it is going to run up on the neighboring schools. I never had the Presidency handed to me, but it couldn't make me feel any more contented or powerful or complacent than to be a busted-up scrub in Siwash, with a team like that to watch. I'm pretty sure of that.

Twenty-five Yards With Four Muggledorfer Men Hanging on His Legs

But, happy as we were, Bost wasn't nearly content. He

had ideals. I believe one of them must have been to run that team through a couple of brick flats without spoiling the formation. Nothing satisfied him. He was particularly distressed about the fullback. Hogboom was a good fellow and took signal practice perfectly, but he was no fiend. He lacked the vivacity of a real, first-class Bengal tiger. He wouldn't eat any one alive. He'd run until he was pulled down, but you never expected him to explode in the midst of seven hostiles and ricochet down the field for forty yards. He never jumped over two men and on to another, and he never dodged two ways at once and landed out three men with stiff arms on his way to the goal. It wasn't his style. He was good for two and a half yards every time, but that didn't suit Bost. He was after statistics, and what does a three-yard buck amount to when you want 70 to 0 scores?

The result of this dissatisfaction was Ole Skjarsen. That was the year when Bost disappeared for three days and came back leading Ole by a rope—at least, he was towing him by an old carpet bag when we sighted him. Bost found him in a lumber camp, he afterward told us, and had to explain to him what a college was before he would quit his job. He thought it was something good to eat at first, I believe. Ole was a timid young Norwegian giant, with a rick of white hair and a reënforced-concrete physique. He escaped from his clothes in all directions, and was so green and bashful that you would have thought we were cannibals from the way he shied at us—though, as that was the year the bright hat-ribbons came in, I can't blame him. We crowded around him as if he had been a T. R. capture straight from Africa; and everybody helped him register third prep, with business-college extras. Then we took him out, harnessed him in football armor, and set to work to teach him the game.

Bost went right to work on Ole in a businesslike manner. He tossed him the football and said: "Catch it." Ole watched it sail past and then tore after it like a pup retrieving a stick. He got it in a few minutes and brought it back to where Bost was raving.

"See here, you overgrown fox terrier," he shouted, "catch it on the fly. Here!" He hurled it at him.

"Aye ent seen no fly," said Ole, allowing the ball to pass on as he conversed

"You cotton-headed Scandinavian cattleship ballast, catch that ball in your arms when I throw it to you, and don't let go of it," shrieked Bost, shooting it at him again.

"Oll right," said Ole patiently. He cornered the ball after a short struggle and stood hugging it faithfully.

"Toss it back, toss it back!" howled Bost, jumping up and down.

"Yu tal me to hold it," said Ole reproachfully, hugging it tighter than ever.

"Drop it, you Mammoth Cave of ignorance," yelled Bost. "If I had your head I'd sell it for cordwood. Drop it!"

Ole dropped the ball placidly. "Das ban fule game," he smiled dazedly. "Aye ent care for it. Eny faller got a Yewsharp?"

That was the opening chapter of Ole's instruction. The rest were just like it. You had to tell him to do a thing. You then had to show him how to do it. You then had to tell him how to stop doing it. After that you had to explain that he wasn't to refrain forever—just until he had to do it again. Then you had to persuade him to do it again. He was as good-natured as a lost puppy, and just as hard to reason with. In three nights Bost was so hoarse that he couldn't talk. He had called Ole everything in the dictionary that is fit to print; and the knowledge that Ole didn't understand more than a hundredth part of it, and didn't mind that, was wormwood to his soul.

For all that, we could see that if any one could teach Ole the game he would make a fine player. He was as hard as flint and so fast on his feet that we couldn't tackle him any more than we could have tackled a jack-rabbit. He learned to catch the ball in a night, and as for defense—his one-handed catches of flying players would have made a National League fielder envious. But with all of it he was perfectly useless. You had to start him, stop him, back him, speed him up, throttle him down and run him off the field just as if he had been a close-coupled, 1910 model scootcart. If we could have rigged up a driver's seat and run Ole by chauffeur it would have been all right. But every other method of trying to get him to understand what he was expected to do was a failure. He just grinned, took orders, executed them, and waited for more. When a two-hundred-and-twenty-pound man takes a football, wades through eleven frantic scrubs, shakes them all off, and then stops dead with a clear field to the goal before him—because his instructions ran out when he shook the last scrub—you can be pardoned for feeling hopeless about him.

That was what happened the day before the Muggledorfer game. Bost had been working Ole at fullback all evening. He and the captain had steered him up and down the field as carefully as if he had been a sea-going yacht. It was a wonderful sight. Ole was under perfect control. He advanced the ball five yards, ten yards, or twenty at command. Nothing could stop him. The scrubs represented only so many doormats to him. Every time he made a play he stopped at the latter end of it for instructions.

When he stopped the last time, with nothing before him but the goal, and asked placidly, "Vere skoll I take das ball now, Master Bost?" I thought the coach would expire of the heat. He positively steamed with suppressed emotion. He swelled and got purple about the face. We were alarmed and were getting ready to hoop him like a barrel when he found his tongue at last.

"You pale-eyed, prehistoric mudhead," he spluttered, "I've spent a week trying to get through that skull lining of yours. It's no use, you field boulder. Where do you keep your brains? Give me a chance at them. I just want to get into them one minute and stir them up with my finger. To think that I have to use you to play football when they are paying five dollars and a half for ox meat in Kansas City. Skjarsen, do you know anything at all?"

"Aye ban getting gude eddication," said Ole serenely. "Aye tank I ban college faller purty sune, I don't know. I like I skoll understand all das har big vorts yu make."

"I Tell You to Stop, You Potato-Top"

"You'll understand them, I don't think," moaned Bost. "You couldn't understand a swift kick in the ribs. You are a fool. Understand that, muttonhead?"

Ole understood. "Vy for yu call me fule?" he said indignantly. "Aye du yust vat you say."

"Ar-r-r-r!" bubbled Bost, walking around himself three or four times. "You do just what I say! Of course you do. Did I tell you to stop in the middle of the field? What would Muggledorfer do to you if you stopped there?"

"Yu ent tal me to go on," said Ole sullenly. "Aye go on, Aye gass, pooty qveek den."

"You bet you'll go on," said Bost. "Now, look here, you sausage material, tomorrow you play fullback. You stop everything that comes at you from the other side. Hear? You catch the ball when it comes to you. Hear? And when they give you the ball you take it, and don't you dare to stop with it. Get that? Can I get that into your head without a drill and a blast? If you dare to stop with that ball I'll ship you back to the lumber camp in a cattle car. Stop in the middle of the field —— Ow!"

But at this point we took Bost away.

The next afternoon we dressed Ole up in his armor—he invariably got it on wrong side out if we didn't help him—and took him out to the field. We confidently expected to promenade all over Muggledorfer—their coach was an innocent child beside Bost—and that was the reason why Ole was going to play. It didn't matter much what he did.

Ole was just coming to a boil when we got him into his clothes. Bost's remarks had gotten through his hide at last. He was pretty slow, Ole was, but he had begun getting mad the night before and had kept at the job all night and all morning. By afternoon he was seething, mostly in Norwegian. The injustice of being called a muttonhead all week for not obeying orders, and then being called a mudhead for stopping for orders, churned his soul, to say nothing of his language. He only averaged one English word in three, as he told us on the way out that today he was going to do exactly as he had been told or fill a martyr's grave—only that wasn't the way he put it.

The Muggledorfers were a pruny-looking lot. We had the game won when our team came out and glared at them. Bost had filled most of the positions with regular young mammoths, and when you dressed them up in football armor they were enough to make a Dreadnought a little nervous. The Muggleses kicked off to our team, and for a few plays we plowed along five or ten yards at a time. Then Ole was given the ball. He went twenty-five yards. Any other man would have been crushed to earth in five. He just waded through the middle of the line and went down the field, a moving mass of wriggling men. It was a wonderful play. They disinterred him at last and he started straight across the field for Bost.

"Aye ent mean to stop, Master Bost," he shouted. "Dese fallers har, dey squash me down "

We hauled him into line and went to work again. Ole had performed so well that the captain called his signal again. This time I hope I may be roasted in a subway in July if Ole didn't run twenty-five yards with four Muggledorfer men hanging on his legs. We stood up and yelled until our teeth ached. It took about five minutes to get Ole dug out, and then he started for Bost again.

"Honest, Master Bost, Aye ent mean to stop," he said imploringly. "Aye yust tal you, dese fallers ban devils. Aye fule dem naxt time ——"

"Line up and shut up," the captain shouted. The ball wasn't over twenty yards from the line, and as a matter of course the quarter shot it back to Ole. He put his head down, gave one mad-bull plunge, laid a windrow of Muggledorfer players out on either side, and shot over the goal line like a locomotive.

We rose up to cheer a few lines, but stopped to rubber. Ole didn't stop at the goal line. He didn't stop at the fence. He put up one hand, hurdled it, and disappeared across the campus like a young whirlwind.

"He doesn't know enough to stop!" yelled Bost, rushing up to the fence. "Hustle up, you fellows, and bring him back!"

Three or four of us jumped the fence, but it was a hopeless game. Ole was disappearing up the campus and across the street. The Muggledorfer team was nonplused and sort of indignant. To be bowled over by a cyclone, and then to have said cyclone break up the game by running away with the ball was to them a new idea in football. It wasn't to those of us who knew Ole, however. One of us telephoned down to the Leader office where Hinckley, an old team man, worked, and asked him to head off Ole and send him back. Muggledorfer kindly consented to call time, and we started after the fugitive ourselves.

Ten minutes later we met Hinckley downtown. He looked as if he had had a slight argument with a thirteen-inch shell. He was also mad.

"What was that you asked me to stop?" he snorted, pinning himself together. "Was it a gorilla or a high explosive? When did you fellows begin importing steam rollers for the team? I asked him to stop. I ordered him to stop. Then I went around in front of him to stop him—and he ran right over me. I held on for thirty yards, but that's no way to travel. I could have gone to the next town just as well, though. What sort of a game is this, and where is that tow-headed holy terror bound for?"

We gave the answer up, but we couldn't give up Ole. He was too valuable to lose. How to catch him was the sticker. An awful uproar in the street gave us an idea. It was Ted Harris in the only auto in town—one of the earliest brands of sneeze vehicles. In a minute more four of us were in, and Ted was chiveying the thing up the street.

If you've never chased an escaping fullback in one of those pioneer automobiles you've got something coming. Take it all around, a good, swift man, running all the time, could almost keep ahead of one. We pumped up a tire, fixed a wire or two, and cranked up a few times; and the upshot of it was we were five miles out on the state road before we caught sight of Ole.

He was trotting briskly when we caught up with him, the ball under his arm, and that patient, resigned expression on his face that he always had when Bost cussed him. "Stop, Ole," I yelled; "this is no Marathon. Come back. Climb in here with us."

Ole shook his head and let out a notch of speed.

(Continued on Page 44)

THE NEW PLAYS—By John Corbin

SINCE David Warfield put on the soft felt hat of The Music Master, abandoning the battered pot hat of The Auctioneer—or, rather, passing it on to his humbler followers and imitators—the Jew has come up a peg or two in the world of the drama. I don't say in the world of the theater. There he has always been supreme, at least since the show business has been a paying proposition; or rather, is it not the case that the show business has paid since he took hold of it? What I mean is that the Jew has come up as a *dramatis persona*, a figure in what is known as "the legitimate." A comedy and a drama treating the eternal conflict between Jew and Gentile have lately established themselves in public favor—The House Next Door and Zangwill's Melting-Pot. And now comes Israel, by Henry Bernstein, the clever author of The Thief and Samson. The Jew on our stage has developed a silk hat.

The case of the stage Jew is unique. One after another the foreign elements in our population have appeared as low-comedy types—appeared only to sink lower and lower in the scale of comedy, until they disappeared or ceased to be comic at all. John Chinaman and Yon Yonson no longer disport themselves in theaters of the first class. The black-face minstrel, so dear to our earliest youth, has given way to Williams and Walker, the prevailing complexion of whose company is pink. Darkest Africa has been enlightened by the rouge pot! The Irish plays of Harrigan and Hart, in which Mr. William Dean Howells so hopefully used to discern a germ of national drama, have had, as the French say, no tomorrow. The last time the red-whiskered Irishman appeared prominently on our stage his whiskers were green. This proved a costly bull. His own household were his enemies. They arose and drove him from the stage *vi et armis*. Also with eggs and lemons. Yet neither the Chinaman nor the Swede, the Negro nor the Irishman, has as yet enriched us with contributions to the legitimate. Not so the Jew. The serious drama of the Jew is upon us. In almost every industry he has made himself felt. And he is not merely a business man. He is invading the professions—medicine, and especially law. Every year the rosters of our universities show an increase of Jewish students and professors. He has made his way to the high offices of statesmanship. More and more it is becoming evident that his aim is not, as his detractors have said, mere wealth, but also distinction and power.

The Plot of The House Next Door

HIS sense of values is as versatile as it is keen. Irresistibly he feels the attraction of the best in everything—including the positions of the deepest and farthest-reaching intellectual power. And with this extraordinary vividness of ambition he unites an unequaled racial vitality. Americans of the elder stock, in proportion as they become rich and cultivated, have smaller and smaller families, or no families at all. The Jew never loses the sense of the value of family life. He multiplies on the face of the earth. In numbers as in individual power his is the race of the future.

Yet in all personal and social relationships Americans of European origin instinctively regard the Jew as an alien. Slav or Latin, Teuton or Scandinavian, stands on the basis of personal manhood. He is accepted or rejected for what he is. But a deep racial instinct relegates the Jew to a place apart. Yet socially, also, the Jew demands the best. What is to be the result? If, as philosophers tell us, the essence of the drama is a struggle of opposing will and character, the most fertile theme of the time centers in the Jew.

The House Next Door was originally a German play, and its adapter, J. Hartley Manners, has laid the scene in England; but the theme is general, and is roughly applicable to conditions here. The cast is almost equally divided between the Cotswold family and the Jacobson family. Sir John Cotswold is the heir to an ancient baronetcy and is full of the traditions of aristocracy; but his estate has dwindled until he is in fact poor. Isaac Jacobson began life as one of his dependents; and, as Sir John has been obliged to part with his inheritance, Isaac has quietly acquired it. At the same time he has won position and power. He is a member of Parliament and a knight—Sir Isaac, M. P. When the play opens Sir Isaac is already living in the house next door, and holds a mortgage on the ancestral home in which Sir John is facing poverty.

Sir John is as irascible, as peppery, as he is impractical and futile. Especially he flies into tantrums at the idea of a Jew. His son, Cecil, the heir to his title, is an opera singer, which is bad enough. It is worse that his business dealings are with Jewish impresarios; and the fact that these actually come to the house bringing much-needed money is quite intolerable. Cecil pleads for the

Elsie Ferguson, in Such a Little Queen

Jews, pointing out that his father's music on the piano is by Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Schubert, Strauss. When Sir John asks for a song Cecil sings one by Heine. In answer to his father's explosions of wrath, the boy reminds him that his own political idol is Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, whose portrait hangs on the wall. Down comes the Semitic portrait.

Presently it transpires that Cecil is in love with Sir Isaac's daughter, Esther, and his sister Ulrica with Sir Isaac's son, Adrian. The house next door threatens to come even nearer. Sir John's rage now knows no bounds. The second act is at the Jacobsons'. Lady Jacobson has many of the less amiable traits of her race; but Sir Isaac has a full measure of sound, practical sense, intellectual tolerance and probity. Sir John calls about the mortgage and finds his two children. He explodes in racial insults, and swears never to cross the threshold again. But he cannot resist the force of events. His children still go to the house next door and with the approach of the wedding his wife follows them. Sir John is left alone. He has a mighty struggle with his pride, but in the end he takes his stick, taps his hat on his head and goes forth to join them. Tolerance triumphs—in a manner most satisfying to the audience.

In short, the play is exaggerated to the point of farce. Yet it is good farce, with always a germ of significant truth at the bottom of it. And in spite of its rather grim implication it breathes a very honest spirit of tolerance, while the interest and fun of it are unflagging. As Sir John, that experienced actor, J. E. Dodson, has made the popular success of his career. Artistically, his performance is obvious and exaggerated. He does not disdain the most hackneyed means of getting a laugh. Yet he does get the laugh, and so no doubt is easily forgiven.

Bernstein's Israel is far narrower in appeal, but a far abler piece of dramatic writing. All the conditions are peculiarly French, and the dramatic struggle is not between Jew and Gentile, but between the Jew and the Catholic party. Gutlieb is a member of a fashionable Parisian *cercle* or club, but is using his vast wealth to aid the party which is fighting to disestablish the Church of Rome, of which most of his fellow-members are adherents. The young Prince de Clar publicly insults him, with the avowed purpose of either forcing him to resign from the club or be killed in a duel. Gutlieb chooses the duel. When the Prince's mother hears of this she uses all her influence to make her son give up his murderous purpose. She is a woman of devoted piety, almost saintliness of character, and her appeal to the Prince's filial affection succeeds. Yet in the moment of his surrender it is borne in on the Prince that his mother's interest in Gutlieb has been not quite impersonal. His suspicions are aroused, and he plies her with question after question. In a brilliantly constructed and very ably written scene he forces her to make admission after admission of the most agonizing kind, until at last the fact is revealed that he himself is the son of the hated Jew whom he has intended to kill -that his mother's piety has been a lifelong expiation for her sin. At the final curtain the Prince retires to his study and shoots himself.

In a preface Mr. Bernstein protests that he has not meant his play to be typical or symbolic, only a study of the given characters under the given circumstances. It is certainly to be hoped that the general situation in France is not quite that which the play represents. The young Prince's anti-Semitism, however, is scarcely an exaggeration of the aristocratic Frenchman's attitude toward the Jew as revealed by the Dreyfus affair. But at best the play has little meaning for an American public. It is, in fact, a most painful and unsavory mess, with no possible appeal to us aside from its single masterful emotional scene. One service, however, it does render: it shows how immensely saner and more tolerant we are in our attitude toward the Jewish problem.

High Praise for The Melting-Pot

IN THE MELTING-POT, the only play of the trio which deals with conditions peculiarly American, Mr. Israel Zangwill has given this spirit of tolerance a most eloquent, indeed a lyric, utterance. His hero, David Quixano, a refugee from Russian persecution, speaks frequently as follows:

"America is God's crucible—the great melting-pot—where all the races of Europe are fusing and reforming. Here you stand, good folk, think I, when I see them at Ellis Island—here you stand in your fifty groups, with your fifty languages and your histories and your fifty blood feuds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you have come to—these are the fires of God! A fig for your feuds and vendettas! Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians—into the crucible with you all! God is making the American!"

It is not a new idea. Decades ago Herbert Spencer said much the same thing, though in the measured language of the scientist and philosopher. In the days before Andrew Carnegie lived in a castle and hobnobbed with royalty he wrote a book which he called Triumphant Democracy, turned a royal crown upside down on the cover of it, and quoted Spencer's dictum at the head of one of the chapters. But Mr. Zangwill's version of the idea has enjoyed a better press agent. Oscar S. Straus, Roosevelt's Secretary of Commerce and Labor, said: "A great play! The feat of a genius. It incarnates the underlying spirit of our American patriotism." Jacob H. Schiff, head of the great New York banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., said: "Conditions concerning the making of the American cannot be more forcibly portrayed." President Roosevelt, who himself boasts a lineage so mingled that very few of the fifty blood feuds can be absent from the boiling crucible of his own individual temperament, was even more enthusiastic. I quote the modest press agent as he appears on the shrinking billboards: "A great play, Mr. Zangwill. I do not know when I have seen a play that stirred me as much." Yet a curious fate has befallen The Melting-Pot. After a brilliant opening in Washington and a long season of success in Chicago, it has been very coldly received in New York. The trouble seems to be that, however exalted the eloquence of certain of its speeches, it is not a good play. It is certainly not a good evening's entertainment.

The story it tells is promising enough. In New York the young Jew, Quixano, meets a young Russian woman

who is working in an East Side settlement, and they fall in love. It transpires that she is of the nobility; and when her father, Baron Revendal, appears, Quixano recognizes him as the general who led the massacre in which his parents and all his brothers and sisters were slaughtered The Baron revolts at his daughter's intimacy with David, and tries to force her to marry a young American plutocrat. But the melting-pot boils too turbulently in the blood of the young people. They end the play in each other's arms.

From such material much might have been made But, somehow or other, the piece moves sluggishly, with no sustained narrative, and few scenes, if any, of vital, moving drama. It is by no means a foregone conclusion that this Christian aristocrat can bring herself to marry a proletarian Jew. A skillful dramatist would have pictured each obstacle clearly, and rendered vividly the struggle by which it was overcome. But Mr. Zangwill somehow makes one feel from the start that differences of race, creed and social traditions are as nothing. One sees the end in the beginning. There is no question of the sincerity of his purpose nor of the eloquence of many of the speeches. He has a great heart and an imagination all on fire But even the best of preaching does not make a play.

It is very characteristic of the play that David's rival in love, the scion of American plutocracy, is quite a man of straw. He is not even free to marry, being the husband of a notorious chorus girl. In one way, to be sure, he presents an effective contrast to the humble David. He belongs to high life having married his chorus girl in a balloon. In truth this Quincy Davenport, Junior, is a caricature, a figure of low comedy. His "line" is precisely that which was once taken by the Irishman of red whiskers or by the Jew of the battered pot hat. According to the logic of the situation as Mr. Zangwill presents it, this low-comedy American is destined to disappear as a sort of dross in the melting-pot which is purifying and refining the Jew. His case is even more desperate than that of the young Christian lovers in The House Next Door, whom their author very tolerantly permitted to marry.

The Upward Tendency of the Jew

THE authors of all three of these plays are Jews If a Gentile had written them he would have stated the case somewhat differently, even though he advocated, as a man of wisdom must, the extreme of racial tolerance One obvious condition has been overlooked—the unceasing desire of the Jew to identify himself with the Gentile life about him. From the sweatshops of the East Side he forces his way to the business world of lower Broadway, and from here he looks always upward to Fifth Avenue.

A well-known Rabbi, writing in a Jewish publication, lately remarked with brave candor that the chief cause of complaint against the Jews is their aggressively bad manners. But it is a well-attested fact that in proportion as a Jew rises in the financial world his business ethics

J. E. Dodson, in The House Next Door

Miss Doris Keane, in Arsène Lupin

improve. There are no more honorable, no more public-spirited citizens in the world than the Jews who have risen to the top. And we are beginning to find that in the social world the case is the same. The esteem of others breeds modesty; kindness breeds gentility. Intelligence and imagination the Jew has always.

If the Jew has been tricky and aggressive we have only ourselves to blame. For centuries we have made it impossible for him to attain without callousness and cunning the position to which his energy and intelligence entitle him. Once met on the ground of a common humanity, the Jew gladly conforms to those standards of probity and altruism by means of which alone the work of the world can be accomplished.

The late E. L. Godkin once remarked that every country has the kind of Jews it deserves. If America deserves well of the Jew, the Jew will reward us magnificently. Our racial tendency to grow idle and indifferent in luxury will be checked by his unflagging energy and ambition. And our increasing sterility will be checked by his magnificent racial vitality.

Meantime certain statistics as to this melting-pot of ours are of interest. In the last census—taken in 1900 of a total population of seventy-six millions a little over a third had one or both parents foreign-born. At present our total population is almost ninety millions. Of these, according to the Jewish Year Book of 1908, only 1,777,185, or one in fifty, are of the Jewish race.

Mr. Walker Whiteside, who plays David, is best remembered as a boy actor who gave a remarkably imitated portrait of Hamlet. Since then he has mainly played Shakspere when on the road. His present performance is remarkable for its mimicry of Jewish walk and gesture, and is besides a living, breathing creation. As the young Russian, Miss Chrystal Herne is doing the best work of her career—far freer and simpler in gesture and far richer and more varied in voice. Both, however, suffer from the lack of dramatic substance in their parts.

The Charmingly Impossible Lupin

THE new season in New York has been remarkable for the number of plays of no great pretension, which succeed, nevertheless, in affording an abundance of sound entertainment. Many of these, as, for example, The Bridge, by Mr. Rupert Hughes, and Such a Little Queen, by Mr. Channing Pollock, I shall have to leave the playgoer to discover; but some deserve particular mention.

Arsène Lupin is a worthy successor of Sherlock Holmes and Raffles. It resembles the latter more nearly, in that it makes the burglar and not the detective its hero. A very wonderful fellow is this Lupin. The cracksman of fiction is always polished, always audacious; but there never was a cracksman quite as polished, quite as audacious as he. He is an amateur of the fine arts, with a special preference for the old masters; and when he loves an old master enough he sallies forth and steals it. But he does it in worthy form. He posts a most courteous note in advance to the owner, telling him the precise time at which he intends to possess himself of it. And when he makes away with it he writes his autograph in red chalk very carefully on the wall where it has hung.

The play introduces us into the household of a connoisseur whom Lupin has patronized extensively in the past, and we are present at the receipt of one of his punctilious notes of warning. Lupin's great antagonist, the detective Guerchard, is also on the spot, and we assist him in his efforts to discover the omnipresent but never recognizable thief. I should like to say that I anticipated Guerchard in the discovery; but the sad fact is that he had me beat some minutes, as, of course, the authors intended that he should. I was wrapped in a delicious, impenetrable mystery until the two confronted each other in the third act, with noses nearer together than noses ever are in life and never, indeed, on the stage, except when hero and villain defy each other in very deadly hatred. I shall not disclose the secret, for half the fun of the piece consists in its mystery, and it is destined to baffle and delight its hundreds of thousands.

It need hardly be said that Lupin is triumphant to the end and Guerchard ignominiously baffled. In the last act or two the exploits of the thief somewhat tax credulity. One feels that it would go hard with him if it were not for the fact that he has a powerful accomplice in the persons of the two clever authors. But why are authors clever if they cannot aid their hero in a tight place?

Then there is Lupin's love story. The object of his affections is a lady's companion, who is much persecuted by her employer, and who, rebellious against the hardship of her life, steals a jeweled ornament. For a time one even suspects her of being Lupin. But this is her only theft, and she is so appealing in her misfortune, and otherwise so attractive, that Lupin falls in love with her. All this, also, is clever on the part of the authors; for having herself yielded to the temptation she can hardly be shocked when she discovers the facts with regard to the man she loves. So they marry in the end, with strong resolutions against light-fingered work in the future.

It is possible that the authors have offended against public morality in making one so prodigiously admire a thief. But being Frenchmen they could not offend against art They have made it clear enough to those who can see a hair's breadth beneath the surface that Lupin's reformation can hardly prove permanent. At his last exit he has all he can do to leave behind him Guerchard's gold watch, which he has pinched in the scuffle

The part of the heroine is not a particularly strong one and offers little scope to the ability and charm of Miss Doris Keane. But there is one fine moment in which, finding Lupin handcuffed—only temporarily—she throws herself into his arms with a sob of forgiveness; and here Miss Keane rises to her opportunity with thrilling effect.

The Fortune Hunter

THE Fortune Hunter is as incessantly amusing as Arsène Lupin is incessantly exciting; and if it lacks something of the deftness of touch of the French play it more than makes up in the matter of morals. Our national palate relishes a dash of the bitters of virtue in its cocktail of sentiment and fun. The play is by Mr. Winchell

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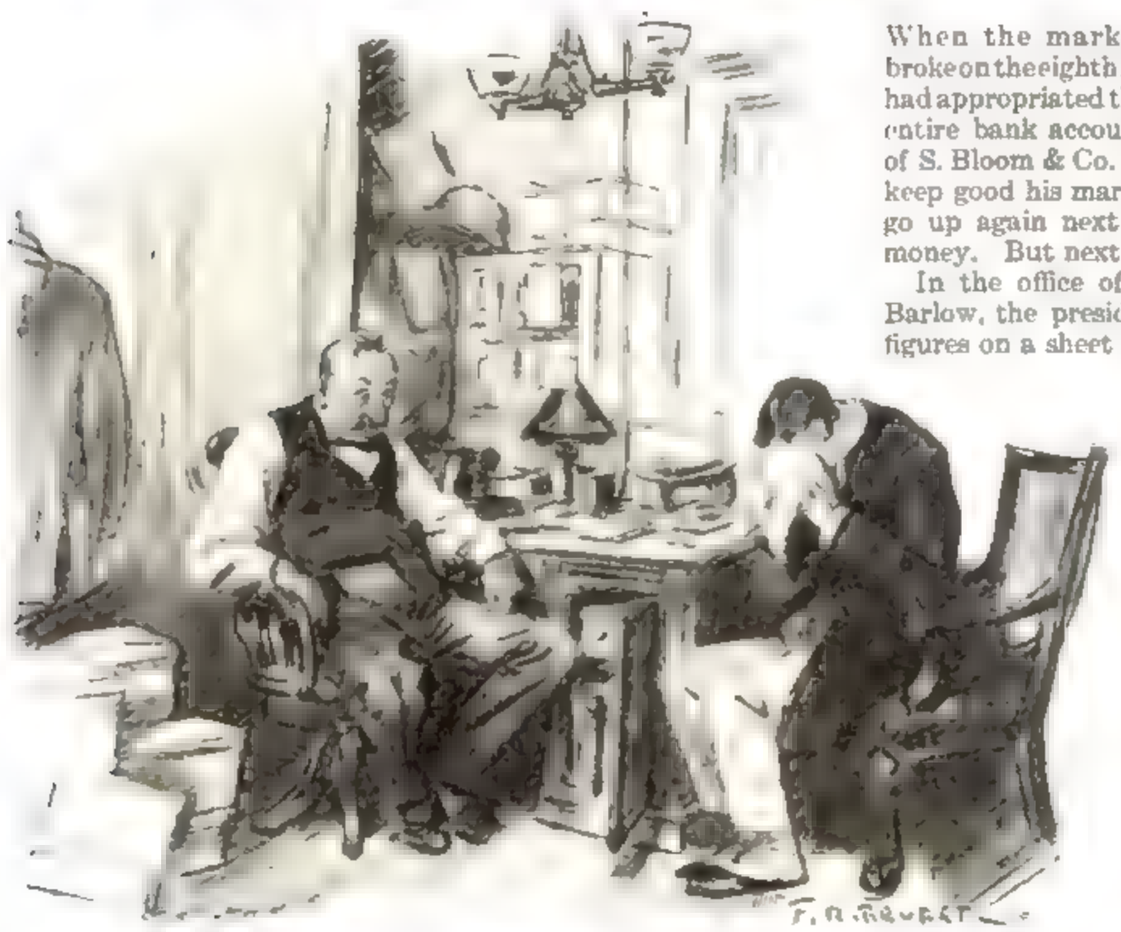
John Barrymore, in The Fortune Hunter

THE LOSING GAME

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



The Door Was Locked and Solly Was in Tears

When the market broke on the eighth he had appropriated the entire bank account of S. Bloom & Co. to keep good his margins, thinking the market would go up again next day and he would restore the money. But next day was the panic.

In the office of the First National Bank Mr. Barlow, the president, bent anxiously over some figures on a sheet of letter paper, which he hastily concealed when a customer entered. His prematurely-wrinkled face looked quite haggard that day. He had kept good his margins on six hundred shares of Copper through the panic, and so saved himself from being wiped out. But in order to do so he had wired six thousand dollars to the main office of the bucketshop in St Paul the day before. Now, six thousand dollars was more ready money than he personally had possessed.

Greggs, secretary of the gristmill, was very low-spirited, also. He had explained to his wife manfully why they couldn't build the addition to the house that they had been saving up money for. She took it bravely, waiting until he was out of sight before she cried.

Bill Miller, the teamster, emerged from Joe Hartwick's sample-room in amazement. Joe had not only refused him credit for a glass of beer, but had demanded instant payment of the standing score and "cussed" him. Never had Bill seen Joe in such bad humor. He couldn't account for it—not knowing that Joe had been "long" a hundred shares of Sugar, and had lost a whole quarter's profits.

Three miles out of town George Hewlett was doggedly plowing some corn land. He had discharged one of his three hired men that morning. Doggedly plowing, he found himself still engulfed in surprise. He simply couldn't understand that panic, and he was tormented by a desire to hitch up, drive to town and find out whether, upon further investigation, it hadn't turned out to be just a mistake.

This merely dumfounded state was of short duration. Within a week Pound issued a pamphlet, compiled from the newspapers, explaining all about the panic. Reading this pamphlet, Mr. Hewlett understood that the panic had been, so to speak, a mere inadvertence; one of those incidental aberrations from which nothing human is entirely free. Indeed, the pamphlet comforted him so much that he soon borrowed two hundred dollars and bought a hundred shares of Atchison.

One by one they forgot their losses and came back into the game, bringing others with them. In six weeks the bucketshop was doing a bigger business than ever. Hewlett, for example, was a man of influence, rather past middle age, angular, bilious, restless, of unimpeachable character save for an occasional overindulgence in hard cider. He was active in the church, and the same nervous egotism which incited him to debate with the minister led him to tout for the bucketshop that had captured his imagination. He absorbed Pound's market letters, read the market gossip in the newspapers, and suffered a not uncommon delusion that he knew all about the "situation." He drove to town nearly every day, invariably visiting the bucketshop. Sometimes he brought a farmer friend, or two or three of them, whom he would stand before the blackboard while he delivered a lecture on the stock market, exactly as though he were the hired barker of the show, delighting to exhibit his knowledge before them.

As for the character of this knowledge—among other show-window items, the bucketshop posted every Saturday the weekly statement of the associated banks of New York. One Saturday as Brewer, the swarthy little telegraph operator was chalking up the figures, running into hundreds of millions of dollars, he heard Hewlett say to a farmer friend: "There you can see what sort of backing this concern's got. That is the statement of its bank account in New York. The chubby telegraph operator nearly fell over.

Presently, again, Brewer had business of a confidential nature at the bank. President Barlow's mysterious friend—who was none other than President Barlow himself—was buying more stocks and using the bank's money for margins. Presently, also, Mr Lewis, the bucketshop's local manager, had a mysterious client of his own, who met him furtively and gave him orders to buy stocks, as well as the money with which to margin the orders. This secretive client was none other than Solly Bloom.

This was happening not only at Bremen, but at all other branch offices of the bucketshop—at Wyandotte, Lupervale, Prairie Center, Dunes, at a dozen thriving country towns; then at fifteen, at twenty, at twenty-five. For Pound was steadily pushing the private wire farther and farther out, tapping new territory, opening new branch offices. Hamilton, to whom this missionary work largely fell, was kept on the jump. Nearly everywhere the lure caught. People flocked in to deal in stocks and grain on margin. The innocence of many of these country speculators was appalling. Hamilton candidly confessed that it simply paralyzed him. Almost anywhere the New York bank statement might easily have been palmed off as a veracious exhibit of the bucketshop's own cash resources.

At Dunes, for example, a chance drummer—who had been told all about it by a cousin living in New York—explained to the hotel-keeper what a wonderful property Metropolitan Street Railway was. On the strength of this important information the landlord began a bull campaign in the stock and within six months had lost his hotel and all other belongings. At Butte, an old fellow whom nobody knew hung around the office for weeks, dropping in nearly every day, reading the gossip, watching the quotations, speaking to no one. He was shabbily dressed and the office men set him down for a harmless tramp. One day he appeared with a certificate of deposit for ten thousand dollars and bought a thousand shares of American Ice at thirty-four. When the stock dropped to twenty-five he put up another ten thousand dollars, and another ten thousand when it reached fifteen. At eight he closed the trade, having lost twenty-six thousand dollars. They discovered that he was an old miner, who in forty toilsome years had managed to save thirty thousand dollars. He sought no advice, made no complaint.

VI

JOHN and Emma Pound sat day-dreaming in the parlor of their modest flat. Emma's striped yellow cat, which had been curled in a comfortable doze on the foot of the green plush sofa, awoke and got up, stretching herself with arched back and contentedly-waving tail. This commonplace object, striking upon the man's blank eyes, half broke the musing spell, half recalled him to himself.

He looked over at his wife, smiling in an absent way. "Ten months ago today," he said, confessing his thought, "I was a telegraph operator at eighty dollars a month."

Emma smiled back, the dream still in her dark eyes. "Yes," she said, "ten months ago—and I was working a ticker machine for fourteen dollars a week."

Their mutual thought really referred to a stout black bag which stood on the floor between them under the edge of the center-table and contained eighty thousand dollars in banknotes. It was the strong consciousness of the bag and its contents, subtly intoxicating their minds, that set them a-dreaming. They were like two inventors who had been experimenting eagerly and with high hopes and had now obtained sure proof that the invention would work. They had, in a measure, cashed in.

Only in a measure, however. For they felt that in the bucketshop they possessed a money-making machine of whose almost unlimited possibilities the banknotes in the black bag were merely a first fruit. They didn't, by any means, propose to stop with only eighty thousand dollars.

"We must get us a better flat, Johnny," Emma observed, musing happily again. "There are some swell ones over in the new Cleopatra. We can afford the best there is."

"Yes," Pound assented absently. He was not, in fact, at all thinking of flats. Although for some time he had been able to command considerable sums of money, yet the money all lay constantly at hazard—he hadn't cashed in. So he had felt rather bound to live in a modest, economical manner. Now he felt secure; he could fairly see a river of banknotes flowing toward him, and he could think of a great many pleasant things to do with money besides renting flats.

And, after a little interruption caused by the May panic, the river of cash flowed. That panic, while bringing the first large consignment of currency to the Pounds, brought far other results elsewhere. To Mr. Lansing, the eminent "regular" commission merchant whom Pound had gulled, it brought long and painful calculations as to whether he would be able to pull through or be obliged to go into bankruptcy; and out in the country, along the line of the bucketshop's private wire, it brought much gloom.

In the little private office at the rear of S. Bloom & Co.'s emporium at Bremen sat father and son on the morning of May tenth. The door was locked and Solly was in tears. Unutterably dejected, his head bowed to his breast, he wiped his eyes with a limp handkerchief. He had taken off his two diamond rings sacrificially, and laid them on a corner of the battered little desk. S. Bloom, Senior, sat at the desk, his fat shoulders bent, his dim, woebegone eyes fixed upon his son.

Such was the dénouement of Solly's dazzling operations in stocks through the branch office of the bucketshop.

Found Mr. Barlow's Hat

Receiving the check for four thousand dollars, which was all he had left, he merely remarked, "Easy come, easy go," and stumped out. Almost every other office had a "prize sucker" who lost heavily, besides the little suckers who lost comparatively small sums.

This, as Hamilton remarked, was the great beauty of the country trade—two times out of three it would stick to a losing deal until it was plumb busted.

Naturally, Pound was hungry for that trade. As profits piled up he constantly extended his wire net to the west and north into Canada. The wire lengthened through Montana, Idaho, Washington, Manitoba; tapped Seattle, Winnipeg, and fat country towns between. The winter after the panic some forty branch offices sent their daily tribute to headquarters. One afternoon the bucketshop's cash in bank touched four hundred thousand dollars.

The memoranda lay on Pound's desk. He looked at the total with a swelling heart—$408.674.

"I'm going East," he said abruptly. "I'm going to cover this country and Canada. Why not?"

Hamilton, to whom the remark was addressed, thoughtfully gnawed his red mustache. "You can't handle many more offices from here," he suggested.

"No," Pound assented, "but we can handle some offices from Toronto, some from Chicago, some from Buffalo—put a manager in each of those places who can run the branches. I guess I can find four or five men who won't steal the bank roll overnight."

Hamilton perceived that Pound's mind was made up, and it wasn't his business, anyway. "There's one office we ought to lose," he observed presently. "I guess we can't lose it any too quick, either. There'll be a grand blowout at Bremen one of these days."

They had spoken of this before. Mr. Barlow, president of the First National Bank, had already lost nearly forty thousand dollars in his stock-market operations through the bucketshop. They knew well enough that he didn't have that much money to lose. A blowout, such as they contemplated, usually occasioned much scandal and resentment. They judged that it would be prudent to close the Bremen branch of the bucketshop before the event occurred.

Pound considered it a moment. The Bremen branch was quite profitable. Naturally, he hated to lose the profit. Yet a man must sometimes sacrifice something for the sake of his reputation, and, after all, with fifty other offices in operation, Bremen was only a small detail.

"Go out there tomorrow, Ham, and close the office," he said conclusively. "Tell Barlow he can send his orders and his margin money direct to this office as before. We'll fill his orders for him—as long as his money lasts." Thus, quite lightly, he disposed of the detail, pulling down the roller top of his desk. "And I say, Ham," he added rather crossly, "don't get full out there. You might blab to somebody."

In the high tide of success Pound was quite peremptory with his subordinates—even with Hamilton, who had served him so well. In fact, if Hamilton had not served him so long and so well he would not have tolerated the lank, round-shouldered man's one great foible. In his success Pound was getting the name of being a rather harsh, irascible man. For one thing, as we shall presently see, he was by no means following the sedate, economical life of his impecunious days.

Hamilton dutifully closed the Bremen office. Mr. Lewis, who had managed that branch from the beginning and found the employment profitable, arranged to fill the gap to some extent by opening a little, independent bucketshop of his own. But Mr. Barlow had never dealt with Mr. Lewis.

The banker continued to send orders for the purchase and sale of stock direct to the St. Paul headquarters; also, money with which to margin the orders. Sometimes luck seemed to favor him, but not for long. The devoted man, struggling to get out of his mire, plunged on, only to find himself more deeply involved. By mail, from time to time, he remitted various sums to St. Paul, following the remittance by a telegraphic order in cipher to buy or sell certain stock.

In May, when the branch office at Bremen had been closed three months, Pound received an unusual communication from Mr. Barlow. The letter itself was merely the ordinary terse statement that the amount inclosed was to be placed to the writer's credit on account of margins to cover an order that would be sent by wire. It was the inclosure that was unusual. This consisted of two drafts drawn by the First National of Bremen, one on New York and one on Chicago, each for twenty thousand dollars. Even as Pound was contemplating the drafts Tommy Watrous—a sort of confidential utility man—thrust his curly, blond head into the private room to say that Mr. Barlow had just wired an order to buy twenty thousand shares of Union Pacific at the opening of the market.

"All right," said Pound. "Fill the order for him, and wire him that it is filled. Then take these two drafts over to the Norse National and have 'em telegraph New York and Chicago to see whether the drafts are good."

About an hour later the Norse National telephoned that it had received answers from New York and Chicago; neither of the drafts was good. Pound beckoned Tommy.

"Just scratch off that twenty thousand shares of Union Pacific," he said. "Brother Barlow's blowout has arrived."

The manner of its arrival was as follows: Mr. Barlow left the bank about four o'clock and went home. Bill Miller, the drayman, remembered afterward that he had met Mr. Barlow on the Bremen House corner just a few minutes past four, and talked with him about removing the ashes from the basement of the bank. At home the banker went upstairs to his bedroom. His wife and daughter noticed that he looked ill and was absent-minded. But he was never a communicative man, and, of late, illness and absence of mind had been fairly chronic with him. About half-past five his daughter saw him leaving the house by the back door, and thought he was going to take a stroll before supper, for it was a beautiful spring day.

Directly after supper Miles, the young cashier of the bank, called to see Mr. Barlow. He seemed rather agitated, and the women surmised that something untoward had happened at the bank—they even imagined the loss of several hundred dollars on some loan. The cashier waited nearly an hour on the front porch, and returned at half-past eight. By that time the women were alarmed, for Mr. Barlow never stayed away from home in the evening. Early next morning two boys, bent on fishing, found Mr. Barlow's hat in the pool above the gristmill; but it was not until nearly four o'clock in the afternoon that they found his body in the pool. This gristmill, with its deep, tree-shaded pool, had been one of the objects which Hamilton had admired when he came to town to open the branch office of the bucketshop.

Miles, the young cashier, was notified at once; but he waited until the regular hour, four o'clock, before he closed the bank. Then he went to the railroad station and sent a telegram to the Comptroller of the Currency. Leaving the station he saw a crowd on the Bremen House corner, and went around the other way to avoid it. He didn't wish to be questioned.

Bill Miller was in the center of the crowd. "I was coming up the street here," he said excitedly, "just a little past four o'clock—might 'a' been as much as five minutes past—and I seen him coming across the crossing from the bank, looking down at his feet like he was studyin' something, as usual; and I thinks to myself, thinks I: 'By Jolly, he's lookin' sick.'" Thus, excitedly, Bill rehearsed his last encounter with the banker.

The crowd hung breathlessly upon his words. The tragedy gripped every imagination. Only yesterday, president of the First National, one of the richest men in town, living in a brick house with flower-beds on both sides of the lawn, keeping a fine horse and buggy, able to command at will every resource of comfort or pleasure; and now—Zeke, the colored porter of the Bremen House, told them just how the body looked when they dragged it out! Zeke himself was fairly ashen, his eyes popping from his head, his tongue stumbling over the words.

It came upon Bremen with stunning force. The hotel clerk deserted his desk and let the Chicago drummer clamor in vain while he edged into the crowd, open-mouthed, and listened. Mr. Riley, the grocer, rested his tin scoop full of sugar on the counter while he repeated to Mrs. Truman what Hank Barnard, the marshal, had told him about the finding of the body. Joe Hartwick, in the sample room, forgot to make change and abstractedly offered matches when a cigar was ordered, as he listened to Hank's account.

"Too bad for the women folks," Joe commented absently. "His wife's a nice woman and his girl's a nice girl. Tough for them." Mechanically Joe wiped the bar again, although it was perfectly dry. "I'm owing the city a thousand dollars license money the first of July," he observed with a far-away look. "I just got together the last of the money o' Tuesday. It's all on deposit over there." He nodded in the direction of the First National Bank.

To many others Mr. Barlow's tragedy had a personal dart. Even as they rehearsed the finding of the body they wondered whether, possibly, he had fallen in by accident, and if he hadn't what about the bank?

Avoiding the crowd and walking rapidly, the young cashier reached home. He found his still younger wife in tears, clasping Agnes, aged two, as though, somehow, the deep pool threatened her, while Justin, aged four, stood at his mother's knee, knuckling his eyes and weeping without knowing why. The wife's tears were of pure pity and terror over Mr. Barlow and Mrs. Barlow and Esther Barlow. She didn't know that she had any other cause to weep.

Along in the night her husband told her. He was only twenty-seven. He owed his position in the bank entirely to Mr. Barlow, who had, commercially speaking, brought him up from a youth. Naturally, he had deferred to Mr. Barlow. He had known certain things were not right, but Mr. Barlow had assured him he would make them right in a short time. His mournful voice spoke in the dark: "I never touched a penny of the money, Nellie; but I suppose they'll blame me."

Blamed, indeed, was the young cashier as the townspeople learned how the bank had been looted. Wrath rapidly displaced pity, especially among the stockholders and depositors.

Such was the blowout of which Hamilton had a prevision the very day they opened the bucketshop, and which he and Pound had clearly foreseen for months. Finally, after assessing the stockholders, the receiver of the wrecked bank managed to pay the depositors eighty cents on the dollar. Other interests claimed the town's attention. The young cashier was not prosecuted. Gradually the whole episode lost its edge, as all such episodes do. In time Mr. Lewis even reopened his little bucketshop in the old stand above the millinery shop. He still used the kitchen table, the six wooden chairs and the bit of blackboard which constituted the original plant. Some of the painted lines on the blackboard were quite worn off with much marking up of figures and rubbing them out, but its dull surface showed no stain of blood or tears.

Pound heard of the events at Bremen—mostly with cynical amusement. To his whole staff he reiterated the instructions: "Don't tamper with the quotations. What's the use? They can't win, anyway. Give 'em the figures straight. You couldn't keep money in the pockets of those suckers with a padlock."

His experience seemed, indeed, fully to justify this view. Already he had opened central offices at Seattle, Toronto,

(Continued on Page 45)

"I Thinks to Myself, Thinks I: 'By Jolly, He's Lookin' Sick'"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 6, 1909

The Discoverer of the Pole

AND so this Cook-Peary controversy is practically settled! Up to the hour of going to press the score stood as follows:

	Cook	Peary
Columns of newspaper notice	17,869	9,453
Times portrait was published	1,387	783
Dinners	369	0
Cash receipts	$21,846	$3,427

Commander Peary is a good, deserving man, but it seems quite impossible that he should overcome this enormous lead. Regretfully we consider him as good as beaten. His expedition was well planned and up to the very culminating point it seems to have been conducted with admirable ability. But in the final crucial dash to the front page, the grub and the box-office he played—to borrow a sporting phrase—on a dead card: he got off on a blind lead and marooned himself, while his more fortunate competitor took possession of the goods.

As to which of the two discovered the Pole, that, of course, is immaterial. It is generally conceded that several Scandinavians came to America long before Columbus; that an Italian, and not Henry Hudson, discovered the river which bears the latter's name; that Fulton did not invent the steamboat. Probably the verdict of history will be that Swan Johnson, of Minneapolis, discovered the North Pole in 1914, while trying to find his way home from a Sons of Thor lodge meeting.

The Sense of Proportion

FROM scholars and blockheads—meaning two different sets of persons—we have heard that the President has usurped legislative power until the constitutional balance, which is the only guaranty of liberty, has been destroyed; also that Federal government has encroached upon the state until we live under a more or less benevolent despotism, operated from Washington. Shriller voices declare that the humble individual has lost all but the shadow of liberty, because if he belongs to a labor union he may be enjoined. Yet others, equally shrill, say that liberty is practically dead, because if the humble citizen doesn't belong to a labor union he may get his head punched in a strike.

Taking these views at their face value one would suppose that the two men who met the other day at Ciudad Juarez stood in about the same relation to their countrymen and represented substantially the same governmental system; that the material difference between President Taft and President Diaz was that one wore a frock coat and the other a uniform; that the political status of the individual, especially the humbler individual, was just about the same in Mexico as in the United States—except, perhaps, that the former was benevolently forbidden to trouble himself with writing and speaking about it.

Taking all views at their face value one would have to suppose many insane things.

The Lords in the Balance

EVER since last spring a great many people have been speculating as to what would happen in England if the Lords threw out the budget bill and the Liberals thereupon called a general election. That the right to fix taxes belongs to the Commons alone is a constitutional principle, well settled, but not very strictly defined. Undoubtedly many Englishmen believe thoroughly in that principle, yet object strongly to features of the budget—say, the liquor taxes. If they voted with the Conservatives they would help to demolish the budget—and at the same time help to establish a precedent that the Lords may take a hand in tax bills. Again, many Englishmen think the Upper House has already lost all the influence it ought to lose. They wouldn't like to see it much further depressed. On the other hand, they wouldn't like to see it much exalted above its present state. Certainly a big Liberal victory would depress the Lords nearly to zero. Almost certainly a big Conservative victory would exalt them. How would the Englishman who wishes neither to vote the Lords high up nor low down cast his ballot—unless he split it?

Which simply suggests that, in lumping all issues together and taking a single pot-shot at them, you are very often, after the election, in as great doubt as to what the people meant as you were before.

Out of Gear With the Times

TO GIVE a pupil a year's instruction in the public schools of New York costs the city outright forty-five dollars. Thousands of these pupils remain two or three years in the same grade, in which cases the city spends ninety or a hundred and thirty-five dollars to get a forty-five-dollar result.

An inquiry conducted by the Russell Sage Foundation in fifty-five cities discloses over three hundred thousand pupils who are taking the same grade over again—and some of them are taking the same grade for the third or even fourth time. The resultant loss is estimated at the respectable sum of fourteen million dollars a year. This is the loss to the cities. As a year of almost anybody's time is worth more than forty-five dollars the loss to the pupils must be greater.

Sometimes pupils are backward because they haven't enough to eat, sometimes because they are ailing physically, sometimes because their mental machinery doesn't operate in the prescribed manner in the standard groove. These causes receive more and more attention nowadays. The older notion of laying down a formula to suit the majority, regarding as mere delinquents those who do not conform to it, pretty steadily recedes. The last New York school report, for example, devotes many pages to the nonconformists—to retarded pupils, defective pupils, the blind, summer high schools, evening schools, schools for immigrants.

Probably this is symptomatic. Nonconformists generally receive more intelligent consideration, more sympathy. In shooting Professor Ferrer the other day Spain did a stupid thing, out of tune with these times.

Burning Up Superfluous Money

WE ARE loth to disagree with Mr. Howells on any point whatever; but his prophecy that the tipping system is about to disappear seems to us misleading. He speaks of it as though it were a desirable thing in itself.

Thoughtful sociologists rather generally agree that there's no use abolishing saloons unless you have something better to put in their place. To make a real advance it is not enough merely to shut up unedifying motion-picture shows and penny arcades, leaving the tendency which those things satisfy to discharge itself upon objects that may be even less edifying. If tips are to be abolished, what is to take their place?

In the naïve days of Coal Oil Johnny and the first bonanza millionaires a gentleman who had stuffed himself and friends as lavishly as possible commonly lighted his cigar with a five-dollar bill—in order to show his utter unconcern at having bought five or ten times as much food and drink as he really needed. In our more polished times we give the bill to the waiter. It is exactly the same tendency discharging itself in a more seemly and convenient manner.

We beg Mr. Howells to drop in of an evening almost anywhere along Fifth Avenue and ask himself whether, if those people were denied the privilege of giving money to the waiter, they would be likely to blow it in in any less objectionable and, on the whole, more sensible manner. The smell of burning money pervades the place, anyway; but under the tipping system you avoid the smoke.

The Big Pointer Moves

MONEY grows dearer. In September the Imperial Bank of Germany advanced its discount rate to four per cent and, in the middle of October, to five per cent. Early in October the Bank of England raised its discount rate to three per cent and, the next week, to four per cent. Call money in New York, which had been lending all summer and early fall at two per cent, went to six per cent. In a single October week the German bank's issue of circulating notes increased five hundred million marks and its loans and discounts in nearly the same amount. The Bank of England's cash reserve fell about six per cent. Surplus reserves of the New York banks pretty nearly vanished.

This, of course, means expanding business the output of iron in this country, for example, rose to record figures in October—and so far it is a good sign. But it means something more.

Germany has had her stock-exchange boom. The first advance in her bank rate was stated to be for the purpose of discouraging speculation. In one October week bank loans in New York dropped forty-nine million dollars—largely reflecting a transfer of stock-exchange loans from New York to London, which was met by the sharp advance in the English bank rate. Since spring the price of Steel Common has been marked up more than two hundred and fifty million dollars. That single bull operation has obviously absorbed an immense amount of floating capital.

The old story is that money becomes exceedingly plentiful and speculators absorb great quantities of it in boosting stocks. Presently business revives, expands, requires more and more money until, in the fullness of time, there isn't money enough to go around. Then come reaction and liquidation.

The end of the cycle is, no doubt, still far away. Yet we are steering straight toward it with the same old antiquated, clumsy fiscal machinery that has proved so sadly inadequate in the past.

Little Graft and Big

"CONDITIONS in Chicago are pretty good," said an astute student of that city's affairs recently. "So far as I can see there is no big graft. Of course the little graft, as shown by Inspector McCann's trial and this white-slave mess, is rather fierce."

By "big graft" our friend meant the bestowal of valuable franchises on public-service corporations—usually composed of leading citizens—for a private consideration, or the looting of the treasury by thievish agreement between city officials and contractors of public works. This, of course, robs everybody, and robs them without their consent. When skilfully contrived it extends the robbery to future generations.

By "little graft" was meant that practiced by the police upon gamblers, tough saloon-keepers and other unsavory characters. Here both parties consent. The arrangement is so mutually agreeable to grafter and graftee that it might almost claim legal protection under the precious old common-law doctrine of "freedom of contract."

American cities generally are pathetically helpless against little graft. There is a rather prevalent notion that you can't really stop it, and that if you've managed to stop big graft you've got a "pretty good condition."

Until within a few years big graft flourished perennially in Chicago. The newspapers scolded; people were more or less irritated; but underneath there was a rather prevalent idea that, after all, you couldn't stop it. Then, in a memorable crisis the city got downright, red-hot, fighting mad, and there has been no big graft since. We don't say any city will get red-hot, fighting mad over little graft, but only that if any city ever does reach that stage little graft will cease—and probably not till then.

The Black-Face L

IT IS doubtful, says report, that there will be any bank and currency legislation at the coming session of Congress. The Monetary Commission has been at work over a year and a half collecting from the commercial world information upon which a bill may be intelligently based; and the country stands in need of such legislation.

The time is propitious. Trade flourishes, money is still easy, confidence abounds. A currency bill might be considered calmly, with no such spur of necessity as produced the Aldrich-Vreeland freak two years ago. The Republicans have a good majority in both Houses—which condition may prove temporary.

Why an inconvenient and rather hazardous delay? Is it because Mr. Aldrich will be chief sponsor for the bill, and the taste of his tariff bill is still rank in the country's mouth? Was it deemed prudent to wait until the country got its stomach somewhat settled before offering it another bolus bearing that distinguished name?

The currency bill may be the best of medicine. We surely hope it will be. But, having discovered in this tariff affair that he was given benzine when he needed lime-water, the patient's confidence in the doctor is shaken.

To delay another year, we repeat, is inconvenient and may be hazardous. In preparing its tariff estimates the Senate Finance Committee placed a black-face "L," meaning "luxuries," before cotton cloth valued at twelve and fourteen cents a yard, and many other items. In the roster of our country's statesmen an especially fat, dark "L" should be prefixed to the name of the Senator from Rhode Island.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

The Big Man of Franklin

AT MIDNIGHT in his guarded tent the Turk lay dream —— Here—here—stop it—back up; this has nothing to do with Turks.

Afresh: At midnight in his guarded tent General Charles Miller, of the Pennsylvania militia, was studying a military map. This was in 1890, on one of the many fine midnights of that memorable year. The General was planning some new strategy for his troops when, quick as a flash, it came over him that a mighty good place to build a railroad would be from Franklin to Clearfield, for he had long held the idea that Franklin should be on a trunk road, and not on a branch

When the General returned to the pursuit of his peaceful avocations he had a survey made, and the survey showed that his tented inspiration was entirely practicable. Whereupon, having decided he needed the railroad, and having found his route, he determined to lay it in. Thus, in due time, the line from Franklin to Brookville, a distance of sixty-five miles, was completed graded, bridged and tunneled for two tracks. This cost ten million dollars. This fall it is expected that the line from Brookville to Clearfield, forty miles more, will be begun, and that will probably cost six millions.

Then, you see, the new line will connect at Clearfield with the Beech Creek road, a feeder for the New York Central, and thence with the Philadelphia and Reading and Jersey Central. Stupidly statistical, isn't it, and a good deal of a bore? It is really worth while, however, because it will mark the first invasion of Pennsylvania Railroad territory by the New York Central, letting that road into Philadelphia, and it will establish, it is said, the shortest line between Chicago, Philadelphia and New York, and the one with the lightest grades.

Of course, there's a lot more to it. If they make traffic arrangements with the Pennsylvania and the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, through trains may be running over the road next spring, and it will open a bunch of valuable coal lands and all that. It may be the General got the New York Central to help him put the road through. The idea is that he put a lot of his own money into it, and that Franklin will reap most of the benefit

That is the kind of a public-spirited citizen the General is. He has a good deal of money, and he isn't afraid to let an occasional wad of it go for the benefit of the town, instead of exercising his public spirit by resoluting and good-governmenting around and keeping a firm clutch on his collateral, as most public-spirited citizens do.

The General is the big man of Franklin. He makes his oil there, and keeps constantly busy trying to do something more for the town. He moved into Franklin in 1866. After some experiences in oil-well drilling in what was then a new field, he and a man named Coon began the manufacture of lubricating oils. The process was a secret one, and was invented by a man named Hendricks. Miller and Coon offered to let Hendricks in, but he was impractical and sold out for six thousand dollars and a royalty of a dollar a barrel on all oil manufactured and sold. Not long afterward Hendricks needed money again and he lumped his prospective royalties for another six thousand dollars. Coon and Miller got the money somehow and paid him. If Hendricks had hung on he would have received two million dollars during the life of the patent. However, that was nobody's fault but Hendricks'.

The General's Monster Bible-Class

THE General's plant now has a capacity of thirty-five hundred barrels of oil a day, and he practically has a monopoly in his line. The process is still secret and is known to but three men. Notwithstanding his monopoly, he has reduced the price of oil, by selling it on a guaranteed mileage cost basis, and by employing experts to instruct the users how to handle it economically.

Naturally, the General has made money. He is a millionaire a good many times over. He is an intensely religious man, and has always been interested in church and philanthropic work. He credits his prosperity to his strict adherence to the teachings of his church and cites many instances to prove it. He helped build and enlarge the First Baptist Church of Franklin and endowed it with twenty-five thousand dollars. He built an addition to it in the shape of a Sunday-school room that will seat fifteen hundred people, and there he teaches his Bible-class every Sunday

This men's Bible-class is the largest of its kind in the state. It has six hundred and fifty active and fifty honorary members. The General has been superintendent of this Sunday-school for thirty-seven years. He organized his Bible-class with five tough, mischievous, downright bad boys. No other Sunday-school would have them The General took them in hand. One is now a minister, one is a merchant, and the other three have positions in the oil factory. They still belong to the class.

There are two things he will not tolerate. One is drinking and the other is work on Sunday. His maxim is: "What you do on Sunday the devil will steal on Monday," and he will allow no work to be done in his factory, nor will he even talk business on Sunday. He has men working for him who began when he started the factory, back in 1866, and his whole force think he is the greatest man in the world. Once a year the salesmen and experts get together in Franklin and have an experience meeting, where they go over the problems and work them out.

The General always presides at these meetings. At the latest convention he made his men a speech and, in the course of it, said: "I do not want you to buy any man a drink of liquor under any circumstances, any more than I want you to drink liquor yourselves. I would not buy any man one drink of liquor for the sake of getting any contract, no matter how large. If you cannot get business without spending money for liquor, or for any other improper purpose, I don't want the business."

He is a shrewd, stout, jolly man, who can and does tell a good story and who, notwithstanding his great wealth, works all the time—except Sundays. He was born in Alsace, in the village of Oberhoffen, in 1843. He came to this country with his father when he was eleven years old and settled on a farm in Erie County, New York. He went to a country school for three winters and worked in a small store. Later he worked in Buffalo, where he had eight dollars a week wages. The General boasts that that eight dollars a week was the highest wages he ever received, for when he quit the store he went into business for himself. He joined the Seventy-fourth Regiment in 1861 and saw a lot of guard duty. In 1863 he enlisted in the regular army, and his regiment saw service in Pennsylvania during the period of Lee's invasion. Later, he was offered a commission in the army, but declined it. He joined the Pennsylvania National Guard in 1866; and from 1900 to 1906 he was Major-General commanding.

He always has his mind on Franklin. He founded the Charles Miller Night School, organized the local Y. M. C. A., built a big hotel, invested heavily in many local enterprises, bought and built up the daily newspaper and owns a bank or two. One of his banks is the First National. He was after that bank for a long time. In 1877 he went to the First National and asked for a loan of two thousand dollars for a friend who had helped him. Samuel Plumer, president of the bank, refused the loan. This made Miller hopping mad. His oil company had sixteen thousand dollars on deposit in the First National. Miller called a meeting of the company and, supported by one of his partners, declared a dividend of fifty per cent. That gave him two thousand dollars and he lent it to the friend who needed it

The General saw in the refusal of the loan a scheme to force him out of the oil business, and he began putting his spare money into First National stock. It took a long time, for the stockholders held on. It was 1898 before Miller had control. Then he walked into the annual meeting and announced that he owned the majority of the stock of the bank.

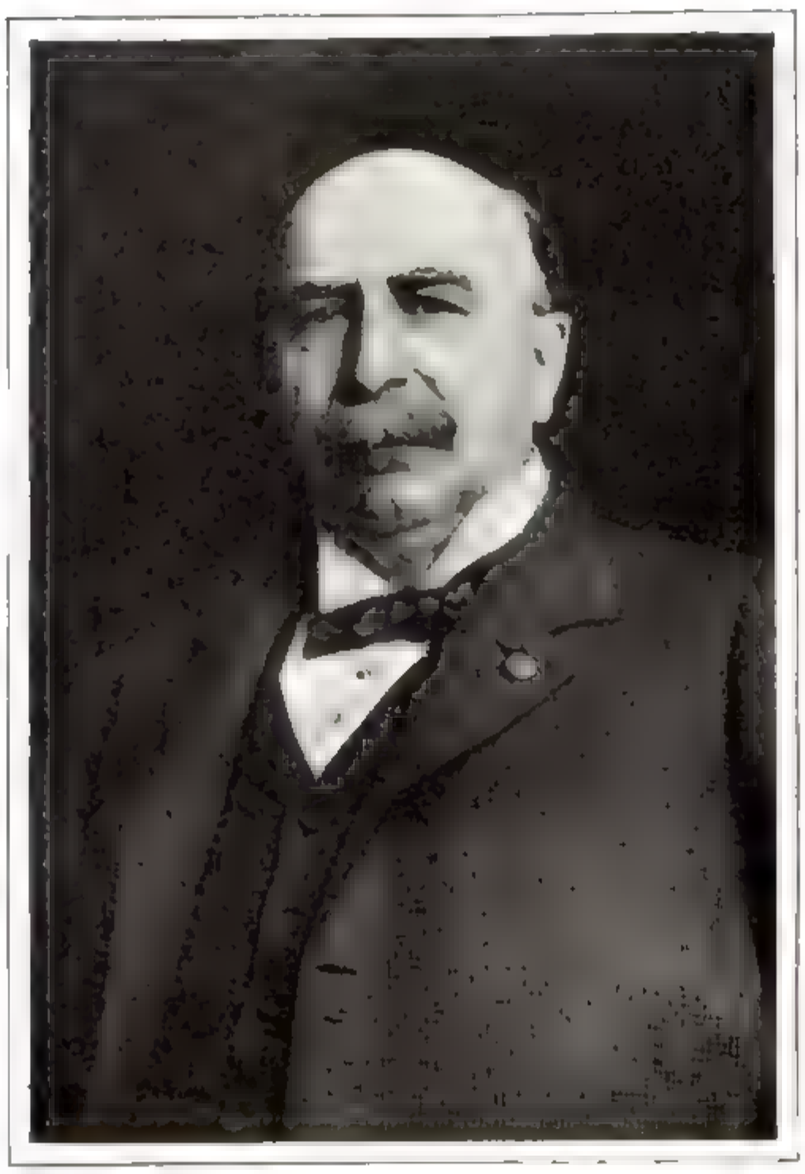
Plumer was still president. The General glared at him and said: "It has taken me twenty-one years to get control of the stock of this bank, Mr. Plumer, but I have control now."

Miller paused and looked sternly at Plumer. "Do you know what I intend to do, Mr. Plumer?" he asked.

"Depose me, I suppose," Plumer replied.

"No," said Miller, his eyes twinkling. "I intend to keep you. You may not always use good judgment in refusing loans, but I guess I will let that pass."

And Plumer remained as president of the bank until he died.



Eight Dollars a Week Was the Highest Wages He Ever Received

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Tariff on Guam

DURING the tariff muss in Congress, Sereno E. Payne, chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means and Republican leader, who had charge of the bill in the House of Representatives, was so saturated with tariff lore that he thought and talked of nothing else.

Guam, one of our island possessions, is under the jurisdiction of the Navy Department, and a naval officer, meeting Mr. Payne one day, said: "Look here, Mr. Payne, what are you going to do for Guam? If you pass a Philippine tariff bill without doing anything for Guam we shall be in a pretty pickle."

"Guam?" shouted Payne. "I don't recall it. What schedule is it in? What is it used for? Be more specific if you want me to do anything for that product."

Sparing the Tonsils

JAMES FAULKNER, the dean, sage and seer of the Ohio political writers, went to Europe this year, and, in the course of his travels, explored some of the London clubs under the guidance of American friends who live in London.

At one of the clubs he met a lot of English highbrows who were quizzing him about the United States.

"I say, Mr. Faulkner, old chap," said one, "will you kindly tell me why it is all your people, Americans, I mean, talk through their noses?"

"Well," said Faulkner, "it's this way: You see, we are a commercial people and we are brought up to the truth that anything that saves time saves money. Now, we discovered long ago that if we talk through our noses, instead of through our tonsils as you folks do, that we can talk quicker, thus saving time and, therefore, saving money. We teach it in the schools, you know."

The Hall of Fame

¶ B. F. Yoakum, head of the 'Frisco and the Rock Island roads, likes to make an occasional speech to the populace.

¶ Major Duncan B. Harrison, who used to be America's foremost tank actor, is now a big mining man in Nevada.

¶ J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., is a bigger man, physically, than his father, which means he is a whale of a young chap.

¶ George Ade is a convert to the Continental breakfast. He likes strawberry preserves better than orange marmalade, however.

¶ James B. Reynolds, one of the new tariff board, used to be a Washington correspondent. So did Herbert L. Bridgman, the polar sharp.

¶ Judge Robert S. Lovett, now so prominent in the Harriman properties, was born in Southern Texas and taught himself law on the ranch.

JULIET'S BALCONY

By H. B. Marriott Watson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

THE November night had fallen with heavy folds of mist, and Lord de Lys preferred to trust to his feet rather than to a cab. The fog opened and closed about him as he made his way along the street, now admitting obscure nocturnal views of the substantial houses that fronted the pavement in their retired gardens, and now veiling all in gloom. It was some three miles from this Kensington road to his house, but the night was still young and he liked the adventure of his walk through some of the chief conduits of the great city. His heart defied fog, for he was temperamentally young, and would probably remain so to the end. As it was, he was in his early thirties and had a vitality that nothing could undermine.

Down the road he marched, his feet evenly sounding on the pavement, and the fog descended and blotted him out. It also blotted out his way, and he hesitated, felt with his foot for the curb and found it.

"To think I'd swung round like that!" said he.

He faced off in the direction indicated by the curb, and two minutes later ran into a laurel bush. At that moment the mist thinned, and he made out lights about him. One, he saw, issued from a window scarcely a dozen paces away, while another streamed from the road, which was distant a hundred feet. He recognized in a flash what had happened: he had mistaken the curb of a private carriageway for the curb of the road, and had marched into the grounds of one of the houses. As he stood revolving this freak of the fog, the mist took off and he saw the stars twinkling in the black heaven. Immediately upon that, a voice struck on his ear, the evident voice of a woman:

"Is that you?"

His eyes traveled from the dark firmament to the house from which the voice proceeded, and now he could discern a balcony projecting from the first floor, and on it the dim figure of a woman. She had spoken in a low tone as if for caution, and he moved a little out of the shrubbery into which he had walked, a still shadow in the faint light. There was, he reflected, only one logical answer to the low-breathed question. It certainly was he. But ere he had made up his mind what to reply, she spoke again as if with anxious impatience:

"Is it you, Fred?"

Now it certainly was not Fred, and De Lys wanted to be honest; so he made answer gently:

"No, it's not Fred, but ——"

"He has sent you?" she said quickly. "You must be Mr. Taverner. Tell me what he says."

"I think, perhaps, I'd better not talk from here," suggested De Lys boldly. "There would be much less risk if I could—if we could manage to talk quietly together."

She hesitated a moment, and then said: "Yes; there is a door on the left, giving on the garden. I will open it."

She vanished, and De Lys walked briskly in the direction indicated, with a quickened pulse. The night was going to be adventurous.

The door opened softly, and in the ill-lit passage he could see his guide, but could make out nothing more than that she was of a trim figure.

"Follow me," she whispered, and led the way up a flight of stairs, across a corridor, and into a lighted room. Then she shut the door and turned to him breathlessly, with eyes as bright as shining water. She was young, handsome, and manifestly agitated, and she was in traveling costume.

"Is—is Fred all right?" she burst out.

"So far as I am aware, quite," said De Lys, and added sympathetically: "and you ——?"

"Oh, yes," she said quickly, "I ——" she turned as if to listen for a sound, but there was only silence behind her. "Father is out," she continued in a confidential voice, "and Auntie has gone to sleep; and so—but why didn't Fred come?" she demanded.

For answer he pointed at the window.

"I supposed he would have been here already," he adventured, "but it is undoubtedly the fog that has delayed him so long. All the trains are late, and cabs are impossible."

"I feared so," she cried. "Oh, isn't it dreadful that it should have happened now, just like this! Mr. Taverner, I feel I'm doing wrong."

She looked as if she would have wept, and he hastened to soothe and comfort her out of his large and sympathetic ignorance. But it was his manner that made De Lys so compelling.

"Indeed, you are nothing of the sort," he said, smiling. "Take heart. It is the fog and the night that frighten. Look in your heart and take courage."

"Is It You, Fred?"

"I know you're right," said she, with a change of tone as sudden as unreasonable. "But I'm so nervous. Oh, I wish he had come. How long do you think he will be?"

Lord de Lys appeared to ponder. In point of fact he did ponder, but his meditations did not so much concern the hour at which the absent Fred might arrive, as who the absent Fred was, and why he was wanted. Looking at the agitated girl before him he was forced to envy Fred.

"It is hard to say," he answered at last, "but I should guess that he would sacrifice anything to get here at all hazards. I know I would."

She had seemed relieved by the first part of this reply, but at the last words she turned her head away.

"But it's very vexing, isn't it?" she asked, almost with an approach to the level of polite conversation.

"Abominably," he agreed; "but do sit down and wait comfortably."

She obeyed, and he followed suit. She was, as has been said, in a traveling dress, and wore a hat. Over the back of a chair were laid her furs. He took in all the details of the scene and the room, and was framing a theory to combine all the phenomena. Her restlessness disappeared under his administrations, and other thoughts came to the girl. She looked at him.

"It's odd we never managed to meet before," she said in a friendly way, "but I've heard all about you from Fred."

"That was good of him," he replied, "if, of course, what he said was good of me."

She laughed a little: "Oh, he gave you a splendid character." Then she grew more serious. "And I'd like to tell you, Mr. Taverner, that what you're doing for him—for us—I think is very noble and generous of you. Fred said you were always loyal, and so you are. I know it!"

De Lys moved uncomfortably, and felt his face aglow with the sting of shame.

"I'll I'll do my best," he assured her with embarrassment.

"We could never have hoped to—to—you know, without your sympathy and assistance and Fred's sister's," she added pensively. "It was very good of her, too." De Lys felt that she did not much like Fred's sister. "And I do believe what we are doing is for the best," she went on firmly, as if anxious to convince herself. "Only, of course, I hate deceiving any one. I would never if it wasn't absolutely necessary. Papa is so—oh, you can't think how angry he has been over Fred." She rose from her seat with a resumption of the earlier agitation. "I do hope I'm not doing wrong," she said. Her eyes appealed pitifully to De Lys for reassurance.

"My dear lady, with eyes like that you could not do wrong," he said firmly; "and, after all," he went on hurriedly, edging away from this pitfall, "you are your own mistress, and you only have the one life; Fred the same."

He had already begun to get an understanding of the situation, and he spoke with more confidence. It was an obvious elopement on which he had stumbled.

"Yes, that's true, isn't it?" she said eagerly, and looked at him with interest out of the eyes he had admired. Perhaps that little grace of compliment drew her attention to him more thoroughly; at any rate, her glance wandered over him curiously, and suddenly she started.

"You—you are in evening dress!" she exclaimed. "I didn't know—why are you ——"

Her question was uncompleted because of her very astonishment, and he hastened to answer, buttoning his overcoat closer about him:

"Well, you see, I thought it would be easier."

"Would be easier!" she repeated vaguely.

"In the circumstances," he added smilingly.

"In the circumstances!" she also repeated vaguely. "But aren't you coming with us tonight?" she asked, in evident perplexity.

"Can you doubt it?" replied De Lys with decision.

There was a momentary silence while she seemed to be turning things over in her mind, eying him curiously the while.

"Mr. Taverner," she said at last, "please tell me why you didn't meet Fred tonight before coming on. Why didn't he come with you? And what did he send you for, alone?" She put the questions sharply, with a ring of something in her voice which might have been fear or anger, or, perhaps, was only excitement.

"Fred," said De Lys airily, "desired to come on by himself, doubtless anticipating his arrival long before me. The fog intervened."

"I see; of course," she said quite slowly and deliberately. She eyed him, and he began to experience a sense of discomfort, of mental or moral *malaise*. The eyes of this impulsive young woman searched him. "Would you mind telling me exactly what the program is?" she said earnestly.

"Didn't—didn't Fred tell you?" he managed to get out.

She shook her head. "No; he said you would. He left it all to you," she said firmly.

"Oh!" De Lys groped weakly for an opening. "Well, it's rather complicated," he said; "I hardly know whether I can explain it all, at least not just now. You see, at any moment Fred may turn up, and——" he pulled out his watch. "By jove! he ought to be here now!"

His action had thrown open his overcoat, and the girl was staring once more at his costume.

"Where are we to meet Fred's sister?" she asked, fixing him with observant gaze.

"Oh, at the house," De Lys shot wildly at a venture.

"Yes, of course it would be," she replied, in what struck him as rather frigid and distant tones.

"Fred thought it best," he murmured, much in the manner of the undergraduate who, being examined in Biblical history, was asked the name of the first King of the Hebrews, and replied: "Saul," adding "afterward called Paul."

"Fred said you would take the tickets," she pursued remorselessly. "Have you got them?"

"No," said De Lys jauntily and recklessly; "I thought there would be time later."

"Where are you going to take them to?" pressed the inquisitor.

"Where we arranged," he said easily. "Fred thought we'd better."

"Then what station do we drive to?" she shot at him.

"Oh—um—well, first Charing Cross," he said guardedly. That was to leave himself a way of escape, and he thought it was cunning. So, perhaps, it was, only he was

not called upon to use his wits on this particular situation any further, for the girl turned away quickly toward the door.

"I think we might go out and see if Fred is visible from the gates, don't you?" she asked with a manifest breathlessness.

"I think it's an excellent idea," said De Lys, congratulating himself on having got off further cross-examination, and also on the prospect of removal from the danger zone She was now as much agitated as she had showed herself on his arrival

"Would you mind opening the door? Thank you so much"

He was following her softly, when he observed the furs over the chair, which in her excitement she had omitted to take and he swept them over his arm and stepped out of the room. Before him stretched a rather long and dim-lit corridor, along which the girl was moving. She looked back at him with a beckoning gesture, and he flitted after her. Near the foot of the corridor she came to a pause.

"Would you mind going first here?" she asked in a whisper. "It's this door"

He turned the handle, pushed the door ajar, and softly moved inside, ahead of her He now found himself in a room which had the appearance of being a lady's boudoir. It was lighted dully by a red-shaded electric lamp on a table; a fire burned pleasantly in an open grate, and in the large body of a comfortable chair before it was a lady, apparently sound asleep. As he made these perplexing discoveries he turned to question his guide; but in that instant the door snapped to, and he heard the key turned sharply in the lock. He stepped lightly and swiftly to the door and tried it; it was fast, and yielded nothing to his pressure. He had been locked in!

No sooner had this knowledge entered his head than he was aware of a terrified exclamation from the other end of the room, and, slewing round, saw that the sleeping lady had risen from the chair and was regarding him with horror. At a glance he saw her to be stout and elderly, somewhere in the fifties, as he guessed, but with a certain placid comeliness of face.

"Who are you?" she demanded tremulously. "Go away. Do you hear? Go away! Who are you? Go away!"

"I'm very sorry, madam," said De Lys with great politeness; "but I can explain in a few words ——"

"Go away, young man! go away!" panted the lady, putting her cap straight.

"That brings me to my point" said De Lys urbanely. "I am unable to do so. We are locked in."

The stout lady's jaw dropped, and she fell heavily into her chair, staring at him helplessly and with obvious alarm.

"Locked in!" she repeated. "Did you say locked in?"

"I much regret to say I did, madam," said De Lys soothingly. "But I have no doubt, if you will allow me, that the trouble may be remedied very shortly. The window by you gives, I conceive, on the garden, and we can't be much higher than the first floor. Have you a basement?"

"Basement!" she was devouring him with frightened eyes. "Window!" she glanced desperately at it. Oh, yes; she remembered now. Police reports always contained things about basements and windows. There was no doubt in her mind as to the calling of this suave, insinuating young man. Besides, what had he got in his hands? She uttered a scream.

"Oh! It's Ethel's! You've got Ethel's furs You're stealing them!" she cried. "Oh, you wicked man, put them down at once You sha'n't have them. And, oh, I believe you've killed her. What have you done with Ethel? Tell me that." In her fierce fury her fears fell from her, and she shook a fist at him from a safe distance. As for poor De Lys, caught there with the evidences of his crime over his arm, he was nonplused by the onslaught. He looked from the lady to the furs, and then gently put the latter down.

"If I may explain, my dear madam ——" he began, but it was evident that she was paying no heed to his words, only to his actions. "You see" he tried again, "I was carrying the things for Miss Ethel, and ——"

"A likely story!" observed the stout lady scornfully

"I should like to explain," remarked De Lys desperately. "As we are locked in here I should ——"

"Locked in!" interrupted the lady. "Yes, for your own nefarious purposes."

"Upon my conscience no," he protested "Miss Ethel locked us in."

"Miss Ethel, indeed!" said the stout lady with increasing scorn, as her confidence increased. "Now, young man, don't add lies to your other wicked sins."

"I assure you," said De Lys earnestly, "that the young lady who owns these furs directed me to come into this room, and then turned the key on me."

The lady adjusted her *pince-nez* glasses, and surveyed him. She had by this time quite recovered her dignity and her breath.

"And, pray, why did my niece lock you in?" she asked.

He reflected. "I really am not in a position to say," he answered at last, "though I have a theory"

"And who, may I ask," pursued the lady, "are you, and what is your business in this house?"

"It is a little difficult to explain ——" began De Lys.

"I should think so" she said now with infinite scorn.

"To a lady," he added hurriedly.

"Oh, I dare say you will have the opportunity of explaining to a gentleman," she said crushingly; "even, perhaps, to more than one. Now oblige me by opening that door and retiring at once."

It was obvious that she thought her burglar beaten and crestfallen, the victim of her courageous spirit and ready resources; and she was not going to deal with him in the extremest fashion which the law would allow. He had abandoned his plunder at her word; now he might go.

"I'm afraid I can't retire unless I do it by the window, as I have already proposed to do," he said mildly. "Miss Ethel has locked this door securely."

He turned the handle as he spoke and it rattled ineffectually. The lady, convinced at last, gaped at him and it. At this moment the sound of footsteps came up the passage, and some one came to a pause outside, tried the door, muttered angrily, and tried it again.

"Emma!" cried a man's voice.

"Thomas!" cried the stout lady excitedly.

There was the sound of further fumbling at the door, and then a key was turned and the door opened, admitting a large man of fifty or thereabouts, in evening dress, and with a red and angry face which bore some resemblance to the stout lady's.

"What the dickens ——" he began, and then: "Hang this fog! The cabman refused to drive to Piccadilly; so I had to come back walk all the way, too. Ugh! . . . Hulloa! What the ——"

His eyes had at last fallen on De Lys, who stood a little way into the room on the left of the stout lady.

"Thomas, it's a burglar!" burst forth Emma.

"Oh!" Thomas surveyed De Lys heavily from top to toe. "Indeed!" he said at last with something very like a sneer. "So that's what he is, is he?"

He saw before him in the dim light of the room a handsome young man in fashionable evening dress with an interested smile, and an embarrassed lady with a face as flushed as his own.

"I've heard of many excuses and read a good many more, Emma," said he with labored sarcasm, "but it's the first time I've heard it called burglars."

"But—but," declared Emma in evident bewilderment, "this young man is a burglar, who stole Ethel's furs, and I've just made him give them up; and as he's repented of this crime I was going to let him go away quietly, rather than ruin his life."

"I've no doubt," observed Thomas with bitter emphasis, "that you were going to let him go away quietly, no doubt at all. You're very deep, Emma. I've had my notions about you lately. It wasn't for nothing you insisted on going to Moorhill by yourself in August, and it wasn't for nothing that you drove me out tonight with your talk about the fog being all fiddlesticks. Quietly! I should think you did."

"I should like to know what you insinuate, Thomas Parker," demanded Emma with spirit. "Before this young man I should like to know what your words mean!"

"Words," observed Mr. Parker, "are plain enough. Deeds are not. Here am I sent out on a fool's errand, when it was plain enough how the fog was coming on. 'Oh, Thomas, it's nothing, only a little mist,' says you, madam. 'It'll soon clear off.' Well, like a fool I go, and get fogged; and no sooner am I out of the house than you—you ——" He looked at De Lys.

"Oh, Thomas Parker, if I were your brother instead of your sister, for those words I'd ——"

"And at your age, too!" added Mr. Parker. "It's disgraceful. And whoever this young man may be I'd ——"

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"I assure you, sir, that you are mistaken," said De Lys, moving into action at last.

"Humph!" Mr. Parker looked heavily at him. "Then I'm to take it you're a burglar," he said. "Very well. All the better, if you want to shield a silly old woman, old enough to be your mother Your blood be on your head. 'Felonious intent'—that's the ticket—'found on the premises with felonious intent.'"

"Yes, that's it, Thomas, it was he. But he's put them back. Here they are, see. So we might let him go"

Mr. Parker looked sarcastically at his sister. "I dare say," he said "well if he's a burglar, how comes it I find the door locked, eh?"

He glanced at both suspects with malicious cheerfulness, and one recoiled and gave way.

"It's all your fault, young man," burst out poor Emma, her cap awry, her *pince-nez* askew. "Oh, you have been wicked," and she burst into frank tears.

"Wicked!" said Mr. Parker with a withering glance at both. "An old fool and a young knave, I call it." But flesh and blood could endure it no longer, with poor Emma in tears. De Lys held up a hand.

"Pardon me," said he. "Everything is capable of explanation. It has been a chapter of accidents. You found the door locked, it is true, but consider: it was locked on the outside, for you yourself turned the key back."

Mr. Parker's face lapsed, and he stared at the speaker.

"It is therefore plain that some one locked us in. That some one was a young lady, your daughter, as I understand, and this good lady's niece."

"Ethel!" murmured the incredulous Mr. Parker.

"Precisely, Ethel," said De Lys.

"But why did Ethel lock you and Emma in?" demanded the bewildered Mr. Parker. "Who are you?"

"That's the rub—that's where the difficulty comes in," said De Lys boldly. "Ethel acted in a most incomprehensible way. She ought to give an explanation. An explanation is certainly due to all of us."

Mr. Parker was sifting the situation slowly, and now he spoke with more austerity.

"The explanation, it seems to me, should come from you, sir. Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

De Lys had come to see that it was needful to make a clean breast of it. He threw up the sponge.

"If you will kindly summon Miss Ethel," he said in a decisive way, "you shall hear everything."

Mr. Parker glanced at him with suspicion, but rang the bell and gave firm orders to the servant who appeared.

"John, you and William will guard this man, and see that he makes no attempt to escape. Tell Susan to ask Miss Ethel to come here. I am determined to get to the bottom of this," he assured his audience.

De Lys was waiting on events with a demure face, and Emma was regarding the wicked young man now almost in pity through her glasses. To them, with John and William, enter Susan to report that her young mistress was not to be found.

"Not to be found!" said Mr. Parker fussily. "Why, what do you mean? The girl —— Here, bring the prisoner to the West room; she's probably there."

He waddled away, followed first by Emma, then by De Lys more or less between John and William, the footman and the coachman, while, open-mouthed, Susan brought up the rear in secret thrills.

The West room, where the party now reassembled, held no evidence of Ethel's presence. It was the room in which De Lys had interviewed her before she was guilty of her remarkable and treacherous act.

"This is where Miss Ethel and I had our conversation," he told Mr. Parker. "And now I understand. She has eloped."

"Eloped! With you!" cried Mr. Parker confusedly.

"There, I knew it would happen. I told you so, Thomas," said Emma, nodding her head triumphantly. "That girl's been brought up to be too independent, and she's as willful as ——"

"How do you know she's eloped?" Mr. Parker broke in angrily.

"Well, I'm pretty certain that ——" He stopped, gazing out of the window which still remained open and unshrouded. Over the little balcony he could see the dark mass of the shrubbery into which he had blundered. The fog had lifted, and he detected a dark shadow among the bushes. Mr. Parker followed his gaze.

"What's that?" he asked "Any one there?"

"Hist! Yes," said De Lys warningly.

"I believe it's an accomplice," said Emma tremulously. Mr. Parker was looking into the shrubbery now.

"John, William, out with you and see who's there. Sharp now!" he commanded

John and William slipped from the room, and a few moments later sounds were heard from the garden, voices, and a crackling and crashing among the laurels.

"Got him, sir!" sailed up John's triumphant voice. Mr. Parker, Emma, Susan and De Lys were straining their necks with anxious curiosity to discover what had happened, and whom John and William had got. Sounds now conveyed to them the fact that John and William with their captive had reëntered the house and were ascending the stairs. Next moment the heroes entered, and in their clutches, in a tweed cap and overcoat, was a rather flushed, good-looking and commonplace young man.

"Fred Ellis!" cried out Emma

"Ellis!" almost shouted Mr. Parker.

"Fred Ellis, what have you done with Ethel?" followed up Emma.

"Ellis, what are you hanging about here for?" demanded her brother sternly.

"It's just as I said, Thomas," said Emma eagerly, though it was De Lys who had said it. "They've eloped."

"How the deuce can they have eloped when he's here?" asked Mr Parker testily.

"Well, they were going to elope." Emma stuck to her point.

The interesting man in the evening dress, hitherto suspected of burglary and other things, was not completely forgotten in the new developments. Indeed, Mr. Parker and his sister almost seemed to treat him as one of themselves.

"Did you say you saw Ethel here?" asked Mr. Parker of him

De Lys nodded. "In this very room," he said solemnly.

"Look here, Ellis, you'd better own up," said Mr. Parker severely. "Felonious intent, you know. I can have you charged with that, and I will, by George, if you don't own up!"

The young man seemed somewhat abashed and crestfallen. He rubbed the mud from his cap in his embarrassment.

"It's all your fault, Mr. Parker. If you'd given your consent it wouldn't have happened," he pleaded. "I know my position isn't very flourishing, but I've got enough prospects, and Ethel is quite willing to share them."

"Poor Ethel!" reflected De Lys, as he watched Fred's awkward movements.

"Don't lecture me, sir, but tell me where she is," said Mr. Parker wrathfully.

"How do I know?" asked Fred rather sullenly. "I came to find her here, only the fog delayed me."

"And Ethel got tired of waiting for you," said De Lys reproachfully.

They all looked at him, and Emma gave a scream of dismay. "I'll tell you what. It's dreadful. She's gone to look for him."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Parker peevishly, but uneasily. Into the center of this excited group, through the opened door, entered, at this juncture, no other than Miss Ethel herself, in hat and cloak.

"Fred!" she called out in astonishment, as she saw Mr. Ellis. "Why ——"

"The fog kept me," explained Fred.

"And I went to find you, and you'd gone," she uttered impulsively.

"I told you so," said Emma.

"No, it was I who told him so," said De Lys courteously, but firmly.

Ethel turned her gaze on him. She was not now at all agitated, as she had been before when he saw her; instead, a certain rebellious anger reigned on her brow.

"I see you have your detective, Papa," she said with supreme scorn.

"My detective!" gasped Mr. Parker.

De Lys took a step toward her. "Oh, you took me for that," he said, and then smiled. "I think you've made a mess, all through me and the fog," he went on in an undertone, while Mr. Parker and Emma were engaged in recriminations with Fred. "Now, if you'll back me up, I'll see you clear"

"Who are you?" she asked, staring.

"I'm—I'm a punter," he said lightly. "I take the odds against Fate every time.

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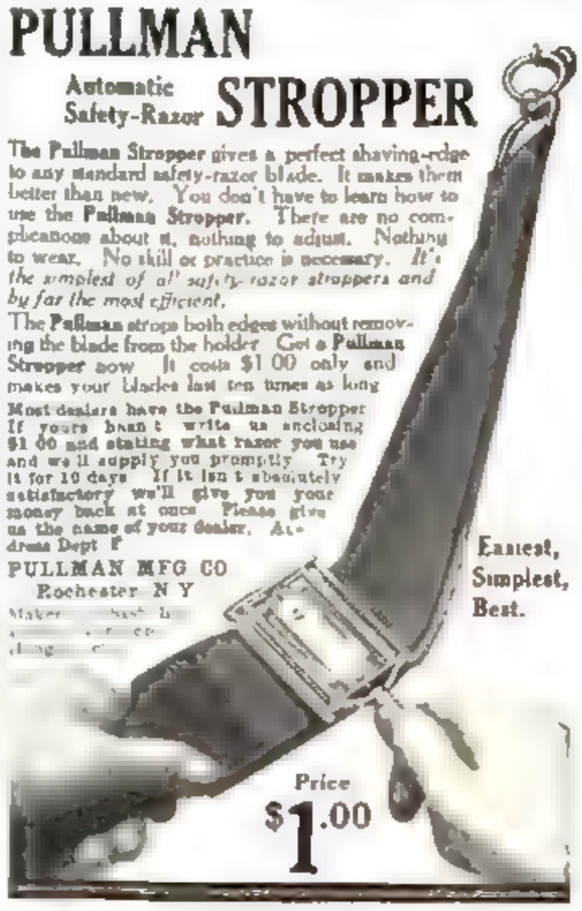

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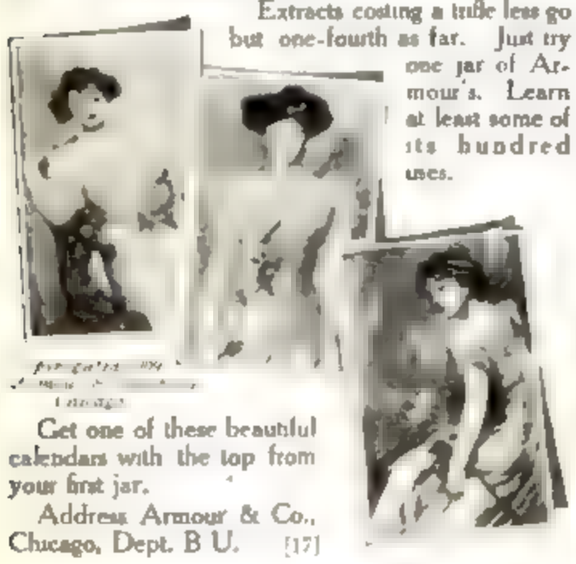

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Forty-five Minutes From Broadway

By JOHN MAPPELBECK

WHILE millions of dollars are being spent to irrigate and cultivate lands in our Far West, it is a bit astonishing to learn that one of the most promising virgin wildernesses in the United States lies east of New York City. Some of it is only twenty-five miles from Wall Street, where Westerners come to sell their irrigation bonds. Practically all of it is one night's shipping distance from the greatest consuming community on this continent.

That virgin wilderness is on Long Island. Long Island has been settled nearly three hundred years. Yet one-fourth its area, or about two hundred and forty-five thousand acres of tillable land, has never been turned up by the plow. Water lies anywhere one pleases to drill, from twenty to one hundred feet down, for a great subterranean river runs under the whole island. During the dryest summers the sea fogs will precipitate moisture at night, because the long, narrow tongue of land runs right out into the Atlantic Ocean, and this semi-marine climate gives also a longer and a milder growing season. Yet one acre in every four still stands in scrub-oak waste and pine barrens, burned over yearly by wild fires. Three centuries' residence has served only to create a tradition that this wild land will grow nothing.

Expert opinion, however, has repeatedly declared a good deal of the waste land is fairly good at bottom, and that the average man, with moderate capital, ambition, work and some knowledge of modern methods, might turn it into productive market gardens at reasonable cost, while for every peck of produce raised there is a waiting market and good prices.

The eastern end of Long Island is sparsely peopled by farmers, who in many cases hold lands under the original Indian grants. Their ways are conservative. Old Ocean being right at hand they depend primarily on sea-food. Agriculture is secondary. They are confirmed one-crop men, like many other American farmers. The Kentucky tobacco-grower, after agreeing to plant no burley for a specified term, finds work teaming and substitutes no other crop. So the Long Island native sticks to cabbage, potatoes or cauliflower, taking lean years along with fat, and marketing through commission men instead of selling his produce direct to better advantage. With his faith in a single crop has grown up the tradition that the Long Island pine and scrub-oak wilderness right next his farm will grow nothing at all.

"Have you ever tried it?" he is asked.

"'Tain't no use—everybody knows nothin'll grow there."

When a farm among the scrub-oaks was started by one enterprising man the native Long Islander laughed. Next fall this pioneer took numerous prizes with "scrub-oak vegetables" at the Suffolk County fair.

"Yes—well," said the native, "but you can't do that on pine barrens." But a second farm was started among the pine stumps and has been just as successful.

Making the Wilderness Bloom

The first farm was established on waste land worth about six dollars an acre at that time. The plot was a wilderness of undergrowth and fire-blackened stumps. Clearing in that section is usually done by cutting undergrowth and leaving stumps to rot, though sometimes the latter are pulled out by horse-power. The plot was then cleared with dynamite, an expert blowing about a hundred stumps daily at an average cost of sixteen cents apiece, including labor. The explosions left finely-powdered soil, while the shattered stumps were burned on the soil for their ashes. Ten tons of cheap horse manure were then spread over each acre, with treatment of Canada wood ashes containing forty per cent lime, wherever litmus paper showed marked acidity. It was then plowed the same fall and sowed with rye, to be plowed under again in the spring for its humus.

For years and years agricultural investigators have been sending bulletins and seeds into Long Island, making suggestions as to new crops or better ways of raising the old. The farmer seems to enjoy reading these suggestions. Acting on them, however, is another matter. He sticks pretty loyally to one crop, and profitable garden specialties that experts ask him to grow are still imported from Europe—such vegetables as the French salad plants, for instance. Yet, when it comes to the latest novelties in chemical fertilizers the Long Islander is right up to the minute. His progressiveness in fertilizers is due to salesmanship. Instead of trusting wholly to bulletins, the fertilizer men go to the farmer in the field and get his interest by forceful arguments. One of these arguments has had a trifle too much force and done some harm. The farmer has been led to believe that barnyard manure spreads weed seeds, and in his detestation of weeds has substituted chemical fertilizers, using little manure, even when his soil contains too little humus. Chemical fertilizers are excellent plant food, but manure is needed on many soils as well.

A Visit From the Plant Doctor

Because the Long Island farmer now believes that nothing can be grown without chemicals, even on good land, these experimental farms have been conducted with manure, wood ashes and humus alone. To these is added abundant water. A well was driven on each farm almost as soon as clearing began. An oil-pump and five-thousand-gallon tank were installed. An underground line of water-pipe was laid the length of the plot, from which a hose connection comes to the surface every hundred feet. Thus, with short lengths of garden hose and common lawn sprinklers any part of the farms can be watered in dry weather.

One morning a New York telephone bell rang and a voice came faintly from the eastern extremity of Long Island:

"Our cauliflower is bein' et up by bugs. What'll we do?"

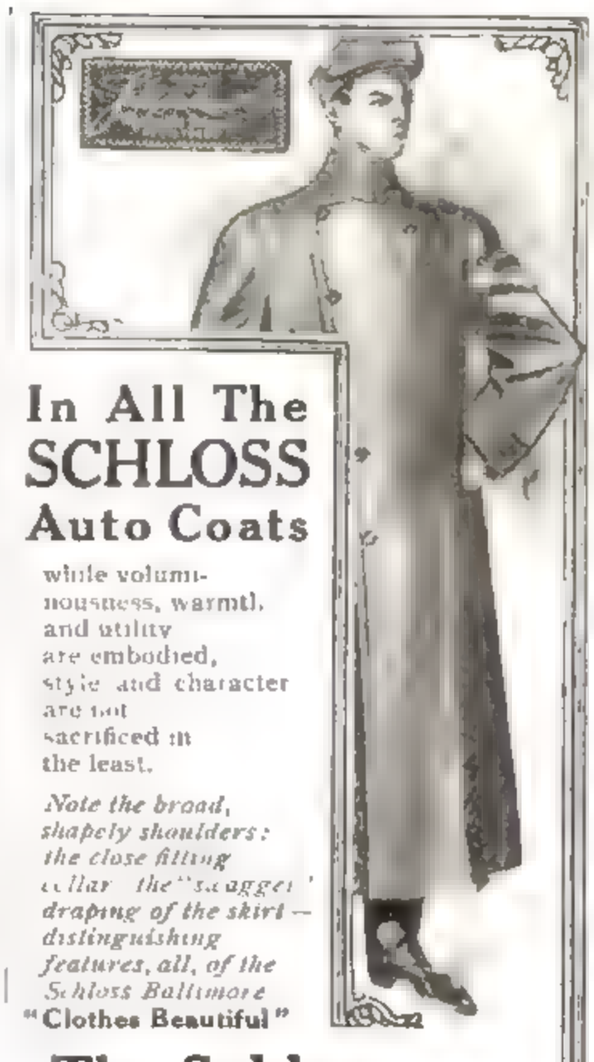
"Have you tried tobacco?"

"Yep—never touched 'em; tried lime, too."

The man whose advice was asked took a train to that point, carrying some English sheepdip that had been highly effective on rose-leaf aphides. He found a whole village invaded by the pests. Instead of a bug trouble, however, it was really a water trouble. Thirty or forty feet down, for the drilling, was abundant water. But farmers there had always depended on surface supply caught in shallow wells. Rain was scarce that spring, and for lack of water they had delayed setting out the young cauliflower plants. At the experimental farm five thousand gallons of water had been used to give plants a good start. In this village the cauliflower had run to stalk, and Brother Aphis found in those spindle-shank plants about what disease germs find in the poorly-nourished human body. He had arrived by thousands and was multiplying every minute. Brother Aphis is a tough beast under any circumstances, sticking his beak into a plant to suck its juices and refusing to eat insecticides, while to protect his body he wears a fur overcoat right through the summer. Not even a syringe was at hand, much less modern spraying apparatus, that prime necessity of the farmer. But some of the sheepdip was mixed, sprinkled on with a pine cone, and the cauliflower-growers watched Brother Aphis through a magnifying glass while he gave up the ghost. Interest in that "pizen" was immediate. Now this village has sprayers and is drilling wells to tap the underground river.

During the clearing of the first plot the experimental farmers never saw the native Long Islander, and yet the latter watched operations closely; for the woods all about those ten acres were full of him.

The three hundred and eighty varieties of plants raised on these farms come pretty near including everything in the way of food, fodder and flowers that may be



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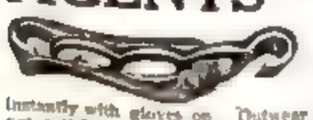

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grown in that latitude. With the commonest vegetables many experiments have been tried to determine the most profitable varieties, the general purpose being to find those that mature earliest for market, bringing high prices, or savory sorts not commonly grown for shipment, for sale to discriminating consumers at fancy prices. New specialties have also been grown and marketed, such as the great Japanese radish, sea kale and European salad novelties like Italian *finocchio*. Such specialties are taken up slowly by our farmers, not because they are difficult to grow, but because cultural directions sent out with seed make them appear difficult. One season's experience will teach anybody to raise them as a matter of course.

Some amusing stunts have been done with the worst varieties, too. The average farmer likes bargains in seed, despite the fact that bargain seed invariably net him a loss. So ten cents was deliberately saved on a package of cheap seed from a bargain seedsman, the stuff planted and a list made of the mongrel plants that grew, few of them fit to sell even as "culls." By saving ten cents on a package of seed it was clearly shown that a quarter-acre of land could be wasted, with manure and labor.

Long Island already has wide fame as a market garden, despite her waste lands. Its potato yield exceeds that of any state, for, of the New York State production, which is twice that of any other state, Long Island is credited with the major part of the crop.

Cauliflower belongs peculiarly to Long Island, being grown there in large quantities in the open air because of natural precipitation.

A Washington agricultural expert saw two Long Island farmers bringing produce to the city. One had a four-horse load of hay, which took more than an acre of land to grow. He got twenty-five dollars for it. The other had a two-horse load of cauliflower, the product of less than one-fifth of an acre, and it brought one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Marketing by Hamper

Long Island celery frequently commands a premium. Strawberries are another exceptionally productive crop. Among novelties grown the first season of this experimental work on newly-broken land were peanuts, sweet potatoes, artichokes, the Southern delicacies, okra and martynia, the tender Spanish salsify, the Japanese celery and radishes, the latter often weighing fifteen pounds.

Another field for enterprise was found in marketing methods.

The American truck-farmer ships his produce to commission merchants in our cities, where it may, possibly, be sold in a glutted market for prices that will not pay for packages. Tough, tasteless varieties must be grown to stand delay and handling. The grower is out of touch with consumers, for a commission merchant sells what is sent him, making few suggestions as to packing or demand. Thus, side by side, in the same five minutes, one farmer's tomatoes will bring as much per quart as another's per bushel, because quart baskets give tomatoes in prime condition, while bushel baskets give a layer of fair tomatoes on top and half a bushel of catsup below.

Again, in that same five minutes radishes packed loose in barrels will bring a better price than others carefully bunched, simply because they are being bought by the steward of a big hotel. It costs the farmer money to bunch radishes. It costs the steward money to cut the bunches. If one knew what the other wanted, cost of bunching and cutting bunches could be saved, and the steward would pay higher prices for selected radishes ready to be washed and served without handling in his kitchen.

Men who make the best profit on Long Island truck-farms are usually of European birth and training. Intelligent marketing plays as large a part in their success as intensive cultivation.

The experimental farms have created an outlet for their produce by shipping "home hampers" to consumers in the city. These are family crates of garden truck, assorted according to season, sold at a fixed price and shipped to patrons regularly—once a week, twice, or oftener. Two hampers a week supply the average city family. Shipments can be made steadily from June to January where the gardener raises diversified crops. Each hamper contains six half-peck berry boxes filled with vegetables, all packed in a light crate. Shipments are made daily at seven in the morning and the vegetables are on the patron's table in town that night, thus giving tender varieties in prime condition and better value in quantity than the city grocer can sell. Demand has been created chiefly through patrons telling friends, with moderate distribution of circulars. Doctors are excellent patrons because they prescribe these hampers. If a farmer marketing by a similar plan were to get one of his hampers into the home of every physician in town and bring them to the attention of nurses he would undoubtedly have a fine demand all summer. This hamper plan has been taken up by farmers and gardeners in various parts of the United States to advantage and profit. By special packing one of the home hampers was shipped to Paris last summer on order from a homesick Yankee who wanted some real sweet corn. It arrived in good condition after ten days' voyage.

The Personal Equation

"How much capital do I need to begin truck-farming on Long Island?" is a question now being asked by gardeners, farmers and city men.

"That all depends on who you are, neighbor," is the reply. The personal equation is everything. Given the same land, tools and seeds, no two men will raise identical quantities or qualities. Since this experimental farming succeeded, prices of land have risen. Four years ago wilderness was cheap on eastern Long Island, yet at the same time difficult to buy because nobody thought of selling. Today there are plenty of sellers, and the speculator is in evidence. But plots can be bought as low as from twenty-five to fifty dollars an acre where the purchaser is willing to investigate the country and shop around before parting with his money, and land should never be bought in any other way. Cost of clearing by dynamite runs from thirty dollars upward—contractors now make money doing the work for forty-five dollars an acre, and frequently cordwood, fence-posts or ties pay for clearing. Manure from city stables runs four to twelve dollars an acre the first year, delivered by rail. A well can be dug for sixty dollars upward, and an irrigation plant installed from four hundred upward, depending on depth and diameter, type of pump, and whether drilled on contract or by owner.

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And I were Carrie Catt.

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We'd spend our income daily.
We'd be a little sweller
Than any one we'd seen;
If you were Rockefeller
And I were Hetty Green.

If you were Mr. Peary
And I were Dr. Cook,
We wouldn't have such quarrels
About the Polar laurels;
We'd both smile bright and cheery
The while our hands we shook;
If you were Mr. Peary
And I were Dr. Cook.

If you were Henry Hudson
And I were Robert F.,
We'd need but slight persuasion
To rise to this occasion
We'd get some fine new duds on,
Then go and hunt a chef;
If you were Henry Hudson
And I were Robert F.

If you were Mr. Curtiss
And I were Mr. Wright,
We'd take our friends out flying,
Each day we'd go a-skying;
Nor fearing aught would hurt us
We'd fly around all night;
If you were Mr. Curtiss
And I were Mr. Wright.

—*Carolyn Wells.*

At Our Risk

You are invited to try

Prince Albert Tobacco

It is prepared under the process discovered in making experiments to produce the most delightful and wholesome tobacco for pipe and cigarette smokers. Process patented July 30, 1907.

Does Not Bite the Tongue

Every dealer is authorized to sell PRINCE ALBERT on a guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. Every can of this tobacco contains our printed guarantee to please.

Such confidence in any product has rarely been shown; yet we gladly take the risk, because PRINCE ALBERT has "made good" throughout the South—the home of good tobacco, where the smoker's taste is hardest to satisfy.

Some day a friend will have you try PRINCE ALBERT and you will marvel at its mild, luxurious flavor, and wonder why you denied yourself such real enjoyment.

But why stand to lose this increased pleasure—your dealer will supply you now—if not, **send coupon below,** with 8 cents to pay actual cost of wrapping and mailing and we will send you a full size 2-ounce can of this tobacco.

To Dealers

Simply send us a postal, mentioning jobber's name and your own, and we will forward full particulars, including price list, etc.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Enclosed find 8c, for which please send me full size 2-ounce can PRINCE ALBERT Tobacco.

Name _____

Address _____

You Need a "Powers" Heat Regulator

On Your Furnace

It Will Save You Money

by shutting off wasteful consumption of fuel and by furnishing a regular fire with perfect combustion of fuel

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by keeping your house temperature just right; never too hot—never too cold

It Saves You Many Steps

by managing the fire for you. You can safely "forget the furnace." It soon pays for itself in fuel saved.

It is Absolutely Automatic

That is true of the "Powers" Regulator alone. It is the **only** regulator without clockwork, batteries, or other mechanism which in itself requires your attention

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in the end, because its life and efficient service make the original cost nominal.

You DON'T Want Any Other Regulator

The more you know about the subject the more thoroughly you will be convinced of this.

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[illegible] They should yield [illegible] earn 5% a year [illegible] by the best of securities—select mortgages upon New York and Suburban Real Estate [illegible] under New York Banking Dept. supervision. Earnings [illegible] entered on a paid up basis every day and withdrawn [illegible] Assets over $3,000,000. Surplus and Profits $150,000 [illegible]

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[illegible] eyes rosy cheeks—rugged, healthy boys and girls can be had if you get your children an

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the popular children's car. Encourages [illegible] keeps [illegible] the best [illegible] Get the Genuine. Name on seat.

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Send 2c. stamps, for postage and we will send you **Ten Fine Sample** Post Cards, and our **Big Surprise Offer** Beautiful colors, pretty designs Big offer

POST CARD HOUSE, 126 BROADWAY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS

THE HIGH FLYERS

(Continued from Page 5)

be the chief function of the aeroplane and airship to sail over a beleaguered city or a hostile army and leisurely to drop bombs upon the helpless troops beneath. Any small boy who has ever tried to hit a hated rival on the sidewalk below from a four-story window knows how difficult it is to make proper allowance for the wind and his unwitting target's rate of movement Dropping explosives from a moving platform at a height of two thousand feet upon a certain point below is very much more difficult. An error of a few inches at that height will be progressively increased as the missile falls The projectile is endowed with the forward velocity of the aerial craft thirty miles an hour in the case of a present-day airship and forty miles an hour in the case of an aeroplane—and is further subject to deflection by the wind A proper allowance for these two factors of error cannot be made in a moment, for which reason it is hardly likely that an army or a stronghold can be blown to pieces by any such method. That cities might be thus destroyed, however, must be admitted. A bomb dropped at random on New York or London would work terrible havoc. On the other hand, it is highly probable that two warring nations would agree to spare each other's cities and keep their pledges simply because each would have so much to lose. What war would be worth winning if it involved the blotting out of New York, Paris, Berlin or London?

A special study of the military possibilities of the airship and aeroplane made by Major G. O. Squier, of the United States Army, indicates that the art of war will be wonderfully changed, not so much because armies will march under an overhanging dread, but because secrecy of movement and concealment of position, both the very essence of strategy, will be utterly impossible. The general of the future will find himself in command of three dimensions and not of two only as at present.

Dirigibles in War

In the opinion of Major Squier the dirigible airship of the future, a vessel exceeding in size even Count von Zeppelin's gigantic creations and speeding through the air at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour, will be one of the chief military weapons of some future war. Such a dirigible could easily descend, particularly at night, blow up bridges and supply-depots and destroy lines of communication. Floating at a height of two thousand feet the captain of this dirigible will see spread before him the entire *terrain* of the enemy. Like a vulture in quest of carrion he will note every hillock that is occupied, every trench that is dug, every pontoon bridge that has been thrown across a stream. Nothing will be hidden from his eye. If the consummation of military tactics is to be found in manœuvering an enemy into untenable positions and thereby forcing a decisive victory with a minimum loss of life and treasure, then, if a much-abused term may be employed, the art of warfare will be revolutionized.

One of the bloodiest battles the world has ever seen was the Japanese attack on "203 Metre Hill"; yet the sole object of that frightful slaughter was the placing of two or three men at the summit of a hill to direct the fire of the Japanese siege guns on the Russian fleet in Port Arthur. A single dirigible would have revealed the position of the fleet with no such ghastly sacrifice of human life.

Like the airship, the aeroplane will also be employed for reconnoitering. Yet its chief function, because of great speed, will be the carrying of important dispatches and the rapid transportation of single officers of high rank to points where their personality is needed.

That some means of defense will be devised goes without saying. Even now the German army is experimenting with Krupp guns specially designed for the purpose of repelling airships and of "winging" aeroplanes. Thus far the experiments have been conducted only with captive balloons and are, therefore, inconclusive. Of the two forms of aerocraft with which we are at present acquainted the airship is decidedly the more vulnerable because of its size. Yet it is conceivable that the simple expedient of rising to a greater height or of rushing on at full speed will quickly place

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NOBODY knows your face as well as you do. Nobody else can take as good care of it. Perhaps your face will not stand the ordinary razor oftener than twice a week.

It will stand the Gillette.

You'll say yourself that you never knew face comfort until you tried the Gillette. The Gillette is not an accident or an experiment. It is one of civilization's big facts

It is not a mere device. It is a *public service* with a *personality* back of it.

King C. Gillette probably receives the written thanks of more men every day than any other man in America.

The Gillette, illustrated herewith, is the standard set, in velvet-lined, full leather case, with triple silver-plated holder and 12 double-edge blades (24 cutting edges). Price, $5.00

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The Gillette blade is the best and cheapest razor blade in the world—$1.00 for 12 blades (24 cutting edges), about 4 cents per shaving edge. *Considering the work it does and the way it does it there is really nothing to which to compare it—but on a basis of relative price just figure it out for yourself.*

No stropping—no honing.

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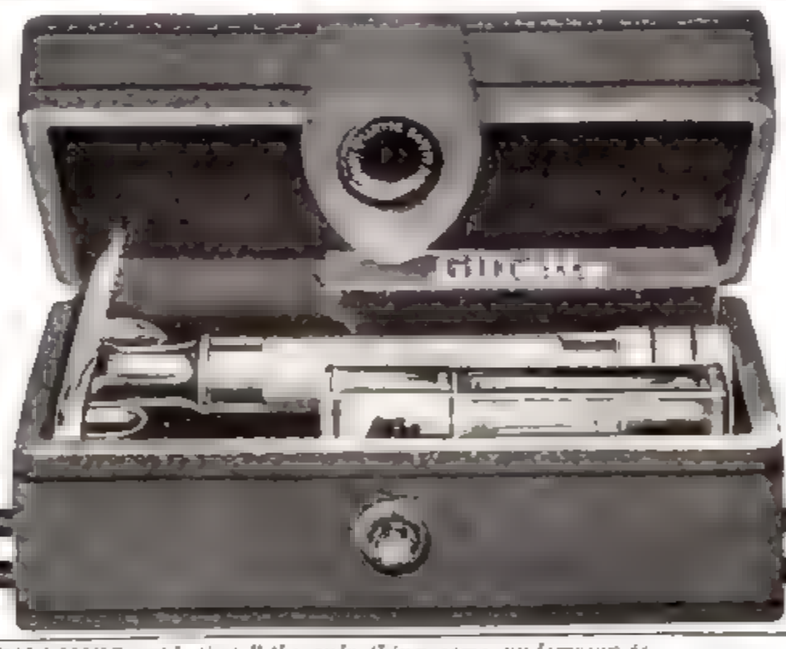

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Wright's Health Underwear

It is the fleece of comfort, and can't scratch

Keeping out the cold and keeping in the body heat [illegible] of the good [illegible] Wright's Health Underwear. It stands [illegible] preserves vim, prevents [illegible] ing of the pores which [illegible] and congestion [illegible] various [illegible]

Wright's Health Underwear [illegible] of selected high-grade wool, is the [illegible] market. [illegible] moderate means. Not a fad, just a sensible "loop-knit" woolen garment, lined with the fleece of comfort.

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Is a great [illegible] garment [illegible] ally wide range of elasticity [illegible] knit on [illegible] Needles [illegible] even taken [illegible] the body [illegible] and size. Made [illegible]

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Insist at your dealer's for Wright's Underwear [illegible] booklet free

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No other make of Saws merited or won equal award.

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Excellent Interest Rates and Abundant Security

Such rates can be safely obtained by the most conservative investors where securities are purchased through Bankers whose reputation deserves their confidence

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$160,000 Arkansas [illegible] yielding [illegible] & Neighborough [illegible]

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$500,000 [illegible]

$500,000 [illegible]

All of these special issues are serial—that is, bonds maturing in from five to fifteen years. Interest is payable at convenient points

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We have [illegible] customers in thirty-nine states. Our record of twenty years' successful business should interest you

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If you could step into a BIG Man's Shoes to-morrow, could you FILL them? Chances are you could not. You lack training—the technical knowledge needed to "make good."

Don't ENVY the big man, get his knowledge and BE one yourself This day write a postal for full particulars on how to become an expert, incorporated accountant.

They make $5 to $50 a day!

Yet the business world calls for more. Our plan does not interfere with your present work or entail HEAVY expense. We train you and help you to a position. Write now to the

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REGAL RUGS [illegible]

$3.75 [illegible] BRUSSELLO ART RUG $1.85 [illegible]

[illegible]

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
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even a Zeppelin out of range The aeroplane will be decidedly more difficult to hit, partly because of its velocity and partly because a bullet-hole in a plane surface of many square feet will not appreciably retard it. The difficulty of range-finding must also be considered. An object traversing through the air at a speed that is but little less than sixty miles an hour and, to remain constantly sighting its position is extremely hard to follow. In the Krupp guns metal-lined shells are employed which are charged not only with a powerful explosive, but also with a slow-burning material that emits much heat and smoke, that leaves a sooty trail behind it to mark its flight and to assist the gunner in finding his mark, and that ignites the inflammable gas contained in every airship.

Probably the only effective means of clipping the wings of an aeroplane or puncturing a gasbag will be the pitting of airship against airship, of aeroplane against aeroplane. It will probably be out of the question to employ heavy aerial artillery in the very near future. Neither airship nor aeroplane, as at present constructed, is able to carry heavy guns. Furthermore, it must be considered that the use of artillery on an airship would be attended with extreme danger because of the highly-inflammable hydrogen gas impounded in the long envelope from which the car is suspended. Small guns have been designed which could easily be carried even on the present Zeppelins without much danger—guns that fire flameless nitro-glycerine and nitro-cellulose powders. The small quantity of hot gases that they discharge are quickly cooled and dissipated Hand grenades would be convenient weapons to employ against hostile balloons after rising above them, but the grenades would have to be light so that they could be carried in large quantities. The aviator in an aeroplane, unable to carry even the light artillery with which a Zeppelin might be armed, would have recourse only to the ordinary soldier's rifle, a weapon which he, or rather his companion, could use effectively only against the actual person of the aviator seated in a pursuing or pursued machine. In naval warfare we have found it necessary to design torpedo-boat destroyers to cope with torpedo boats, battleships and cruisers, and fast protected cruisers with unarmed steamers of the merchant marine. Reasoning by analogy it seems, therefore, fair to assume that only by a similar method of defense or attack will it be possible to check the military airship or aeroplane.

A Test Question

EVERY large employer has his own particular methods of forming an opinion of those who come to him seeking work.

"How much cash security can you put up?" is the question a certain sales manager asks of each applicant for a job, and when the latter says that he can furnish bonds, or references, the manager explains that he means actual cash saved by the candidate. Thrift is one of the first details he takes into consideration when hiring a new man. No frugal applicant with the accumulating gift alone would be likely to hold a place on this man's staff just because he could show a big nestegg in the bank, nor would he turn away the thriftless applicant of unusual selling ability. But whoever is added to his organization must save, and to encourage this the manager bases much of his work on general thrift lines. Last year, during the best month, for example, total sales were so many hundred thousand dollars. "Now, times are not so good this year," he says, "but we must equal that, boys, and beat it if we can. I'll show you how and where to get the new business if you'll go after it. On all business over last year's figures you'll get such and such commission. I want you to work with the purpose of saving and investing every dollar of that extra commission." The salesmen do work, and they have never gone out under this man to beat a record without succeeding. Not only the best month is taken thus as a standard, but a systematic campaign is usually set afoot to show an increase over last year's worst month. Likewise, attention is centered on the best or the worst state, or sometimes a number of picked men will be thrown into a single city district to make a record. Every man in this organization comes out at the end of the year with surplus representing his extra work.

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92 LA SALLE STREET
CHICAGO [illegible] 190 4

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Alex A. Gatter $ 11000 00

Twenty seven thousand 00/100 DOLLARS

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A famous raised check It was [illegible] for $11, certified, then raised to $27,000 and cashed at a big Chicago [illegible] January The signer accused his trusted bookkeeper of the fraud The "raise" was accomplished without rubbing anything out. Can you see how it was done? Read the Free Coupon below.

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Any ordinary check, *your* check. It is done every day. Over Five Million Dollars were lost in this way in 1908 alone. We can show you how it is done. Any one can do it, with a few pen strokes over your genuine signature, and get your money.

Look for the name TODD on front [illegible] years of satisfaction backed [illegible]

Only One Way to make any check absolutely proof against alteration. It is the Protectograph way, the cheapest, quickest, only safe way.

Protectograph

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Each character is cut completely into slits, while acid-proof ink is forced through and through the paper under enormous pressure – all with one slight movement of the lever. It's the only form of protection that has never been successfully altered.

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For ten years, the big banks and business houses have been using the Protectograph. Millions of dollars change hands every day on their checks stamped with the Protectograph—and not a dollar thus protected has ever been lost.

Every dollar that was lost on raised checks last year (over $5,000,000) came out of the bank accounts of people who did not use the Protectograph, for the Protectograph limiting line has *never* been successfully altered. Do you wonder that we are selling nearly 15,000 Protectographs this year?

Let us give you some information, valuable, intensely interesting, with actual photographs and explanations, and extracts from the official Forgery Reports made by Pinkerton, the Great Detective.

Free

Please send photograph of the famous $27,000 Check illustrated above, showing how it was raised, also Pinkerton's Reports on Forgery and Check Raising.

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Protecting bank checks and other negotiable documents is our business. We have made a study for many years. If you desire information on this important subject, write us

Our Model Factory is one of the finest in the country. It builds nothing but Protectographs—nothing but the best—one every ten minutes

Protectographs Built to Conform to Monetary Standards of all countries

Impure Water

Pure Water

Important Uses of Dioxogen in the Home

You Can See and Feel it Work

As a Gargle:— **Dioxogen** cleanses the throat of secretions and accumulations—the cause of many serious throat and other disorders. Many cases of sore throat, tonsilitis, etc., would not occur if the throat were cleansed regularly by a gargle of **Dioxogen. As a Mouth Wash:—Dioxogen** foams and bubbles as it cleanses decaying food particles from crevices about the teeth, kills offending odors and destroys the germs and germ-poisons which thrive in the mouth, and are the cause of decay of the teeth and sometimes more serious internal disorders.

For Wounds and Cuts:— **Dioxogen** is a reliable antiseptic, preventing blood poisoning, and by its mechanical action, bubbling and foaming, aids in removing the dirt and other irritating substances, so often ground and mashed into the wound. **For Burns and Scalds:—Dioxogen** serves the double purpose of relieving the pain and putting the flesh in condition to heal quickly.

For the Complexion:— **Dioxogen,** through its mechanical bubbling, works its own way into the pores, thoroughly cleansing them and removing the accumulations of decomposing wastes that cause disfigurements, such as blackheads, pimples, etc. **For Manicuring:—Dioxogen** prevents the development of infection in cuts, hang nails, etc. It removes stains and is most excellent for use on the orange stick in pushing back the cuticle.

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H_2

How the Pure an
Bear the Same (

Many people, and even many of hydrogen is alike, because it a $H_2 O_2$. The chemical symbol of can be just as correctly described b no one would want to **drink dirty** same chemical symbol as **clean wa**

So with peroxide of hydrogen: **containing acetanilid** and suitable only fo properly described by the symbol $H_2 O_2$; bleaching kinds for personal and hygien drink **dirty water** because it has the same

The impurities in dirty water make bleaching peroxide make it unfit for perso vary as greatly as they do in water and are, if anything, more i eye, although just as undesirable. Cheap, inferior grades of pero cloth, feathers, furs, hair, bone and similar purposes. Bleachi for this reason, much less expensive to make. Possibly, because for toilet use; but it is just as improper to do this as it w

Diox

Should be Recommended, Sold and Used Exclusi

First: Because, the publicity given the many uses of **Dioxogen** has caused the market to be "flooded" with a hundred kinds, grades and makes of ordinary peroxide of hydrogen. Many of these are only suitable for the bleaching and other commercial purposes referred to, and contain impurities and undesirable qualities which make them totally unfit for personal use. The name **Dioxogen** is your protection against these inferior grades.

Second: Because, **Dioxogen** does not contain acetanilid, the preservative used to keep ordinary peroxide of hydrogen. **Dioxogen** keeps without it. **Dioxogen** does not spoil, become rank or undergo the changes that occur in ordinary acetanilid preserved peroxide. Acetanilid causes the objectionable taste and odo arations. *Acetanilid is of such a statement on the label whenever it*

Third: Because, **Dioxog** official standard requires, 33⅓ stronger than many makes of o can be diluted with water to ordinary peroxide of hydroge **Dioxogen** is, therefore, muc weaker and less pure grades original package, but are alway

Fourth: Because, **Diox** open as in closed bottles, and

THE OAKLAND CHEMICA

O_2

d the Impure May Chemical Symbols

druggists, believe that all peroxide bears the same chemical symbols plain water is H_2O and **dirty** water by this symbol as **clean** water. Yet **water** simply because it bears the ter.

the cheap, inferior grades, **usually** bleaching and similar purposes, can be and **are** yet it would be just as reasonable to use these ic use because they bear the symbol H_2O_2, as to chemical symbol as **pure water.**

it dangerous to drink, just as the impurities in al use. The impurities in peroxide of hydrogen important, for they are usually not visible to the xide should be made and used only for bleaching ng grades of peroxide do not have to be pure and they are, hey **are** less expensive, they are sometimes bottled and sold o id be to bottle **impure** water and sell it for **pure** water.

Impure Peroxide

Pure Peroxide

A BOOKLET accompanies each bottle, giving twenty-two uses with full directions for each. A bottle of *Dioxogen* in the home is the Best Kind of Health Insurance for every member of the family.

Nine out of every ten druggists in the United States, and many in Canada, sell and recommend **Dioxogen** for all personal uses. If *your* druggist does not, write us giving his name and we will make it easy for you to get **Dioxogen** either by mail from us or through some other convenient dealer.

If you have never used **Dioxogen,** or if you have been buying ordinary peroxide of hydrogen for personal use, and want *to prove* the merits of **Dioxogen** before you buy,

Write for a Trial Bottle

The best evidence of the advantages of **Dioxogen** is **Dioxogen** itself, and we will gladly send you a complimentary 2-oz. trial bottle upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver to cover postage (8c.) and mailing case (2c.). Use the coupon, or give the information asked for on the coupon in a letter mentioning this magazine.

Exact Size of Trial Bottle

The Oakland Chemical Co., 98 Front Street, New York

Check one of the following

☐ I have never used Dioxogen or any Peroxide of Hydrogen. I would like to try Dioxogen and enclose 10c for 2 oz. trial bottle.

☐ I am using a peroxide but not Dioxogen, for personal use. I would like to compare Dioxogen with the kind I am now using and enclose 10c for 2 oz. trial bottle.

S. E. P.

Name

Address

Druggist's Name

ogen

DE OF HYDROGEN

vely for Personal, Toilet and Hygienic Purposes

characteristic of such prep- *racter that the law requires a used.*

is 25% stronger than the stronger than most, and 50% dinary peroxide. **Dioxogen** much greater extent than nd still be more effective. more economical than the hich may cost less in the more expensive in actual use. gen keeps just as well in ver varies in uniformity and efficiency. It is always the same, because always pure. Lack of uniformity is characteristic of all makes of ordinary peroxide.

Fifth: Because, **Dioxogen** is the only peroxide of hydrogen sufficiently distinctive in quality to necessitate a trade name for protection. When you buy "peroxide of hydrogen" without specifying **Dioxogen,** even though it is all H_2O_2, there is no guarantee of purity and quality. You may get "bleaching" peroxide, you may get "weak" peroxide, you may get "impure" peroxide, you may get "acetanilid" peroxide, you may get "spoiled" peroxide. In **Dioxogen** you know just exactly what you *are* getting; the name is a positive assurance of quality—it is a *guarantee* of purity, strength and efficiency

L COMPANY, NEW YORK

The Florsheim SHOE

The Avon

Patent Button Boot

Foot freedom in the FLORSHEIM SHOE. Every toe rests perfectly. FLORSHEIM "*Natural Shape*" lasts make it so. The FLORSHEIM SHOE *holds* its original style—a rare quality in a shoe.

Prices $5 and $6
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Send coupon. We will pay the expense. Test at our expense. We will even pay the express charges. Test at our expense. It entitles you to ten days' solid office comfort absolutely free.

Mail coupon with paper pattern exact size and shape of chair to be cushioned.

Furniture Dealer's Name

My Name is

Street and No.

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6 PER CENT

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Write for booklet "S."

THE FIRST TRUST SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONTANA

LORD BILL JONES

(Concluded from Page 7)

He's up and at Mr. Britisher again and for five seconds I reckin Mr. Britisher sure has a busy young job. Then, as the Britisher emerges from the storm, he allows:

"Careful, Mr. Jones," says he. "You'll rumple my shirt-front."

Bill ain't smilin' no more now; it's just [illegible] him crazy. I reckin, to see the Britisher standin' there as if he was takin' ice cream in a shady dell, as The Duchess'd say, and him drippin' blood. If either of his fists ever had hit the Britisher he'd a killed him. But they didn't. And then, calm and smilin' pleasant, the Britisher works around him, trimmin' him up good and plenty, and every time he hit him it brought blood.

"Enough?" allows the Britisher again.

"I'll kill you," says Bill, nasty-like.

The Britisher straightens out his left and Bill goes to the ground again as if he's shot. As I say, Bill's strong, but the Britisher was fightin' him with about eight or nine hands, so he didn't have no chanest. It looks like the count for Bill, but he comes up again with his teeth grittin' and murder in his face. But he don't start for the Britisher; instid he goes staggerin' over toward his gun, where it lies on the ground.

The Britisher sees what he's up to and darts after him. Just as Bill raises his gun the Britisher smashes him, and they warn't no love tap about it, neither. Bill just collapses and lies still—still as if he's dead. The Britisher takes Bill's gun and hands it to Little Jones.

Then says he: "You gents saw that, I hope?" he allows. We all nodded, ashamed for poor Bill. "I wouldn't 'a' hit him again if I hadn't had to," the Britisher peruses, sorter worried-like. "I'm sure if he'd been quite hisself he wouldn't 'a' done it."

"No, Britisher," says I. "It ain't Bill Jones to do a thing like that. He sure wouldn't 'a' done it if he had been hisself."

"I'm quite sure of it," replies the Britisher.

And at just that minute Dollie Hickman, who heard the noise, I reckin, turned the corner. . . . And in another minute Bill's head's in her lap, and she's wipin' the blood off'n his face.

That's all, 'cept from that minute the Britisher didn't have a chanest. Of course, Bill married Dollie Hickman; he, the pore little fellow kicked downstairs by her old man Ike, and pounded to a pulp by a great hulkin' brute of a Britisher, and bleedin' at the nose, with both eyes bunged up. He was little and the rest of us was always a-pickin' on him! Ain't that just like a woman? She just naturally made her paw consent.

The Britisher went away immediately after the fight, back to his title, and his ancestral halls and his seven thousand pounds a year, I reckin; and the last thing he said 'fore he went was as follows, to wit:

"If any o' you boys ever tell Miss Hickman the truth about the fight," allows he, "I'll come all the way back from England and bally well whale you! What?"

The Swiftest Yet

WILLIAM B. HIBBS, the Washington broker, has a big country place just outside of Leesburg, Virginia. He put a large searchlight on top of his stone water-tower, and, from time to time, at night, amuses himself by throwing the light around the country.

One night this summer Hibbs was on the tower playing with the searchlight. A Virginian, driving a skittish team, hitched to a surrey in which there were two ladies, was coming along a road leading to Leesburg and was about four miles from the village.

Hibbs threw the searchlight down the road.

"Gosh darn it!" exclaimed the Virginian, "here comes one of those pesky automobiles." He jumped out and took the horses by the heads. The light continued on the road for half a minute and then was switched away. The Virginian stood stupefied. Then he turned to the ladies and said, in an awed voice: "Jeerusalem! That automobile must be going fast. It's gone by, and I didn't even see it."

Do You Gamble?

SOME people spend their money and energy housing a splendid crop of grain, cotton, or tobacco, and then gamble with Providence on its safety until sold. Do you?

Other people put the savings of years into a home and then rely on their ***luck*** to avoid the thousand and one chances of fire. Do you?

Still other people invest their entire assets in a store or a factory, and then wholly or in part insure themselves, thinking that they can carry the risk as well as the insurance company. Do you?

The average man has most of his property in one place. To carry his own insurance is to depend upon chance, ***i. e.:*** to gamble, with ruin as the penalty for losing. The business of the insurance company is founded on the law of averages. It can be safely conducted, but only when its stability is based on the experience of tens of thousands of risks widely distributed over a continental area.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company offers unsurpassed indemnity. Its business is distributed among more than fifteen thousand cities, towns, and villages throughout the United States and Canada. During 99 years it has paid every just claim—more than $125,000,000 in all. Its policies are safeguarded by ample resources and an honorable record.

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The "Hartford" insures all classes of property. It also serves property owners by telling them how to guard against the dangers of fire. It has published a book on the subject, with separate chapters for householders, merchants, and manufacturers, that will be sent free to those who apply for it.

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To secure a "HARTFORD" Policy or the book referred to above, apply to the

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A practical, convenient and effective apparatus for cleaning automobile engines [illegible] Saves time and labor, prevents soiling of hands or clothes, pays for itself in the saving of gasoline alone [illegible] with an ordinary tire pump. [illegible] the force of the air knocks them off [illegible] from the top [illegible] few minutes [illegible] with oil or dirt. [illegible]

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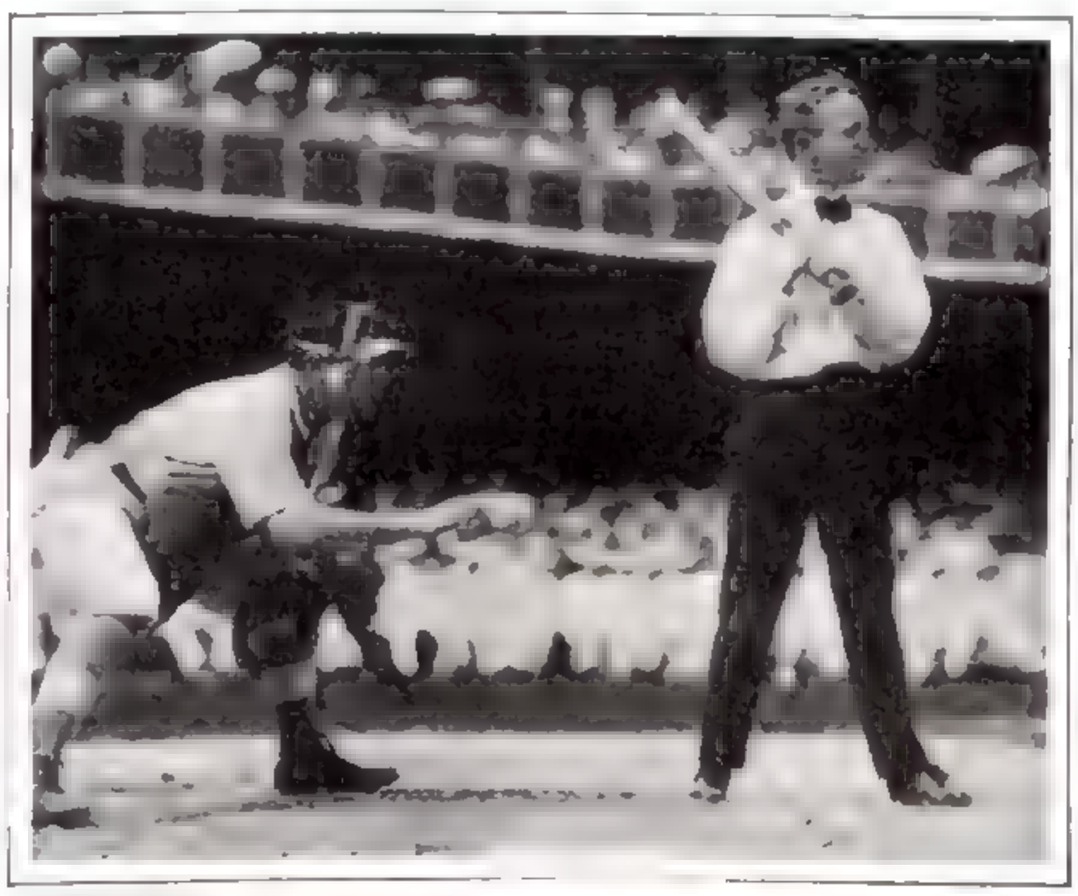

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The Seng Spring supports the entire chair, and [illegible] to that of the pioneers, [illegible] and Turkish Chairs and Davenports, for instance.

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Your Furniture Dealer will be glad to have [illegible] the Seng Spring. When you know the [illegible] of a Seng Spring Rocker, no other will [illegible] you.

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With a TWIST HEAD—our new process that does away with paste ON THE MOUTH END.

This cigar is made in Wheeling, W. Va., by men (not women or children) in a clean, sanitary factory from long, clear stock. It is hand work panatella shape 5½ inches long [illegible] your dollar back [illegible]

Send $1, your name and address plainly written. State whether you prefer light or medium. We will forward the box of 50 at once prepaid. This is not a sale unless the cigars please you. If they don't return the balance and get your money. Reference R. G. Dun. Address

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Japan, China, Philippines

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sailing from Seattle December 22, 1909. Largest ship in Trans-Pacific service. Everything the best. Electric lights, telephones, laundry, suites with sitting room and bath. Hong Kong passengers go via Manila. Send for folders describing trip.

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Designed to give perfect shoulder balance and freedom from all feeling of restraint. Beautiful webs, firegilt mountings. At dealers - 50c — or we mail them — fully guaranteed.

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Made in three sizes. Small size has only two prongs. Send diameter of chair leg.

Just drive into leg of chair

THE "HERON" Wool Chair Tip

ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS

For use on chairs wherever there are bare floors. Prevents marring of the floor and is absolutely noiseless. Cannot split chair leg. Will last as long as the chair. On sale at your dealer, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Write for free booklet of chair tips and wool casters.

Agents Wanted. Set of four 25c. In dozen lots $2.00.

SYRACUSE CASTER AND FELT CO.
433 South West Street SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

(Continued from Page 13)

enjoyment of a shampoo and a large black cigar, while an electric fan oscillated over his head.

"I bet yer it's hot, Mr. Feder," Morris agreed, taking off his coat.

"Why don't you take your vest off, too, Mawruss?" Sam Feder suggested.

"That's a good idee," Morris replied, peeling off his waistcoat. He hung it next to his coat and relapsed with a sigh into the nearest vacant chair.

"Just once around, Phil," he said to the barber, and closed his eyes for a short nap.

When he woke up ten minutes later Phil was spraying him with witch-hazel while the proprietor stood idly in front of the mirror and curled his flowing black mustache.

"Don't take it so particular, Phil," Morris enjoined. "I ain't got it all day to sit here in this chair."

"All right, Mr. Perlmutter, all right," Phil cried, and in less than three minutes, powdered, oiled and combed, Morris climbed out of the chair. His coat was in waiting, held by a diminutive Italian brushboy, but Morris waved his hand impatiently.

"My vest," he demanded. "I don't put my coat on under my vest."

The brushboy turned to the vacant row of hooks.

"No gotta da vest," he said.

"What!" Morris gasped.

"You didn't have no vest on, did you, Mr. Perlmutter?" the proprietor asked.

"Sure I had a vest," Morris cried. "Where is it?"

On the wall hung a sign which advised customers to check their clothing with the cashier or no responsibility would be assumed by the management, and it was to this notice that the proprietor pointed before answering.

"I guess somebody must have pinched it," he replied nonchalantly.

III

IT WAS not until two hours after the disappearance of his waistcoat that Morris returned to the store. In the mean time he had been to police headquarters and had inserted an advertisement in three daily newspapers. Moreover he had consulted a lawyer, the eminent Henry D. Feldman, and had received no consolation either on the score of the barber's liability to Potash & Perlmutter or of his own liability to Kotzen.

"Well, Mawruss," Abe said, "how much are them diamonds worth?"

Then he looked up and for the first time saw his partner's haggard face.

"Holy smokes!" he cried. "They're winder-glass."

Morris shook his head. "I wish they was," he croaked.

"You wish they was!" Abe repeated in accents of amazement. "What d'ye mean?"

"Somebody pinched 'em on me," Morris replied.

"What!" Abe shouted.

"S-sh," Morris hissed as the door opened. It was Hymie Kotzen who entered.

"Well, boys," he cried, "every cloud is silverplated. Ain't it? No sooner did I get back to my store than I get a letter from Henry D. Feldman that Cohen & Schondorf want to settle for forty cents cash. On the head of that, mind you, in comes Rudolph Heller from Cincinnati, and when I tell him about the check what they sent it me he fixes it up on the spot."

He beamed at Abe and Morris.

"So, bring out them diamonds, boys," he concluded, "and we'll settle up C. O. D."

He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket and toyed with them, but neither Abe nor Morris stirred.

"What's the hurry, Hymie?" Abe asked feebly.

"What's the hurry, Abe!" Hymie repeated. "Well, ain't that a fine question for you to ask it of me! Don't sit there like a dummy, Abe. Get the diamonds and we'll fix it up."

"But wouldn't tomorrow do as well?" Morris asked.

Hymie sat back and eyed Morris suspiciously.

"What are you trying to do, Mawruss?" he asked. "Make jokes with me?"

"I ain't making no jokes, Hymie," Morris replied. "The fact is, Hymie, we got it

In a modern, sun-lit, kitchen-clean factory, inspected and approved by Uncle Sam's Federal Food Inspector, we are making better mince meat than you can make—and we ought to—it's our business and has been for twenty-five years.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

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has revived mince pie—the most wholesome and most appetizing of all desserts—in millions of American homes. Its economy, its convenience, and, above all, its goodness have lifted the mince pie out of the once-in-a-long-while class and established it as a frequent, all-the-year-round dessert. Let there be a revival in your home.

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Two pie package 10c.—everywhere.
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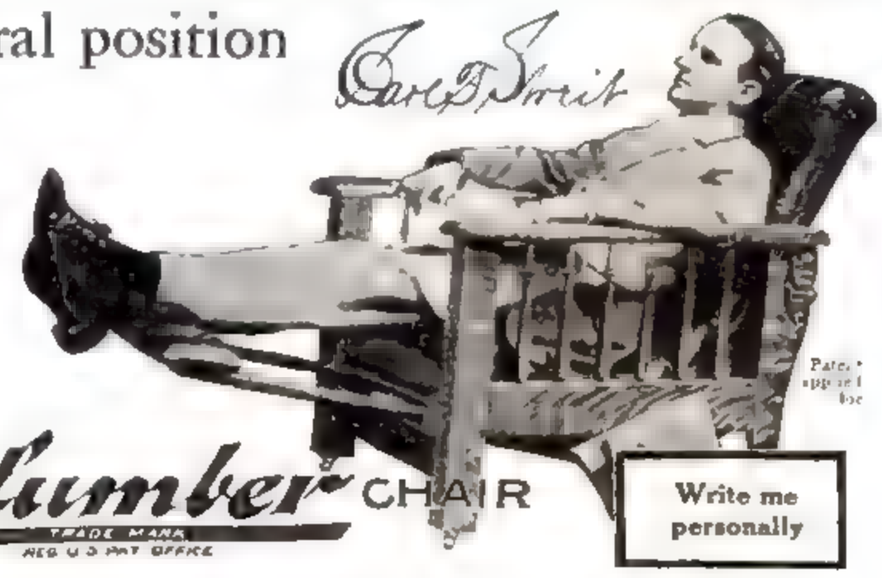
The natural position for rest



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Both seat and back tilt (*one-piece*)

In a Morris Chair

only your back tilts. You tend to slide out—you soon tire.

In any chair other than the Slumber Chair, however heavily cushioned, you get tired of sitting because your weight is concentrated at the base of your spine and you cannot take a perfectly restful position.

In a Slumber Chair

your whole body is tilted, to just the right position, and held there. Your weight is distributed.

The seat as well as the back takes a reclining position. Back and seat are one piece. Adjust it to any position you want and your weight is evenly distributed. You rest. Every muscle relaxes.

The Slumber Chair is built in styles to suit every taste and every purse. You can get any finish—any kind of wood—any kind of cushions. Write for catalog.

Guaranteed for 5 years—30 days' trial

All Streit Furniture is so good that we guarantee it for five years against all wear and tear of ordinary usage. Any of our dealers will let you try it thirty days and refund your money, if you think you can get along without it.

If your dealer cannot supply you—*we* will—same price—same terms.

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A perfectly sanitary bed. Back lets down and with the seat forms the mattress—always exposed to the air and light. As a bed it has full width head and foot-boards. No uncomfortable ridge down the center—as all the *unsanitary* beds with the inside doubled up mattresses have.

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You will be delighted with the beautiful results, the economy and the ease of application of this new liquid floor wax. It goes many times as far as any other floor wax, dries very rapidly and gives a hard, durable finish. The floor can be finished ready to walk on in one hour, will show no heel marks or scratches and can be wiped up with water without affecting the wax. One gallon covers 2,500 square feet of floor space. Contains no paraffine.

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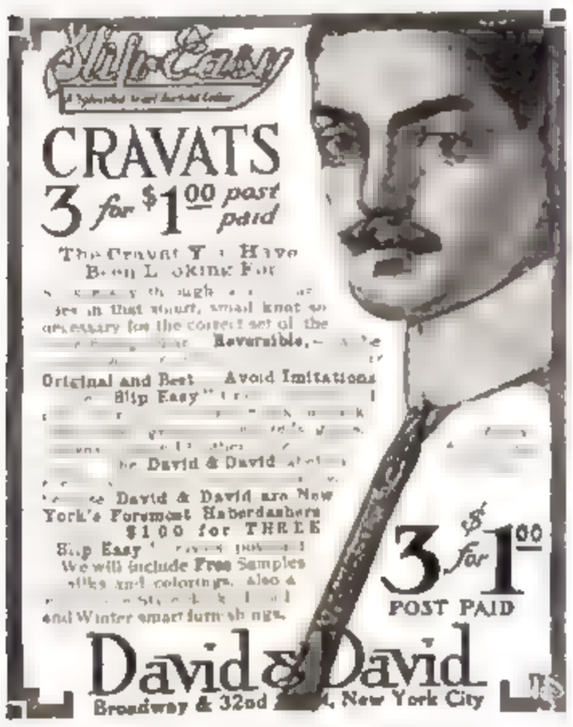

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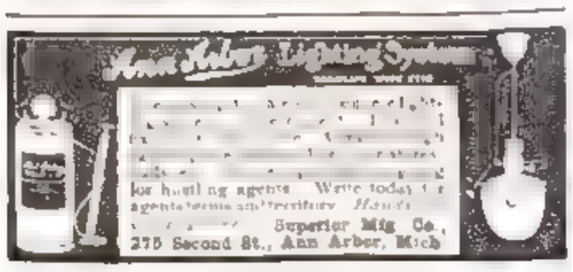

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KENNEDGE CO. 638 Kennedge Bldg., CHICAGO

the diamonds, now—in our—now—safety-deposit box, and it ain't convenient to get at it now."

"Oh, it ain't, ain't it?" Hymie cried. "Well, it's got to be convenient; so, Abe, you get a move on you and go down to them safety-deposit vaults and fetch them."

"Let Mawruss fetch 'em," Abe replied wearily. "The safety deposit is his idee, Hymie, not mine."

Hymie turned to Morris. "Go ahead, Mawruss," he said, "you fetch 'em."

"I was only stringing you, Hymie," Morris croaked. "We ain't got 'em in no safety-deposit vault at all."

"That settles it," Hymie cried, jumping to his feet and jamming his hat down with both hands.

"Where you going, Hymie?" Abe called after him.

"For a policeman," Hymie said. "I want them diamonds and I'm going to have 'em, too."

Morris ran to the store door and grabbed Hymie by the coattails.

"Wait a minute," he yelled. "Hymie, I'm surprised at you that you should act that way."

Hymie stopped short.

"I ain't acting, Mawruss," he said. "It's you what's acting. All I want it is you should give me my ring and pin, and I am satisfied to pay you the thousand dollars."

They returned to the sample-room and once more sat down.

"I'll tell you the truth, Hymie," Morris said at last. "I loaned them diamonds to somebody, and that's the way it is."

"You loaned 'em to somebody!" Hymie cried, jumping once more to his feet. "My diamonds you loaned it, Mawruss? Well, all I got to say is either you get them diamonds back right away, or other I will call a policeman and make you arrested."

"Make me arrested, then Hymie," Morris replied resignedly, "because the feller what I loaned them diamonds to won't return 'em for two weeks anyhow."

Hymie sat down again.

"For two weeks, hey?" he said. He passed his handkerchief over his face and looked at Abe.

"That's a fine, nervy partner what you got it, Abe, I must say," he commented.

"Well, Hymie," Abe replied, "so long as you can't get them diamonds back for two weeks keep the thousand dollars for two weeks and we won't charge you no interest nor nothing."

"No, siree," Hymie said; "either I pay you the thousand now, Abe, or I don't pay it you for three months, and no interest nor nothing."

Abe looked at Morris, who nodded his head slowly.

"What do we care, Abe," he said, "two weeks or three months is no difference now, ain't it?"

"I'm agreeable, then, Hymie," Abe declared.

"All right," Hymie said eagerly; "put it down in writing and sign it, and I am satisfied you should keep the diamonds three months."

Abe sat down at his desk and scratched away for five minutes.

"Here it is, Hymie," he said at last. "Hyman Kotzen and Potash & Perlmutter agrees it that one thousand dollars what he lent it off of them should not be returned for three months from date, no interest nor nothing. And also, that Potash & Perlmutter should not give up the diamonds, neither. POTASH & PERLMUTTER."

"That's all right," Hymie said. He folded the paper into his pocketbook and turned to Morris.

"Also it is understood, Mawruss, you shouldn't lend them diamonds to nobody else," he concluded, and a minute later the store door closed behind him.

After he had gone there was an ominous silence which Abe was the first to break.

"Well, Mawruss," he said, "ain't that a fine mess you got us into it? Must you wore it them diamonds, Mawruss? Why couldn't you leave 'em in the safe?"

Morris made no answer.

"Or if you had to lose 'em, Mawruss," Abe went on, "why didn't you done it the day we loaned Hymie the money. Then we could of stopped our check by the bank. Now we can do it nothing."

"I didn't lose the diamonds, Abe," Morris protested. "I left 'em in my vest in the barber-shop and somebody took it the vest."

Why Irrigation Bonds Are So Popular

The most popular bonds that we handle now are Irrigation Bonds. They have displaced, with a large share of our customers, Municipal, Corporation and Public Utility bonds which pay a lower rate.

When rightly conducted, Irrigation projects now involve no uncertainty. The Government itself is spending tens of millions of dollars in reclaiming this arid land.

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The most productive and costly farm lands in America are now in the irrigated sections.

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The projects which we finance are carefully guarded. Our own engineers and attorneys pass on every feature. An officer of our Company, residing in the West, keeps constantly in touch with every project until the whole work is completed.

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In the past 15 years we have sold 71 separate issues of Reclamation bonds—Drainage and Irrigation—without a dollar of loss to any investor.

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Irrigation bonds are secured by farm liens, given by individual owners in payment for water rights.

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Irrigation bonds pay six per cent interest—a higher rate than can now be obtained on any large class of bonds based on equal security.

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Please send this coupon today for it. It will enable you to judge if Irrigation bonds form the sort of investment you seek. (4)

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(Established 1893)

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PROJECTOR

Half the pleasure of using a camera is in showing the pictures of travel, vacations, days or outings to your friends.

By [illegible] with a Mirroscope you can show them on a screen—enlarged to six feet in diameter.

The Mirroscope throws photographic prints onto a screen or sheet—not by making them into stereopticon slides or anything like that—but from the actual prints themselves. It will do the same with post cards, illustrations from magazine or newspaper, drawings, sketches—anything not larger than 7 x 7. It shows them all in their own colors, but enlarged to six feet in diameter. The Mirroscope is so simple it can be operated by a child but is not merely a child's toy. It is used in schools and scientific institutions and in thousands of homes whether there are children or not. For the entertainment of friends, for the education and amusement of children and for family gatherings, the Mirroscope offers an endless variety of uses. Twenty novel Mirroscope evenings are described in detail in our book entitled "20 Suggestions"; there are also hints for many other uses. Every owner will devise his own clever Mirroscope ideas.

[illegible] suggestions and [illegible] a home [illegible] By [illegible] stores and hard [illegible] to all parts of its globe. In [illegible] and toy stores.

STYLES—Gas, Electric and Acetylene (with generator).

SIZES—$3, $5, $7.50, $10, $15 and $20. 75 per cent of our sales are in the $10 sizes.

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A[illegible] for their refinement of tone [illegible] sent free upon request

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Please mail me your new catalogue and proposition to buyers.

Name _____

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"Well, ain't you got no suspicions, Mawruss?" Abe asked. "Think, Mawruss, who was it took the vest?"

Morris raised his head and was about to reply when the store door opened and Sam Feder, vice-president of the Kosciusko Bank, entered bearing a brown paper parcel under his arm.

A personal visit from so well-known a financier covered Abe with embarrassment, and he jumped to his feet and rushed out of the sample-room with both arms outstretched.

"Mr. Feder," he exclaimed, "ain't this indeed a pleasure? Come inside, Mr. Feder. Come inside into our sample-room."

He brought out a seat for the vice-president and dusted it carefully.

"I ain't come to see you, Abe," Mr. Feder said, "I come to see that partner of yours."

He untied the string that bound the brown paper parcel and pulled out its contents.

"Why!" Morris gasped. "That's my vest."

"Sure it is," Mr. Feder replied, "and it just fits me, Mawruss. In fact, it fits me so good that when I went to the barber-shop in a two-piece suit this morning, Mawruss, I come away with a three-piece suit and a souvenir besides."

"A souvenir!" Abe cried. "What for a souvenir?"

Mr. Feder put his hand in his trousers pocket and tumbled the missing ring and pin on to the baize-covered sample-room table.

"That was the souvenir, Abe," he said. "In fact, two souvenirs."

Morris and Abe stared at the diamonds, too stunned for utterance.

"You're a fine feller, Mawruss," Mr. Feder continued, "to be carrying around valuable stones like them in your vest pocket. Why, I showed them stones to a feller what was in my office an hour ago and he says they must be worth pretty near five hundred dollars."

He paused and looked at Morris.

"And he was a pretty good judge of diamonds, too," he continued.

"Who was the feller, Mr. Feder?" Abe asked.

"I guess you know, Abe," Mr. Feder replied. "His name is Hymie Kotzen."

Upheld His Opinion

A GUEST at a Washington hotel, unable to sleep, tossed about all night and, at half-past five in the morning, got up and went out for a walk.

He encountered a trembly, shivering man, a tramp apparently, who was almost all in.

"My friend," said the tramp, "give me a little money so I can get something to straighten me up."

The sleepless one, worn and racked himself by his bad night, was sympathetic. "I'll do better than that," he said. "Come with me."

He took the tramp to an all-night eating-house and bought him a meal. While they talked he discovered the tramp to be a man of education and in very hard luck. They walked about until the barber-shops opened, and, while the tramp was being shaved and bathed, the good Samaritan went to a clothing store and bought a complete new outfit, underclothes, suit, shirt, hat and all. He brought the stuff back to the barber-shop and gave it to the tramp, who came out of the barber-shop a good-looking fellow, well set up and decidedly all right.

They spent the morning together, the tramp conversing readily on any topic. It had cost the good Samaritan thirty-three dollars to completely outfit his new-found friend.

Just before lunch-time it was suggested that it might be a good plan to have an appetizer before eating. They went to the proper place. While they were waiting, the good Samaritan ventured to make the remark:

"Well, it looks to me as if Cook had it all over Peary in this North Pole business."

"What's that?" asked the former tramp, turning sharply.

"I say Cook beat Peary to it."

"You do, do you!" shouted the tramp, hitting his benefactor a terrific wallop on the nose; "not on your life he didn't"; and without looking at his prostrate friend, he walked haughtily from the room.

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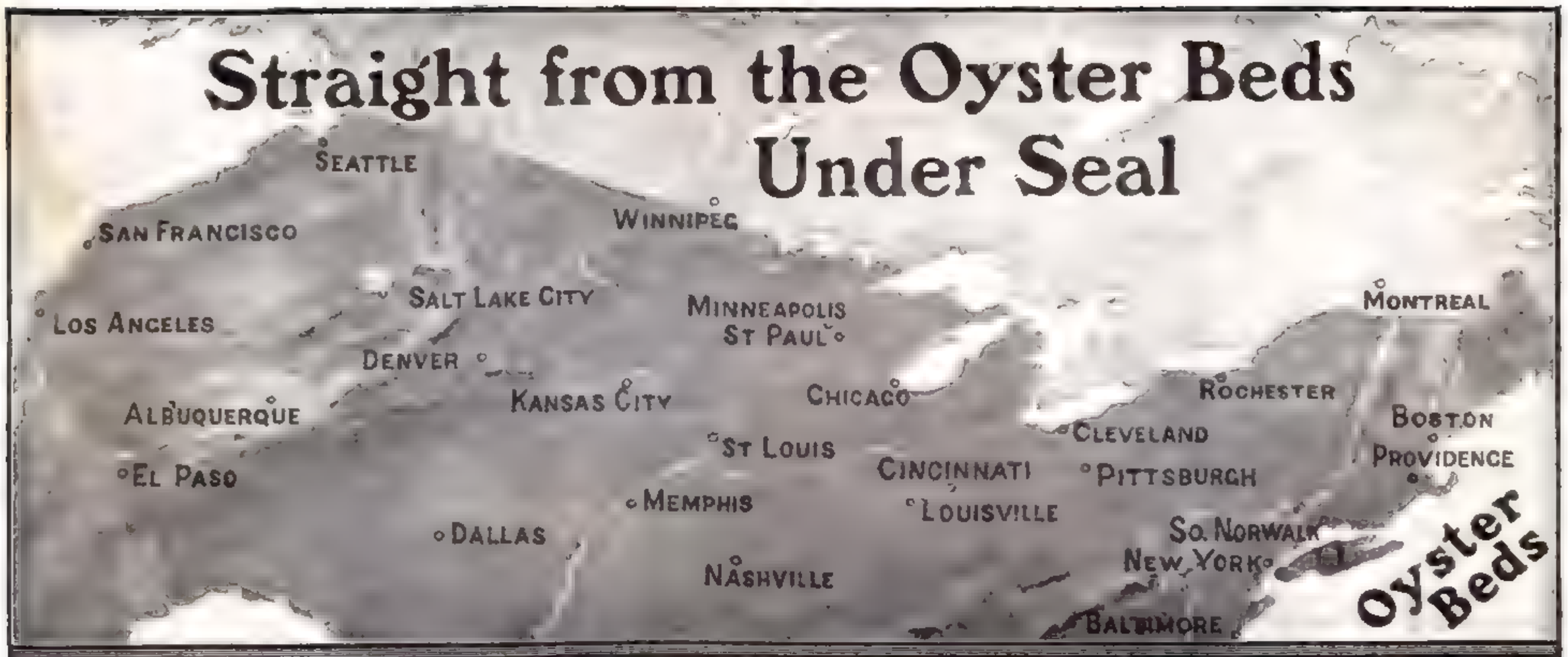
Ask our representative to show you our dress cloth numbers 5781, 5903, 5904, 5906, 5909.



A Sealshipt Oyster in New England, in Illinois, or in California, tastes the same, and *is the same*, as the day it was dredged from the deep.

Through a perfect organization—the Sealshipt System—it goes straight from the shore to your dealer in an air-tight Sealshiptor—every mile of the way under supervision—every mile of the way *under seal*.

Will you be content with oysters in open tubs, when there is a Sealshipt dealer near you?

Sealshipt Oysters

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If You Pay Less You Get Less.

It takes from three to six years for an oyster to mature and acquire the fine flavor of the sea.

Yet the whole value of this three to six years of care and cultivation can be lost in three to six hours of transit—if the oysters are not sent inland in the *Sealshipt* way.

About Open Tub Oysters

For the common way of shipping oysters is in *open tubs*—the *only* way of shipping oysters ever devised until the Sealshipt System was organized

The oysters in open tubs must be iced en route

The ice is in the tub with the oysters It is "railroad" ice. It is put in by the expressman with his naked hands. It melts, and the oysters swim in this "liquor"

Sealshipt Oysters must be iced, en route, of course. But the ice never touches the oysters—it is on the outside of the air-tight, germ-proof containers which hold them.

Sealshipt Air-tight Containers

These air-tight containers are packed solid with oysters at the seaside. The seal that is put on there is not broken till your dealer receives the oysters.

The oyster shippers are under contract to us. The dealer near you is under contract to us.

We supervise the journey of the Sealshipt Oyster from the time it is dredged from the sea till your dealer hands it to you in a Sealshipt paper pail

You will be surprised when you see Sealshipt Oysters. More surprised when you taste them.

The reason is obvious

The fresh water in open tub oysters washes out the taste and color of the oyster. It undoes all that nature did in three to six years of growth

The Sealshipt Oyster is natural in color—unbleached, unbloated, and it has that tang of the sea which you expect only in oysters eaten at the shore.

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Sealed package oysters are *not* necessarily Sealshipt Oysters.

There is no other organization, save the Sealshipt System, which covers the *growing*, the *shucking*, the *shipping*, the selling of oysters. A *sealed* package in itself means nothing—nothing as to purity—nothing as to quality—nothing as to flavor. Unless the oyster is properly guarded from the time it leaves the beds through the various commercial channels, shipper, jobber and retailer, a *sealed can* in itself means nothing as it is just as easy to put watered oysters in a small or large sealed package as in a tub.

Your one guarantee of the genuine Sealshipt Oysters is the Sealshipt case in the dealer's store, which means that he is an authorized, a contracted agent. You are not buying a pig in a poke, you can see Sealshipt Oysters, see their plump, their purity, their absence of water, their natural color, this is the only way bulk oysters should be sold. Don't be misled, make sure you are getting the genuine Sealshipt Oysters.

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In buying Sealshipt Oysters, remember that there is no "liquor"—nothing but solid meat. The "liquor" is what spoils common oysters. It is melted railroad ice.

So, if you commonly buy oysters by the quart, get only a pint of Sealshipt. For common oysters are *half* liquor.

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Her Choice at all times
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Houston Hat Co., Houston, Texas

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EXPLOSIVE TELEPHASH

Made in [illegible] 3x4½ and 3½x5

THE LION OF THE NORTH

(Continued from Page 15)

and the Hudson Bay Company. He had connections with the Minnesota Government, and he took pains to see that the state enforced the provisions of the customs bonding law, which required that all goods passing through American territory intended for Canada must be bonded at United States custom-houses. Then Hill bonded himself and, presently, a new boat appeared in the river, the Selkirk, owned by James J. Hill, and the only boat that could legally take in merchandise bound for Canada.

This put the Hudson Bay boat out of business, but Smith was just as sharp as Hill, for as soon as he found out what was going on he instantly transferred the Hudson Bay boat to a man named Kitson, who was his agent at St. Paul, and went on with the business. There was a great rivalry for a time, but, finally, Hill and Smith met, shook hands and after that fought together for the transportation wealth of the great Northwest.

Smith had gone into politics to some extent. He had to; for the power of the Hudson Bay Company was not so great as it had been in the earlier days, and attacks came from every quarter. His little experience with the Red River traffic, the constant growth of Manitoba and the shrewd knowledge he had of the marvelous possibilities of that great, untilled country, combined with what he knew of the land beyond, stretching out to the Pacific Coast, made him anxious to build a road across to the Pacific. He planned and dreamed; and from his plans and dreams came the Canadian Pacific road.

Opening Up Manitoba

Smith thought the Government should build this road. He knew English capital would not touch a Canadian transcontinental road with a ten-foot pole. He stuck to his Government plan and fought for it in Parliament, where he served three terms, each time as a representative of a different party. Those were lively times for Smith, but he was growing rapidly, and he hung on.

He had his eye on a little road, owned by Dutch bondholders, with the high-sounding name of St. Paul and Pacific. It failed. The Dutchmen were clamoring to get something out of their bonds. Smith and James J. Hill came together. They each had transcontinental plans. They formed a syndicate with Kitson and George Stephen, a cousin of Smith's and afterward Lord Mountstephen, and bought the bonds of the Dutchmen. They paid very little money for the bonds. The Dutchmen were glad to get out. They capitalized the road, put it through to Winnipeg, named it the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway, and opened up Manitoba. Right there Smith began to get the money that he has in such great quantities now.

Smith persisted in his transcontinental ideas. He fought for them in and out of Parliament. He was with Sir John Macdonald, and against him. Indeed, on one occasion Smith, having discovered that the Conservative Government had accepted subsidies in cash, deserted Macdonald and told why in a speech in Parliament. Smith went over to the Liberals. He could do no more with the Liberals than he could with the Conservatives on the railway question, and he went back to Sir John Macdonald

He argued for and urged the Canadian Pacific road in season and out. Finally, satisfactory arrangements were made, a syndicate was formed, money was obtained here, there and elsewhere, and on November 7, 1885, Smith drove the gold spike that tokened the completion of the line across the continent. He never appeared in the list of officers of the road except as a director, but he is more responsible for that great enterprise than any one man. Sir Charles Tupper, in his speech at St. George's Club, in London, in 1897, said: "The Canadian Pacific Railway would have no existence today, notwithstanding all that the Government did in supporting the undertaking, had it not been for the indomitable pluck and energy and determination, both financially and in every other respect, of Sir Donald Smith."

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If cigars and chest are not up to your expectations, send them back at our expense and we will refund your money *without question*.

Send us $3.50 and we will ship you 50 Sargent Perfectos and the Cigar Chest. If you order 100 cigars, price $7.00, we will prepay express charges on cigars and Chest and ship [illegible]. Subsequent orders for cigars may be sent at $3.00 per hundred. $1.00 extra will make the cigar chest as pictured of oak; or for $3.00 extra, one of Circassian Walnut.

References: Pequonnock National Bank, First Bridgeport National Bank, or City National Bank, all of Bridgeport.

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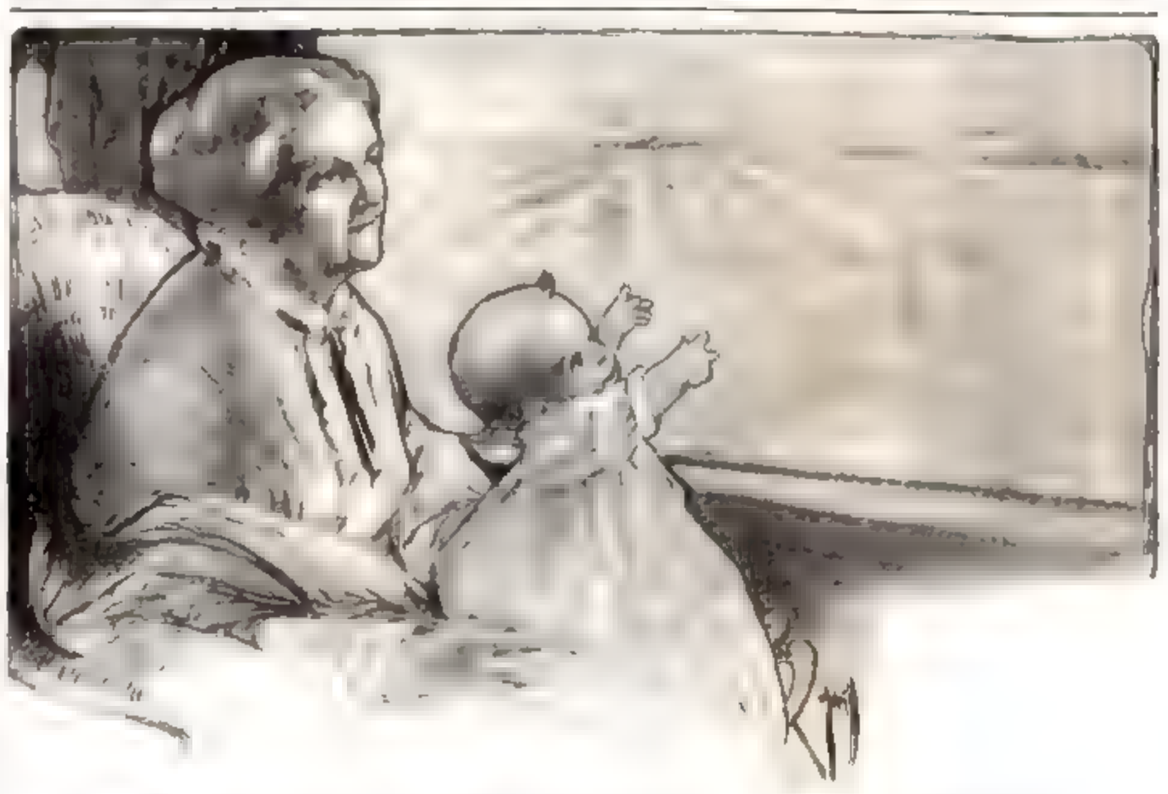

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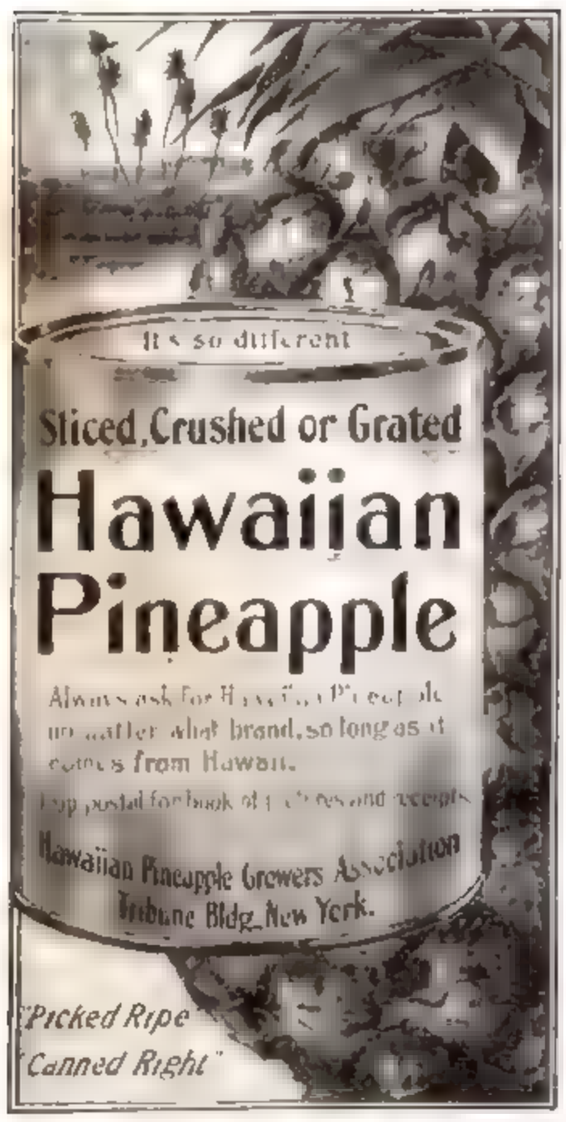
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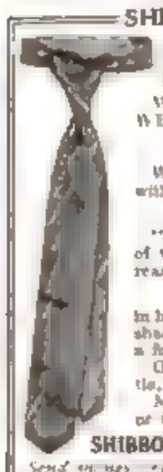

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Early in life, during his service with the Hudson Bay Company, and afterward, he had invested heavily in land in the Northwest. He made no money, it is claimed, out of the actual building of the transcontinental road, but the operation of the road and the opening of territory where he had interests brought him enormous returns. He was knighted in 1886, the Queen conferring on him the order of St. Michael and St. George.

He continued to mix in politics to some extent and to add to his fortune. As soon as he was, in a way, clear of the railroad situation he began a series of gifts to Montreal and Canada that have made him one of the great philanthropists of his country. He has given a million dollars to McGill University, a million dollars to establish the Royal Victoria College for the Higher Education of Women, a million dollars for the Royal Victoria Hospital and large sums to other institutions. In 1896 he was made High Commissioner for Canada, and since that time has lived in London. He attained his barony in 1897 and a few years later was granted a "remainder" which permits his title to descend in the female line. He has one daughter who is married and lives in London, and a grandson who will inherit his title of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

His Creed of Life

Since he took over the duties of High Commissioner he has been as busy in London as he formerly was in Canada. He has bought many great paintings and art objects and has made numerous endowments of galleries and schools. During the Boer War he fitted out a regiment of rough-riders from the Canadian Northwest, and sent it to South Africa as his contribution to the defense of the mother country. He has received many degrees, including LL.D. from Cambridge and the same degree from Yale. He is not particularly active in the House of Lords, but has occasionally urged territorial measures in which he has been interested.

I saw him in Montreal in the latter part of August, a fine, cheery, active old man, somewhat bent with age, but not much, and as alert and vigorous a citizen of eighty-nine as I have ever seen. He made a speech once in Montreal, telling young men his creed of life. "Be content with your lot," he said, "but always be fitting yourself for something better and something higher. Do not despise what you are. Be satisfied for the time, not grumbling and finding fault. If you want to get higher, to a better position, only cheerful perseverance will help you there; grumbling will not help you an inch. Your future depends almost entirely on yourself, and is what you like to make it. Do the work yourself. Don't wait for friends to use their influence in your behalf. Don't depend on the help of others. Of course, opportunity is a great thing, and it comes to some men oftener than to others. But there are very few it does not visit at one time or another, and if you are not ready for it and have not prepared to welcome it, that is your fault and you are the loser. Apart from what we call genius, I believe that one man is able to do as well as any other, provided the opportunity presents itself and he is blessed with good health. Much of what I would advise you young men to do is set down in the old counsel: 'Trust in Providence and keep your powder dry.'"

Next!

IN THE old, wide-open gambling days in the far West a man on his way home found a badly-battered citizen on the sidewalk in front of one of the big palaces of chance.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"They threw me out," replied the battered one. "Yes, sir, they threw me out. But I ain't a-goin' to stand for it. I ain't. I'm goin' in there and clean out the place. I'm goin' in there and macerate that crowd of cheap sports. Say, pal, you stand here and count 'em as I throw 'em out. You'll see some fancy work, all right."

The battered one went boldly in. Presently there was a commotion and a man rolled down the stairs to the walk.

"One," said the counter.

"Hold on!" came a voice from the sidewalk. "Don't begin yet. I'm the man that came out the first time."

A Tribute of Genuine Worth

A man whose clothes fit him well, and give him the distinction of carefully studied style, is well dressed in Chicago, in Paris or in London.

Clothes which fall short in these qualities are as bad in one country as another—useless in any country—and are quickly passed by.

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Never before in her history has England witnessed such a sight.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Concluded from Page 19)

Smith, who was the managerial trough for Mr. Arnold Daly's skyrocketing course of Shaw; and it introduces to us a talent that we are likely to hear more from in the future. Moreover, it gives John Barrymore the opportunity of establishing himself as a comedian of rapidly ripening art.

Nathaniel Duncan has been brought up to believe that life holds nothing more serious for him than the graceful spending of money; and when the paternal fortune goes smash he is wholly untrained in the business of self-support. His bland incompetence loses him place after place. Between jobs he has always lived on his college chum, Kellog; but the time comes when his pride refuses further help. Kellog, who has worked his way through college and into financial success, has a head bursting with practical ideas, and proposes a way out of the difficulty. His plan is that Nathaniel shall marry an heiress.

But what he proposes is a new kind of fortune-hunting. This country of ours is full of towns, often of a very considerable size, in which the matrimonial market is chronically upset. All the brightest boys leave incontinently for the bigger field of the cities. But most of the girls are doomed to remain behind. In this broad land many a willing heiress pines in vain for a mate. Now Nathaniel, as Kellog remarks, has the best of manners and quite enough mind to shine above the indigenous youths. He proposes to stake Nathaniel for an heiress hunt in the interior.

Certain rules, however, are to be observed most strictly, for the leaven of Puritanism still lingers in the Hinterland. Nathaniel is to clothe himself with perfect neatness and in the latest fashions, but always in dark gray or black. He is to board with the most respectable widow available, read his Bible diligently, study late at night, go to church and prayer-meeting, and, above all, turn his back upon strong language, strong drink and tobacco. When he has established his reputation he is to apply for work as a clerk. There will be no need to propose to the heiress—even to tell her that he loves her. She will simply eat him up.

A favorable fate throws Nathaniel into a drug-store, the proprietor of which, a kindly inventor, is probably the one human being more unable to take care of himself than our hero. It is a long time since the stage has been enriched by a comedy situation more diverting than that in which Nathaniel sees the errors of Sam Graham's ways and pilots him up the road to business success. In the land of the blind, as the French say, the one-eyed people are kings; and Nathaniel, aided by his personal charm, his suit of solemn black and his unfailing attendance at church, soon makes Graham's drug-store the biggest thing in town. He meets the heiress the very first day, and almost poisons her trying to mix a glass of soda-water in the only manner he knows, that of the Waldorf bar. But she survives, and, in due course, throws herself upon his neck. Meantime, however, Nathaniel has fallen in love with Graham's daughter.

It is a bitter success; but there is one gleam of sunshine in it. Nathaniel is on the virtue-wagon for good and all. And now The Fortune Hunter becomes a morality play. Nathaniel lights a cigar and finds that his cleared and renovated palate abhors it. He takes a drink and it gags him. It is Wednesday evening, and he takes refuge from despair in church. In the end, of course, the heiress throws him over. He marries Betty Graham, and settles down to a lifetime of decent living and honest work.

It is, perhaps, the best evidence of the skill and truthfulness with which Mr Smith has told his story and Mr. Barrymore acted the part of Nathaniel, that for the moment one is convinced of the reality of the reformation. But all hands bear lightly on this side of the play. First and last it is a comedy, and a comedy that deserves to rank with the best of Hoyt and Ade.

Seven and One Half Millions of Dollars stand back of the "Standard" Guarantee. When you buy your bath tub do not fail to avail yourself of this guarantee

A good bath tub is not expensive—it is the so-called "cheap" tub that is expensive. When buying a bath tub, you are buying an article which your family and self want to use constantly with comfort and pleasure for years to come.

It will cost you equally as much to install a cheap tub as a good one. There is *no* saving in the cost of installation. The difference in the purchase price between a good bath tub and a cheap one is relatively small, especially when you distribute the cost over the many years' faithful service a good bath tub will give you. Then consider is the "cheap" tub cheap?

It is not necessary for you to go beyond your means to purchase a guaranteed bath tub. The two classifications of **"Standard"** Guaranteed Baths place a genuine Guaranteed **"Standard"** Bath within reach of every home owner.

The two classifications of **"Standard"** Guaranteed Baths are the Green and Gold Label brand and the Red and Black Label brand. **The "Standard" Green and Gold Label Bath is triple enameled. It carries a five year guarantee. The "Standard" Red and Black Label Bath is double enameled. It is guaranteed for two years.**

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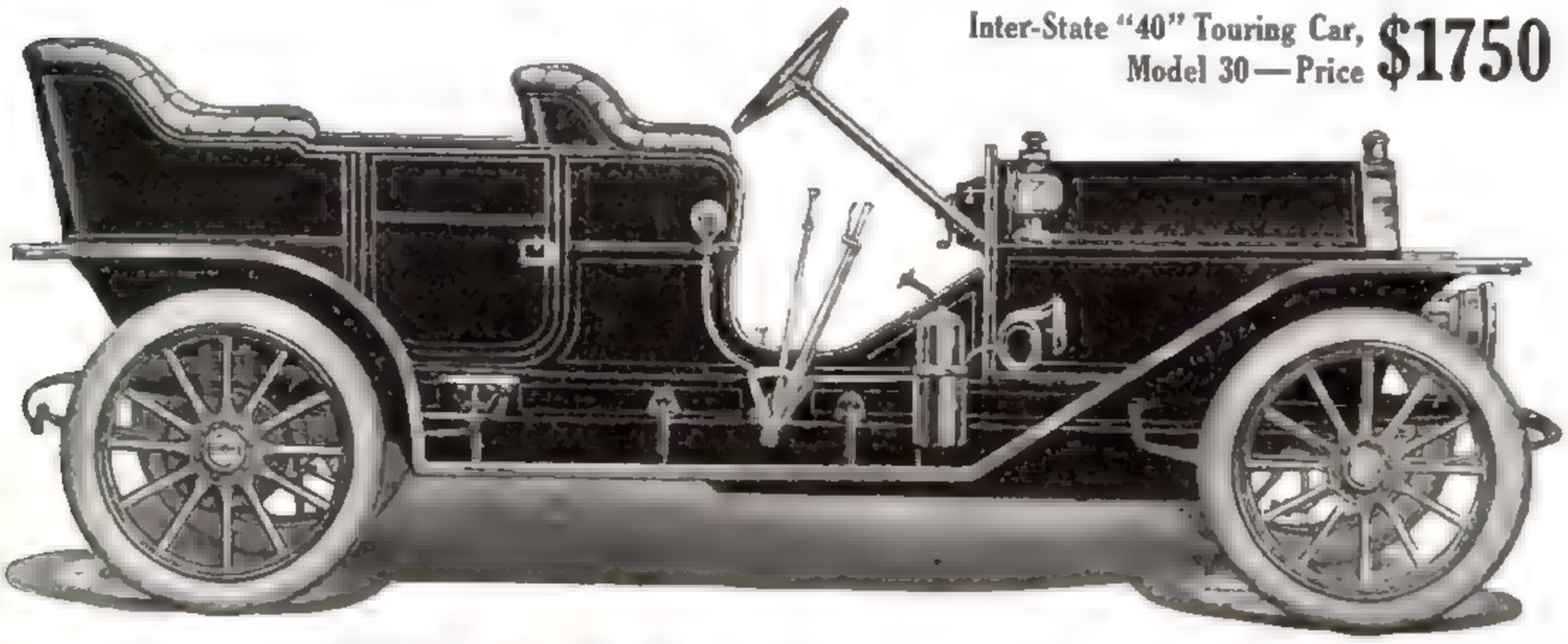

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In Performance, we still require to be shown that a car of equal power at ***any price*** can give more regular, even, consistent service with less trouble, expense and bother than the ***Inter-State.*** On the mud, sand and hills of difficult country roads the ***Inter-State*** passes many derelicts by the roadside, while it proceeds smoothly on its way. On the pavements and boulevards of the city its smoothness, quietness and supreme flexibility and ease of control make its operation a joy instead of a task. And on the long grueling run it will always be found well up toward the head of the list, and free from penalties. These are not theories or "hopes" but facts—demonstrated by ***Inter-State*** owners.

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Summary: Considered as a whole the ***Inter-State*** is as good a car as can be produced from the choicest material obtainable by men who ***know how.***

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If you are interested in a car made under such exacting conditions, we again urge you to see, compare and then decide for yourself. We will gladly abide by your decision.

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MOTOR—Four cylinders, vertical, cast in pairs, 4½ in. bore x 5 in. stroke. Cylinders, pistons and rings ground to exact size.

CRANK SHAFT—High-grade steel drop forging, double heat treated, and ground to exact dimensions.

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AXLE, REAR—Semi-floating type. Large shafts. Latest type Hyatt roller bearings, and improved ball bearings throughout.

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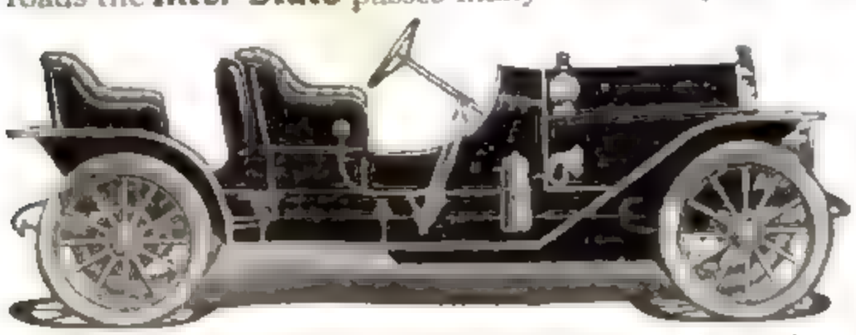

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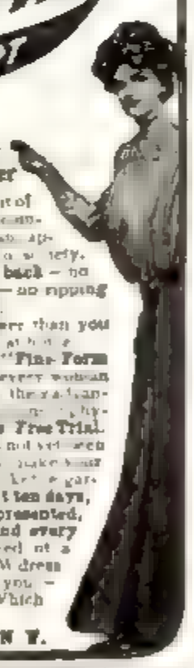

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Ole Skjarsen's First Touchdown

(Continued from Page 17)

"Stop, you mullethead," yelled Simpson above the roar of the auto those old machines could roar some, too. "What do you mean by running off with our ball? You're not supposed to do hare-and-hounds in football."

Ole kept on running. We drove the car on ahead, stopped it across the road, and jumped out to stop him. When the attempt was over three of us picked up the fourth and put him aboard. Ole had tramped on us and had climbed over the auto.

Force wouldn't do, that was plain. "Where are you going, Ole?" we pleaded as we tore along beside him.

"Aye ent know," he panted, laboring up a hill; "das ban fule game, Aye tenk."

"Come on back and play some more," we urged. "Bost won't like it, your running all over the country this way."

"Das ban my orders," panted Ole. "Aye ent no fule, yentlemen. Aye know ven Aye ban doing right teng. Master Bost he say 'Keep on running!' Aye guss I run till hal freeze on top. Aye ent know why. Master Bost he know, I tenk."

"This is awful," said Lambert, the manager of the team. "He's taken Bost literally again—the chump. He'll run till he lands up in those pine woods again. And that ball cost the association five dollars. Besides, we want him. What are we going to do?"

"I know," I said. "We're going back to get Bost. I guess the man who started him can stop him."

We left Ole still plugging north and ran back to town. The game was still hanging fire. Bost was tearing his hair. Of course, the Muggledorfer fellows could have insisted on playing, but they weren't anxious. Ole or no Ole, we could have walked all over them, and they knew it. Besides, they were having too much fun with Bost. They were sitting around, Indian-like, in their blankets, and every three minutes their captain would go and ask Bost with perfect politeness whether he thought they had better continue the game there or move it on to the next town in time to catch his fullback as he came through.

"Of course, we are in no hurry," he would explain pleasantly; "we're just here for amusement, anyway; and it's as much fun watching you try to catch your players as it is to get scored on. Why don't you hobble them, Mr. Bost? A fifty-yard rope wouldn't interfere much with that gay young Percheron of yours, and it would save you lots of time rounding him up. Do you have to use a lariat when you put his harness on?"

Fancy Bost having to take all that conversation, with no adequate reply to make. When I got there he was blue in the face. It didn't take him half a second to decide what to do. Telling the captain of the Siwash team to go ahead and play if Muggledorfer insisted, and on no account to use that 32 double-X play except on first downs, he jumped into the machine and we started for Ole.

There were no speed records in those days. Wouldn't have made any difference if there were. Harris just turned on all the juice his old double-opposed motor could soak up, and when we hit the wooden crossings on the outskirts of town we fellows in the tonneau went up so high that we changed sides coming down. It wasn't over twenty minutes till we sighted a little cloud of dust just beyond a little town to the north. Pretty soon we saw it was Ole. He was still doing his nine miles per. We caught up and Bost hopped out, still mad.

"Where in Billy-be-blamed are you going, you human trolley car?" he spluttered, sprinting along beside Skjarsen. "What do you mean by breaking up a game in the middle and vamoosing with the ball? Do you think we're going to win this game on mileage? Turn around, you chump, and climb into this car."

Ole looked around at him sadly. He kept on running as he did. "Aye ent eare to stop," he said. "Aye kent suit you, Master Bost. You tal me aye skoll du a teng, den you cuss me for duing et. You tal me not to du a teng and you cuss me some more den. Aye tenk I yust keep on a-running, lak yu tal me tu last night. Et ent so hard bein' cussed ven yu ban running."

"I tell you to stop, you potato-top," gasped Bost. By this time he was fifteen

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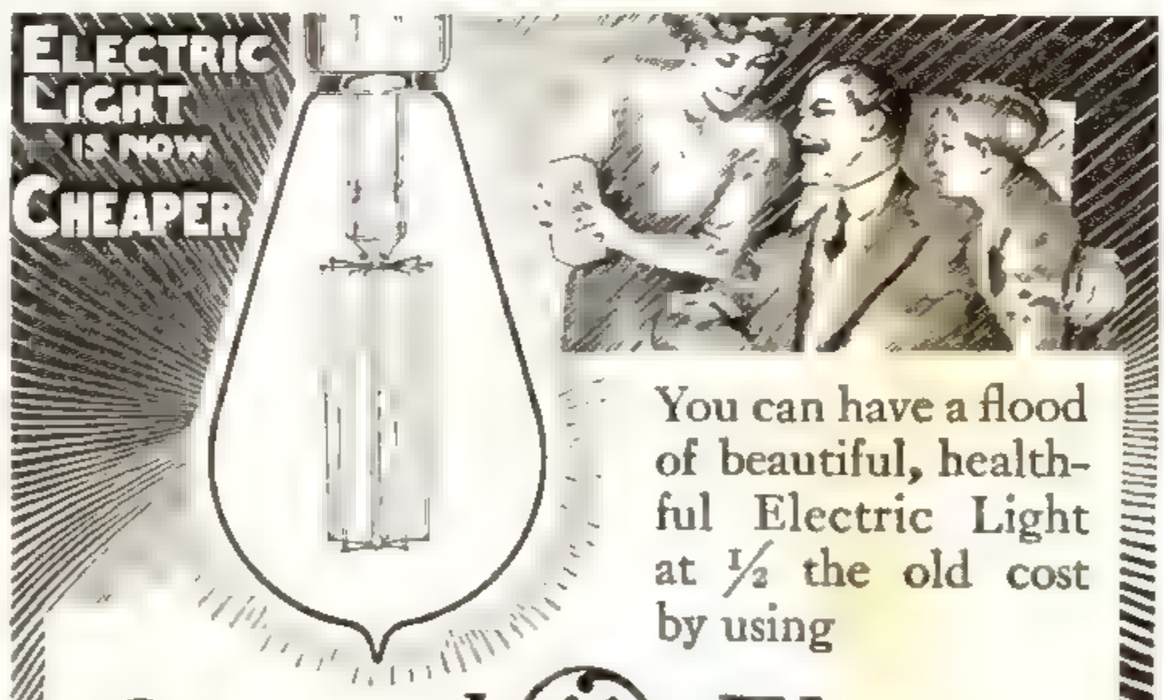

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yards behind and losing at every step. He had wasted too much breath on oratory. We picked him up in the car and set him alongside of Ole again.

"See here, Ole, I'm tired of this," he said, sprinting up by him again. "The game's waiting. Come on back. You're making a fool of yourself."

"Eny teng Aye du Aye ban beeg fule," said Ole gloomily. "Aye yust keep on runnin'. Fallers ent got breath to call me fule ven Aye run. Aye tenk das best vay."

We picked Bost up again thirty yards behind. Maybe he would have run better if he hadn't choked so in his conversation. In another minute we landed him abreast of Ole again. He got out and sprinted for the third time. He wabbled as he did it.

"Ole," he panted, "I've been mistaken in you. You are all right, Ole. I never saw a more intelligent fellow. I won't cuss you any more, Ole. If you'll stop now we'll take you back in an automobile—hold on there a minute; can't you see I'm all out of breath?"

"Aye ban gude faller, den?" asked Ole, letting out another link of speed

"You are a"—puff-puff—"peach, Ole," gasped Bost. "I'll"—puff-puff "never cuss you again. Please" puff-puff "stop! Oh, hang it, I'm all in." And Bost sat down in the road.

A hundred yards on we noticed Ole slacken speed. "It's sinking through his skull," said Harris eagerly. In another minute he had stopped. We picked up Bost again and ran up to him. He surveyed us long and critically

"Das ban qveer masheen," he said finally. "Aye tenk Aye lak Aye skoll be riding back in it. Aye ent care for das fullback game, Aye gass. It ban tu much running in it."

We took Ole back to town in twenty-two minutes, three chickens, a dog and a back spring. It was close to five o'clock when he ran out on the field again. The Muggledorfer team was still waiting. Time was no object to them. They would only play ten minutes, but in that ten minutes Ole made three scores. Five substitutes stood back of either goal and asked him with great politeness to stop as he tore over the line. And he did it. If any one else had run nine miles between halves he would have stopped a good deal short of the line. But as far as we could see, it hadn't winded Ole.

Bost went home by himself that night after the game, not stopping even to assure us that as a team we were beneath his contempt. The next afternoon he was, if anything, a little more vitriolic than ever—but not with Ole. Toward the middle of the signal practice he pulled himself together and touched Ole gently.

"My dear Mr. Skjarsen," he said apologetically, "if it will not annoy you too much, would you mind running the same way the rest of the team does? I don't insist on it, mind you, but it looks so much better to the audience, you know."

"Jas," said Ole; "Aye ban fule, Aye gass, but yu ban tu polite to say it."

THE LOSING GAME

(Continued from Page 21)

Chicago and Buffalo, from each of which a string of country branches was operated. These central offices were necessarily, in a measure, independent. Each had its own bank roll, settled the trades at its branches and paid its own losses without reference to the main establishment in St. Paul. This, as Pound was aware, laid him open in some degree to treachery on the part of a central manager; but he was willing to take some chances. He could afford to. A flood of money was pouring in upon him. By the time Mr. Lewis reopened his little shop at Bremen in October Pound's big concern had more than eight hundred thousand dollars in cash on deposit in various banks.

That was success. Yet the game was not going Pound's way altogether, by any means. Another and most unexpected element had entered.

Very soon after the Pounds took possession of the new, notably-swell apartment in the Cleopatra their social area was much extended. In the first place, Emma proposed to bring on her younger sister from Chicago to live with them. They were not a pair that banked much on relations. As a matter of fact, Pound had only the most nebulous of ideas concerning this sister. He had heard Emma mention her; knew

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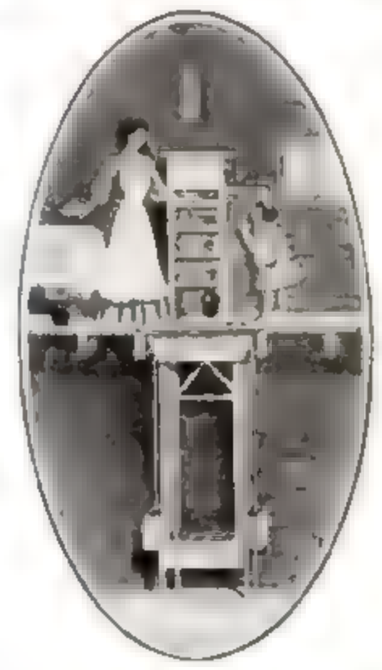

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that she was of that very humble social stratum from which Emma herself had arisen by native genius. He seemed to remember vaguely that she had a job in a patent-medicine office, addressing circulars, or something of that kind. He knew that Emma had been sending her comparatively small sums of money. But his total interest in the subject was exceedingly slight. He had, however, no objection whatever to adopting her into the household—precisely because he didn't really intend to depend so very much upon the household himself. With the new freedom to spend money liberally he was finding pleasant ways of disposing of his leisure outside. With Pound's concurrence, therefore, Emma went to fetch her sister.

A week later, having been notified of his wife's return and going home to dinner, Pound discovered the sisters sitting side by side in the swell flat. Almost at once he perceived in Emma something really unexpected, which her rather affectionate, sisterly talk of May had not prepared him for. This was, that toward the sister Emma was fond, gentle, protective. But the real surprise was May herself.

She was the younger by five years, slender and graceful. Her hair was less dark than Emma's, her eyes more brown. Her brow was sloping, her lips and chin full and tender, so that her profile was really charming. Giving Pound her slim hand, smiling, she blushed from sheer nervousness and somehow reminded him of a shy, fluttered bird. He met her with hearty jocularity. She smiled and laughed with faint blushes and little nervous movements of her head, often turning to Emma as though referring Pound's jocular sallies to her, as a dutiful child to its master. He kept thinking of a bird, docile and trustful, yet constantly with little uneasy flutterings of a native instinct to fly away.

He had gathered, rather indifferently, certain broad impressions of Emma's home and childhood—a dubious father somewhat addicted to drink and idleness, with a domineering, uncertain temper; a worried, fretful mother; protracted financial periods of hard sledding for the household. Someway, he imagined the vigorous, courageous, self-reliant elder sister habitually taking this softer being under her competent wing. Emma had told him once that her childhood was exceedingly troublous, partly because it made her crazy to see her mother always submitting spinelessly to the unreasonable head of the house.

"I suppose," she had said, "I had my small cocoanut batted as far as from here to the North Pole before I finally got it fixed in my mind that even if father was unreasonable he was stronger than I was and could lick me. Ever since then I've had fine control of my temper. I never sass anybody unless, as you might say, I have an axe handy."

Such, Pound imagined, was the atmosphere in which the sisters stood together—the one protective, the other clinging. May at once became a factor of considerable importance in the house. Pound felt toward her as toward a nice child; was really delighted that she could enjoy the novel things which his money provided—the swell apartment, the electric runabout, pretty dresses, the theater, and so on.

Emma and May had not returned from Chicago alone. A young man named Tommy Watrous came with them. As Emma explained, Tommy was that cashier in the bucketshop of Hilpricht & Co. who had given her the tip that the detective was on their trail. She had encountered him in Chicago by chance. Hilpricht & Co. had gone up and Tommy was out of a job. So Emma had told him to come along; Pound would place him somewhere.

Watrous was a mere youth, hardly as old as Emma, slim and of rather effeminate appearance. A faint, girlish pink lingered in his smooth cheeks. He had deep blue eyes, and the yellow hair curled over his forehead. Pound accepted him good-naturedly and gave him a minor position. Soon, however, Tommy won advancement. The rapidly-expanding business of the bucketshop constantly required more bright men, and Pound was not long in discovering that Tommy, in spite of his girlish blue eyes and curly hair, was very bright. Tommy was a frequent visitor at the swell apartment; indeed, was fairly at home there. On this social side he was not only good company, but quite useful. If Pound didn't come home to dinner—which happened rather often—Tommy

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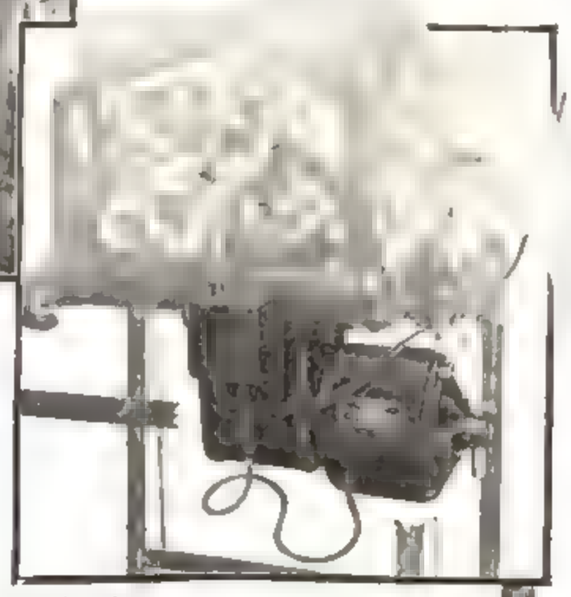

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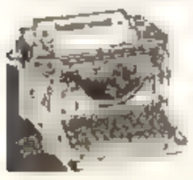

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was company for the ladies. Or if Pound and Emma spent an evening out when it was not convenient to have May along, Tommy could take her to the theater.

Even before May appeared Pound was living more freely—if not, on the whole, more commendably. Several resorts of the sporty and extravagant began to know him familiarly. Presently, when he dropped in after office hours, there would be somebody to call him familiarly by his first name. Sociability progressed rapidly in that atmosphere. When half a dozen of them were seated comfortably around a table, and a waiter whose deferential expectancy was proportioned to the liberality of their tips stood by, the order might be small beer or high balls or a magnum of champagne, just as it happened. The talk was very much of baseball, horse-races and prize-fights and the odds thereon.

There was "Doc" Lester, a huge man of forty, with popping gray eyes and a neatly-trimmed brown beard—neatly dressed also, save for an enormous diamond ring—whose composed, deliberate air gave additional force to his broad jokes. The "Doctor" was really a flourishing bookmaker and poolroom operator. He occupied another of the swell apartments at the Cleopatra, and his good-natured wife was soon on friendly terms with Mrs. Pound. There was Mullens, the rich horseman, very red and fat, consuming remarkable quantities of liquor, bestrewing his crimson path with banknotes. There was wiry little Pemberton, who had a Jewish name before he made a pile in timber land, drinking abstemiously and always badgering the others to make bets with him, which he usually won.

It was by no means an exclusively masculine sociability. Quite often the Lesters, the Mullenses and the Pounds, or some four of the six, made up a little party, took dinner downtown and went to the theater. In the most expensive dining-rooms they were well known and had the best service, for they spent money liberally. Sometimes Mullens entertained them at his own home.

Now, Emma really liked good-natured Mrs. Lester. But this social life, as a whole, she really didn't like. Aside from her keen interest in business, her tastes were quite simple and domestic, and her mind was essentially of an orderly, economical sort. It disturbed her to see Mullens give a ten-dollar bill for a tip, much as an immoral act disturbs an orthodox person. No matter how much money one had, she couldn't see the sense in just throwing it away. Two bottles of champagne for six or seven persons might be well enough; but when it got up to four she was annoyed. This was not altogether on the ground of cost, either. She knew well enough it wasn't really good for her husband to be sitting up night after night guzzling champagne. She knew, at the same time, an objection from her would carry little weight. In the general interests of the firm she deemed it rather better that she should go along than that she should stay at home.

By personal preference she would often have stayed at home. The riotous Mullenses especially were distasteful to her. Mrs. Mullens had grown stout and middle-aged, but seemed to nourish a delusion that she could conceal both facts—the one by violent lacing, the other by powder, paint and hair-dye. Mullens himself she regarded as merely a pig. Sometimes toward the end of an evening he told stories that offended her, for aside from business she was a quite proper, conventional person. In these parties May was not included.

As for Pound, he seemed to take increasing delight in his sporty and bibulous companions. About as often as not he failed to come home to dinner. In business he was headstrong, peremptory, testy. He seemed to feel a kind of chronic, nettling impatience with Emma. Yet sometimes he would come straight home from the office, spend the whole afternoon and evening there very quietly, restfully, gently. He would watch May make some foolish thing with a bit of cloth and colored-silk threads, crack jokes at her, trying to make her open her brown eyes wide with surprise; trying to make her laugh low and sweetly; noting the nervous, graceful little turnings of her head, her little starts and faint blushes, as of a fluttered bird; furtively and long watching her full, tender lips and chin.

Something astonishing had happened to him. He was very successful, fast becoming a millionaire. Yet in the hour of accomplishing the only success he had dreamed of he had been secretly stricken down to the ground. At first he would hardly believe

Ralston WEEKLY CATALOGUE

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ANOTHER ONE NEXT WEEK

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Unless made by Kirstein it can't be a *Shur-on.*

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At your dealers, or we will send a pound box prepaid for $1. *One* sample box for 40c and your dealer's name.

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Every grain of tobacco burns to a white ash. No wet residue to throw away about the last whiff as with pipes of the [illegible] type. Leaves no offensive odor on the hands or clothes. Send for one. *Smoke it* and if you [illegible] your money will be refunded. Pipe with handsome, durable case, $2 00. Without case, $1 50. Postpaid. State preference for straight or curved stem. Send for FREE booklet "HISTORY OF SMOKING."

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Lots of Fun for a Dime Fits roof of mouth, always invisible, greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like horse, whistle like a bird, bray like a donkey and imitate voices and beasts of field and forest. **Loads of Fun.** Wonder for entertainers. Thousands sold. Price only 10c. 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. **Double Throat Co., Dept. 27, Frankstown, N. J.**

CLASS PINS
WRITE FOR CATALOG
THE D. L. AULD CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO, U.S.A.

it. Such a thing had happened to him only once in his life, and that long ago. He felt he wasn't the sort of person to whom it would happen again. Then, going home abruptly of an afternoon, he found May alone. That was certainly a thing to have been expected. But his heart swelled up into his throat as though he had been a smitten, babbling, callow youth. They talked just as they had often talked before about nothing in particular. She laughed at his brotherly jokes, swaying toward him a little, her head to one side, blushing slightly, showing all her white teeth. She wouldn't sing for him. Oh, no! She shook her head, laughing. Perhaps she would some other time. That was really all. They heard Emma come in, and he betook himself to the room they called the library. Standing by the window and staring blankly out, he heard his wife's brisk, cheerful, businesslike voice. It grated on his nerves like a file.

"Why didn't I wait?" he thought with despair. "I might have married her!"

Then he was filled with a sullen, angry sort of shame. An absurd thing to happen to him—as though he were a green youngster. This was largely why he stayed away from home so often and drank so much champagne.

Emma, with all her shrewdness, was quite at a loss. She couldn't understand what had got into the man. He seemed almost feverishly restless, impatient of everything but especially impatient of her very patient self. He seemed not to wish to talk with her any more. Any opposition from her made him lose his temper. Yet she was quite sure that when he spent evenings away from home it was with his men pals. She was at a loss

She and May came home from downtown one afternoon in October, and May happened to walk into the sitting-room first. She wore a very pretty dress, with a wrap and hat that became her exceedingly. The crisper air made her eyes sparkle and gave a warmer color to her cheeks. Pound was in the sitting-room, a prey to nameless lonesomeness and gnawing dissatisfaction. He turned his head quickly as she entered, and the inexplicable charm worked. A joyous flood swept over him.

"Oh, May!" he cried with delight, and started toward her heedlessly. There is no telling what might have happened, for at the moment the man had quite lost self-control. But he took only a couple of steps and stopped abruptly.

May herself had drawn back, her lips apart, rather startled at this brotherly joke. But that was not what stopped him. Emma stood on the threshold, looking him full in the face. He made a clumsy joke, at which May laughed a little nervously. But Emma's dark, steady eyes drew his own. He had to look at her; and he reddened, for he saw that at length she had seized his secret. Obviously, it was not a secret that made for domestic harmony.

Pound hardly knew what did happen the next few minutes. He found himself puttering idiotically around the center-table, speaking at random. Then he sneaked off to the library, half expecting that Emma would follow and accuse him. He felt again that sullen, angry shame. Why should this fate happen to him, making him act like a moonstruck, babbling youth? Presently he left the house. By that time he was full of causeless and defiant wrath against Emma. She might, he assured himself bitterly, go to the deuce, for all he cared.

Emma heard him go, but had not the slightest wish to intercept him. She saw to it first that May was put quite at ease. Then she became very thoughtful indeed.

The next afternoon Tommy Watrous dropped in at the swell apartment, as he had a habit of doing. Pound had charged him to tell Emma that business had called him to Chicago; he might be gone for some time. Tommy delivered the message casually. As casually Emma received it. Tommy had another and, apparently, a more significant bit of news. That day, for the first time, the bucketshop's total bank roll reached one million dollars.

"A million dollars," Emma repeated, musing, her dark eyes veiled by long lashes. "Well, Tommy," she commented rather absently, "that's some money. I believe I could live pretty comfortably on a million dollars." She glanced up at Tommy, a slight, enigmatical smile lurking at the corners of her lips and in her eyes. "I don't know but I'll try it," she added softly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

We speak of the *good* old days—the charming graces and courtly ways. —But do we forget that they did not know

Uneeda Biscuit

The Soda Cracker that is the delight of this day and generation.

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BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE

$1 DOWN

$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, etc., free

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The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalogue.

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Send us your name and address mentioning your local shoeman and we will send you our novel toilet powder preparation, imported from Paris,

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FREE OF CHARGE
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Your Christmas Money

$25.00 a Week

will be paid to any young man or young woman who will send an average of six subscriptions a day for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL each working day during the next few weeks and a permanent position thereafter on the same salaried basis

¶ We want to introduce THE POST and THE JOURNAL to a large number of new readers this Fall and Winter and need a lot of new workers to do it. These we will pay liberally for their work. There isn't a cent of expense to you; your only investment is the whole or a part of your time.

We pay much larger salaries than twenty-five dollars a week, and some smaller. It all depends on you. Prove what you can do in November, and make a permanent arrangement for the entire winter.

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a big monthly magazine about the wonderful industrial developments, investments, opportunities and rural life in the land of sunshine. Get acquainted before you come. 3 months' trial subscription only 10c. **Western Empire, 204 Times Block, Los Angeles, Cal.**

BETTER AMERICANS OR WORSE?

(Continued from Page 11)

insane, mild as well as unmanageable, are intrusted to them instead of being cared for by their own families. They also are inclined to hold that insanity is in no sense a special result of civilization, inasmuch as in every nation it is the lowest and most illiterate class that contributes the highest percentage to the insane asylums. That it is not American civilization in particular that is producing it we may feel sure from the fact that our foreign-born population contributes from twenty to thirty-five per cent more of its numbers to our asylums than does the average of our native-born population, and that the most highly civilized and most purely American classes in our republic contribute the smallest percentage.

A similar situation exists in regard to crime. Upon the face of the records there is an apparent increase in crime, both absolute and in proportion to the population. But while the subject is too wide to enter into here, when further analyzed the figures are found to consist chiefly in a great and disproportionate increase in minor offenses, especially among children, and in arrests for drunkenness or the violation of municipal laws.

The percentage of the frequency of all serious crimes has steadily and, in many cases, markedly diminished on both sides of the Atlantic, with the single and somewhat unexpected exception of the crime of homicide. This, however, is not peculiar to America, as the relative increase of this crime is almost equally marked in several European countries, although nowhere reaching the disgraceful frequency which disfigures our records. The presumption is that it is largely due to the wide diffusion and low price of pistols and revolvers—firearms that can be carried readily concealed about the person, and which convert encounters formerly resulting only in broken heads and a few bruises and slashes into fatal tragedies.

The Criminal Classes

It must be remembered that crime is literally created by law, in the sense that it is made very largely by definition of what constitutes it. For instance, trivial misdemeanors and escapades, such as robbing orchards and "smouching" watermelons, whose perpetrators formerly were punished—when caught—by a dogbite or the application of a shingle, now in our huge city communities are serious offenses against the integrity of fruitstands and the sanctity of grocery stores, and get into the police courts and the publicity of the papers. Similarly, as the density of our population increases and our sanitary conscience awakens, acts like walking on the grass, or picking flowers, or spitting on the sidewalk, which in the open country are trivial and harmless, are in a park or city street serious offenses, punishable with fine and imprisonment.

There is some slight cheer for us in the fact, first, that other nations are just as bad as we are—and indeed, so far as contrasts on this side of the Atlantic go, apparently worse; for again the consoling statistics show that while of our native-born population 1233 per million are criminals, of our foreign-born population 1788 per million are criminals. In our large cities, where our native-born white population furnishes fifty-five per cent of the total, it contributes only forty-three per cent of the criminals, as against fifty-six per cent from the foreign-born. Strangely enough, in the gravest crime, homicide, supposed to be so peculiarly American and impulsive, the figures are most unexpectedly encouraging, as our native white population, constituting eighty-five per cent, furnishes forty per cent of the homicides, while our foreign-born furnishes more than double its proper percentage.

Upon another count statistics are apparently in favor of the pessimists, and that is on the question of the decline of our birth-rate. That such a decline exists there can be no serious question, but whether it is a sign of racial degeneracy or not is an entirely different matter. The question is such a wide and wrathful one that it would be folly to attempt to enter into it here, but I should like to suggest briefly, first of all, that this sign of decay is again not peculiar

POMPEIAN

Introduces you to your handsomer self

TIME—One hour before the "curtain goes up."

PLACE—Any one of several million homes where Pompeian Massage Cream is used.

THE CAST—A man and wife who insist on being "Pompeian Clean" before "being seen."

SHE—A woman who has discovered how Pompeian Massage Cream freshens and clears the complexion; how it rubs in and rolls out; how it brings out pore-dirt that even soap and water can't reach; how it removes "shine" and sallowness; how it does the work of face-powders without their harmful, pore-clogging results; and how it preserves youth and beauty by preventing wrinkles and other ravages of time and worry.

HE—A man who has discovered that Pompeian Massage Cream is indispensable after a shave, or after a day's dusty work or sport. He knows that Pompeian takes out of the pores all smarting soap particles or infecting dust and soot. He knows, as you should know, how Pompeian strengthens the skin for easy, close shaving, and soon brings that healthy, ruddy glow of the athlete. Pompeian is rubbed in and rubbed out. Nothing is left on the face. It is the *complete* cleanser.

¶ **BOTH OF THEM** have long considered Pompeian a household product whose presence is a true delight and whose absence is a cause of regret.

¶ POMPEIAN has been known to the public only 8 years, but today enjoys the largest patronage of all face creams. This should indicate much merit. Ask Her to write "Pompeian" on tomorrow's shopping list. Sold by all dealers. 50c, 75c and $1.

¶ TRIAL Jar, for 6c in stamps or coin. Read calendar offer, then fill out coupon at once.

"THANK YOU!"

(Also last call for Poster-Calendars. Use Coupon now.)

"Pompeian Beauty" says "thank you" to the many thousands who sent in request-coupons for the 1910 Pompeian Massage Cream Poster-Calendar. She also says "thank you" to the many thousands who *meant* to order, and who will NOW do so.

An extra 50,000 copies of "Pompeian Beauty" have been ordered because of the hearty response to the first offer in the Sept. 25th issue of this magazine; which offer promised delivery by Dec. 1st, and not immediately, as some hasty readers thought.

It is very gratifying to the makers of Pompeian that the public should pay such a fine and practical tribute to the beauty of "Pompeian Beauty." Our mails are filled with eulogies to the lavender-and-gold lady, and the advance orders are unprecedented in calendar history. Details of the unique returns from the September page offer in this magazine are given below. Order your Calendar today. Supply is limited. Procrastination is also the thief of opportunity!

Read Description. Then Act.

Our lavender-and-gold 1910 Poster-Calendar panel is 3 feet high and 7¼ inches wide. The small reproduction of "Pompeian Beauty," as shown on the right, gives but a faint idea of the exquisite detail of color and costume. No advertising matter is printed on front of panel—just the artist's name-plate as you see it in the small reproduction herewith. 1910 Calendar is printed on rear to permit of artistic framing, but the panel effect obviates the necessity of framing. A loop at top permits of easy hanging. This "Pompeian Beauty" girl will be the Poster-Calendar sensation of 1910. The supply is limited—send for one early enough to avoid disappointment. Write now before you lay this magazine aside. Enclose 10c in coin or stamps. For 16c we will send a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream, the standard face cream, and "Pompeian Beauty," 3 feet high and in lavender-and-gold. You may order either or both. Calendar sent about Dec. 15.

"Stubborn Calendar Man" who wrote the Poster-Calendar announcement in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Sept. 25th issue, also says "thank you" to the thousands who responded so promptly. Particularly is his appreciation here expressed to the several hundred who personally wrote him their good wishes in his endeavor "to overwhelm the Board of Directors with an avalanche of 50,000 request-coupons in one week."

"I won but I lost" is my answer to the many who wanted to be informed about my success in trying to get 50,000 advance orders in one week for "Pompeian Beauty." I won because the response was heavy enough to persuade the Board of Directors to let me order a total of 100,000 calendars instead of 50,000, and insert a calendar offer in 25 magazines. I lost because only 12,000 responded to the appeal in the *Post*, and several thousand more from another publication. The President of the Company was right. I couldn't overcome human nature. People will procrastinate. Still, the response broke all records for similar efforts. Inability to show "Pompeian Beauty" in her true and beautiful colors; the necessary distant future date of delivery (two months)—all combined with human nature against me. However, I surprised the "conservative element," and won my point.

If you are one of the many thousand who in spirit or in deed, wished me "good luck," you will do me a courtesy and a friend a favor, by cutting off this coupon and handing it to him or her for filling out.

(Signed) **"The Stubborn Calendar Man."**

Read Coupon Carefully. Send stamps or coin.

Pompeian Mfg. Co.,
49 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—You will know by the amount of money I enclose whether I wish a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream (6c), or a 3 foot lavender-and-gold copy of 1910 "Pompeian Beauty" (10c), or both (16c). I understand that the trial jar is sent at once and the calendar about Dec. 15th.

Your Name .....

Complete Address .....

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A Revelation to Smokers

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Just What EVERY SMOKER Has Wished For

Style X $1. Style [illegible] $5. Style XX Sterling Silver [illegible] $5. Each pipe in Fancy Velvet Lined Case. Best Straight Cut Vulcanite Rubber Stems. Mailed postpaid with [illegible] money's refunded upon return of Pipe. Write for terms and pipe booklet.

Dealers: [illegible] Write for terms and pipe booklet.

WIZARD

Mono-rail JUMPING TOP!

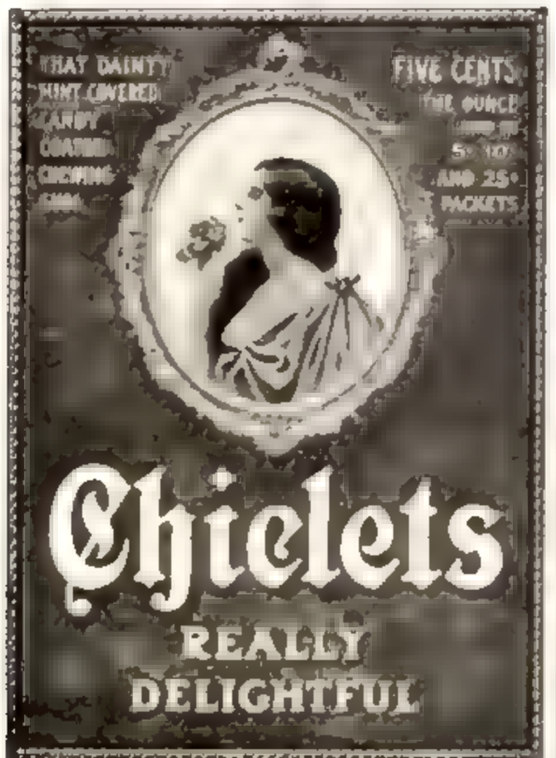
Greatest Fun Maker and Mystifier Ever Invented. Travels to Front [illegible] Will Keep Set Indefinitely. Mystifies Everybody. Amuses Children and Grown-ups. Can be [illegible] Ass'n Car [illegible]

50c

Postage, 6c, or ask your dealer.

Or, nickel-plated, special Xmas packing $1. [illegible] on the tip of finger and [illegible] edge of [illegible]

WIZARD PATENT DEVELOPING CO., Inc.
Dept. 6, 127 W. 31st Street, New York



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This Morris Chair in Quartered White Oak costs you the high price at any store you save half or more buying direct from our factory "in sections" ready to fasten and stain. Choice of seven finishes.

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OVER ONE HUNDRED other handsome pieces in our new catalog. Write for it today.

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causes pain through the feet and legs similar to rheumatism. You can prevent all this by wearing the

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C & H ARCH Instep Supports

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to America, but is going on at present in every nation of Europe, even of those that are most rapidly advancing in civilization and prestige, like England, Germany and France; and second, that it is not in any sense due to the decline of any racial vigor.

As to what the future may have in store for us, that would require the gift of prophecy to predict. There appears, however, no more biologic ground to dread it today than our forefathers had a century ago—in many respects less. The only signs of danger are the rapid and enormous increase of our city-dwelling population as compared with those residing in the open country, the filling up and fencing of the larger part of our richest and most desirable soil areas, and the ever-increasing flood of European immigration of alleged questionable character.

On the other hand, we have a sanitary science far superior to theirs; a keener and tenderer public conscience, a broader and a kindlier humanity, and a passion for justice and fairness and freedom which is in no way inferior to theirs. By the use of the new forces harnessed to our civilization, under the guidance of aroused public conscience, we are converting our great cities into places as healthful and law-abiding as was the open country a century ago, and far more cheerful and desirable as places to live. Though the best of our land is cleared and occupied, the new-born science of agriculture is so enormously increasing the returns of our labors that five acres today will support a family in greater comfort than five hundred would a century ago. Our racial outlook is at least as favorable as it ever was.

Disguising Toil

When I was just a little boy and sent to cut the weeds,
I played myself a hero bold and given to mighty deeds;
I played myself an armored knight, my scythe a broadsword keen,
The weeds an army of my foes come marching o'er the green;
I laid my good broadsword about, they broke and ran pell-mell,
At every stroke some stubborn lout and his retainers fell.
And when I told them of my play, with lusty shouts and glee,
The neighbor boys brought scythes and fell to cutting weeds for me.

When I was just a little boy and sent to cut the wood,
I played myself a frontier scout, six feet in buckskin stood;
I played the redmen swarmed about and all the timbers laid
Must be quick hewn and fashioned for an old frontier stockade;
Quick fell my axe with flashing blade, for all about I heard
The warwhoop of the warriors who in the thicket stirred.
And when I told them of my play, with lusty strokes and cry,
The neighbor boys fell to and wrought my woodpile brimming high.

When I was just a little boy and sent to scrub the walk
With hose and broom, I used to play it was the good ship Hawk
Or Hornet, Spider or Whatnot, afire far out at sea,
Nor help at hand where'er I looked, to windward or to lee;
And how I fought the tongues of flame that swept by stern and bow!
The clouds of smoke that rolled above—I almost see them now!
And when I told them of my play, with many a cheer and shout,
The neighbor boys plied hose and broom to put the fire out.

And when I had to shovel snow I led some hardy band
Of undismayed discoverers, in far-off Arctic land;
With stores and goods and blubber, too, all buried deep below
The mark that I had left beneath some good six feet of snow;
And almost famished, there I dug, full knowing I should find
At last the goodly stores of stuff that we had left behind,
And when I told them of my play, with many a lusty shout,
The neighbor boys plied willing spades and helped me dig them out. —*J. W. Foley.*

The man *outside* and the man *inside* *both* know that a Sincerity Overcoat is right. The one can *see* the *style* and the other can *feel* the *comfort*. The *collar* and the *lapel* of the coat *underneath* won't *peep out*. Big shoulders—firm, *unbreakable* lapels—never bulky—*warm* enough for the *keenest* cold, but *light* enough not to be a *burden*. Many *different* sorts—many different *prices*. Plain and fancy cloths; *young men's* models, and more *conservative* ideas for their *elders*.

Sincerity Clothes

A book which shows them and describes details, sent if you ask for it. There's a dealer in most every town.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.

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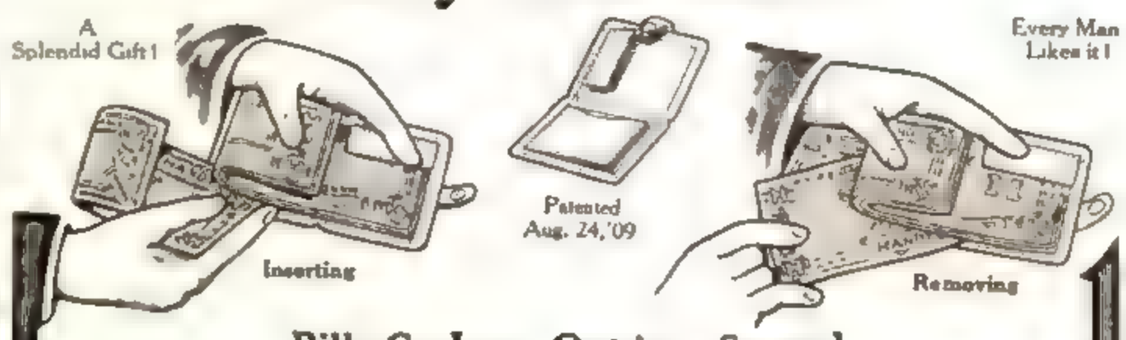
The Handiest Way to Carry Your Bills!



Bills Go In or Out in a Second Without Fuss or Fumble!

The bill slips in underneath other bills—in a twinkling.

HANDY BILL FOLD

Any bill comes out quickly, without disturbing any other bill.

The Handy Bill Fold is the "slickest" bill fold you ever saw. It's the *easiest* way to handle your bills—better than a wallet or card case—better than a loose "roll"—better than any other way. Every man who sees it used—who sees how simple and HANDY it is, wants one at once. No other bill fold is so *thin*—so *light*—so *ideal* for the pocket.

Ordinary bill fold, containing 20 bills. Note how bulky!

Handy Bill Fold, containing 20 bills. Note how thin and neat!

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If your dealer can't supply you, write to us direct. In Seal Grain, $1.00; Genuine Seal, $1.50; Genuine English Pigskin, $2.00.

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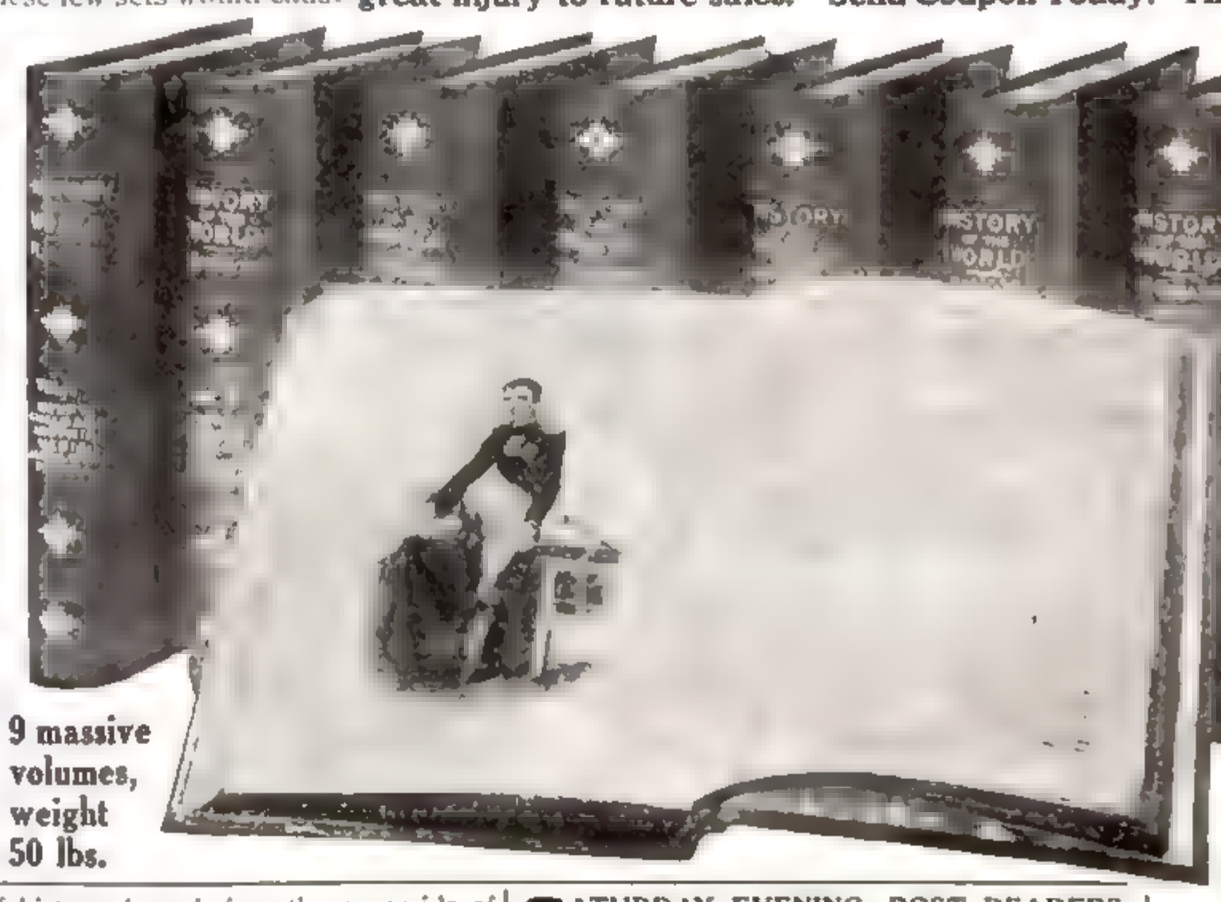

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ADVENTURES IN HOME-MAKING

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

A White-Paneled Dining-Room

WHAT a single, solitary, lone, unmated table-leg did for our dining-room, and how a pair of glass doors dropped in by the merest chance to solve a puzzling problem, were among the queer adventures that showed anew that in home-making one must at every turn be on the lookout for unexpected opportunities.

The Window-Seat and Bank of Windows

Considering what the dining-room was when we found it, and how completely its aspect and construction have been changed, and at how slight an expense, makes it clear that no one should permit himself to be deterred from alterations. After all, your house should be for the satisfaction of your own tastes and desires. It should not be allowed to mould you to its faults. Your house should be your servant, not your master.

A friend comes to mind who for fourteen years has planned an alteration which would add daily to his enjoyment. He is independently rich. He still speaks of the alteration as something as ardently desired as when he first spoke of it, fourteen years ago. It could be begun and finished in less than a week and for a total of not over fifty dollars. Yet to him it is still as the unattainable moon to the longing child, just because he can't put himself in the mood to see how easily things can be done.

To begin with, our dining-room had scarcely a single one of the points which a good dining-room ought to have. It was, indeed, well lighted; but even this virtue was faulty, for the changing of windows was an imperative necessity.

What the Dining-Room Ought to Be

A dining-room deserves special consideration; for, although only a small part of each day is spent there, it is a very important part. Good digestion is far more likely to wait on appetite if the appetite is satisfied in a room where mind and eye and body are alike rested and pleased. A dining-room ought to be not only comfortable, but attractive; not only attractive, but comfortable. Smollett somewhere describes a dining-room that was a large Gothic hall paved with marble, but so cold, in spite of a fire, that the guests' teeth actually chattered.

To begin with, we visualized what we wished the dining-room to be, and we imagined the general result—a square room with a round table in the center; a square room paneled, with a bank of windows and a fireplace. A dining-room ought to be practically square because it is a room in which everything happens in the middle. There ought to be a fireplace, not as sole reliance for heating, but to give an air of comfort, of cheer, of homelikeness. We wished paneling, for, in our opinion, not even the best of wall-paper equals in appearance and dignity the fine lines of good paneling. Nor need paneling necessarily be expensive; it may be very moderate in cost, and its permanency more than makes up for the first difference in cost.

That we did not have any paneling material, that there was no bank of windows, that there was no fireplace of any kind, that the room was not well shaped—these were not prohibitive details. The important thing is to make a mental picture of your ideal, and then go ahead and make the picture real. In home-making one must get his facts from his imagination. If we could do what we did with this dining-room, anybody can do anything reasonable with any room.

What Carpenters and Plumbers Did

As we found it, the dining-room was seventeen feet six by fourteen feet six. It was separated from the kitchen by a serving pantry which was far from necessary, seventeen feet six by four and a half feet. There was also a bay window of peculiar unsightliness which increased the size in the long dimension. The natural and obvious thing to do was to take down the partition between pantry and dining-room and take off the bay window, and thus have a dining-room seventeen feet six by nineteen feet. This possibility again showed the advantage likely to accrue from having a house a little larger than one's absolute needs. It is well to have somewhat of leeway in alterations; it is easier to take down than to build.

The taking down of the partition and the merging of the two spaces was an easy task. Fortunately, the partition rested on the floor, so there was no floor patching necessary; but even if the partition had gone right through the floor the subsequent repairing would not have been at all serious. It cannot too often be insisted upon that partitions should never be allowed to stand in the way of improvements.

There was an outfit of pipes and faucets and sink for the washing of fine dishes in that pantry, and with the partition down these would be in full view in the dining-room. They must, therefore, be taken out. At the same time it would be foolish to do away with expensive plumbing and piping if it could be readily put up elsewhere. The pipes came up on one side of a partition wall running down into the cellar. A plumber turned them up on the other side of the wall, so as to emerge in the kitchen. There a carpenter rearranged the dripboards, and thus this plumbing was made a matter of use and convenience, supplementary to the other faucets and sink already in the kitchen, and at a total cost of five dollars and a half.

The serving pantry had a window which now came in a corner of the dining-room—not where it ought to be; therefore, it was taken out and the wall closed with lath and plaster, a matter of but a few hours'

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work. Such changes are easily made, especially when other rough structural work is in progress.

The big bay window, ugly, awkward, ungraceful, square-angled, was on the same side of the room and ran up to the second story. Externally, it was even worse than on the inside, and so it had to be taken out and the space closed in. A bank of three windows was to be put in instead, but the same space would only partially do, as the bay window was not in the middle of the room as newly shaped. It was necessary to open a new space in the wall as well as to close up for the bay.

The three windows banked in the middle of this wall are of heavy and solid construction and of just the height to reach from the cornice-line to the top of a window-seat just seventeen inches above the floor, a good height for sitting. It is astonishing what character and effectiveness are gained by having the windows come so low. It is one of the greatest mistakes to have windows set high above the floor. It was particularly desirable here to have the windows low in this dining-room, as on this side of the house the ground drops away in a long slope, making an attractive little view down to the springhouse and pool.

There is no window-sill under these windows, the place of sills being taken by the long, flat board of the window-seat.

The panes are small—eight by eleven; and there are twenty-four in the center one and eighteen in each of the side ones. It is impossible to make large panes of glass harmonize with Colonial effects. And for any house small panes are likely to look better than large ones. A bank of sixty small panes can scarcely fail to be admirably effective.

The corner where the door led into the kitchen made a bad break in the line of the room, a clumsy recess from which opened the door into the kitchen and a door upon the rear stairway. This latter door had, too, the additional disadvantage, from the point of looks, of swinging at a step level seven inches above the floor. There was much cogitation as to how to remedy this corner. A grille or a pair of curtains suggested themselves, but the remedy would have been worse than the disease. There seemed nothing left but a partition and a wooden door. This last was seriously considered, but would have formed a dark and tiny hallway.

It was while we were thinking of one plan and another for the squaring of that corner and while the wall for the windows was being carpentered into shape that the pair of glass doors dropped in. Glass doors—just the thing! To be sure, they did not look like glass doors when we first saw them. It might easily have been a case of entertaining glass doors unawares.

It came about in this way. The mill, in getting out the windows—the set of three for this room and a set of three for the room above, where the bay window was also removed—made the mistake of making the two side ones shorter than the one in the middle. Because the measurements were given in that way for the upstairs three they made the dining-room three on a similar plan. When told of it they at once acknowledged their error. "We'll send the right size. And don't bother about sending back the wrong ones. Just throw them away."

Then it was that the inspiration came. These two windows, placed side by side, just filled the width of the broken corner and were ideal for a pair of glass doors! Their panes were even of the same size as those in the windows of the room! They were not, however, tall enough—only four feet; and so, to put two feet of length on the bottom, a door with three sets of panels was sawed in part, and the upper two and lower two panels used, two under each side, and made structurally complete by means of strips of wood. It was another of the numberless fortuitous chances that come to hopeful home-makers that the four narrow panels were easily fitted to the width of the two frames of glass, and that thus there came glass doors whose lower part was wood. Said the carpenter wonderingly: "That is the only door I ever saw that had top panels and bottom panels just alike in size!" And it is really quite uncommon, although not quite so uncommon as he thought.

Glass windows and wooden panels made together a pair of perfect doors, and above them was placed an ancient "half-moon" window which we had acquired and had been holding for some good use to arise. The corner was now entirely satisfactory, with a fine Georgian effect, and looked as if it had been originally built and planned in just that way. It left, between dining-room and kitchen, a little glazed-in space large enough to comply with Viollet-le-Duc's dictum that there should never be direct communication between these two rooms, but always some kind of intermediate space to minimize kitchen smells and sounds.

The irregular step at the foot of the rear stairs was now completely out of sight; and the glass doors left precisely to an inch the right space for the door at the foot of the stairs to swing open—another of the numberless fortunate chances.

On the side of the room facing the bank of windows two pine-wood doors, opening into the hall, were taken off and replaced with doors of old mahogany, refinished and polished and fitted with handles of brass.

And now, between these two doors, was to be a fireplace. No fireplace had ever been in this room, but there was one on the other side of the stone partition wall, opening into the hall. There was no reason why the same chimney should not be made to do for two fireplaces—it would only mean that both could not have a fire at the same time, and this would be no hardship in a house relying upon furnace heat; and so, the wall was opened and an old-fashioned mantel of cream-white marble set in place. And that this mantel came six hundred miles to us and had been, on account of some personal associations, saved for us for some years after the tearing down of the house in which it had originally stood, only shows what pleasant things can be done with a house. The hearth was made of plain brick set on edge in herringbone design.

The Table-Leg Cupboard

Looking at the completed room it was evident that effectiveness had been added to it as a square and paneled room by the chance that the fireplace had not originally been there, with the customary chimney-breast—which projects on the other side of the partition—but instead was built into the wall.

Yet the room needed a cornice. Almost any good room is better for a cornice. It used to be that almost all well-made houses were built with corniced rooms, but cornices gradually fell into disuse through the overornateness and lowering of taste of half a century ago, and also through the coming into general use of wall-paper borders. When borders were put under cornices people began to see that they didn't go well together—and so, they did without cornices! Now, the taste is gradually swinging back to cornices again and to questioning the taste of borders.

For this room we wanted a plain, good-looking cornice with very simple curves; and we saw the plainness, the good looks and the simplicity of curve in some ready-made cornice made to go under the eaves of a common porch. It cost three cents a foot, was four and a half inches in depth, and it was precisely the thing, except that the depth was not quite sufficient in proportion to the height of the room. But deepened by a strip of plain wood fastened

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against the wall for a depth of two and a half inches—making thus a total cornice depth of seven inches—it was precisely what the room needed. It was a cornice of attractive lines with the desired charm and simplicity of Georgian effect.

We were now approaching the question of panels, and for the lower part of the room had opportunely gathered in the needful material after our house alterations were well under way: this material being quite a number of ancient, narrow cupboard doors from an old house that was being torn down—narrow cupboard doors of the kind that used to be built at the sides of fireplaces.

In England old paneling material is eagerly watched for when old structures are being torn out. Church pews, ship cabins and the like furnish forth many a modern mansion with wainscot paneling. In this country all such material is usually wasted, though inside shutters, when solid, not slatted, and even the fronts of shop counters, frequently offer opportunities for the transplanting of panels.

Old cupboard doors are admirable, and enough of these for our purpose came as opportunely as if specially arranged for.

These old doors were to be so sawed up as to make a paneled wainscot two and a half feet high. Above this there was to be paneling of totally different character.

The raised rectangles of the doors were of curiously-variant sizes. Almost all of the doors had each three rectangles of graduated length—a square at top, a longer one in the middle, and a still longer one at the bottom. Nor was this all; for the doors themselves, being from different rooms and different floors, were of different sizes. It required patient and careful study to balance and arrange them properly, but when it was done the effect was much better than as if the rectangles for paneling had been all of a size. By using the narrow ones under each window, by balancing pairs in corners, by mating them between windows and in the other wall spaces, there was none of that general effect as if it were ready-made and cut by the running yard. As it is, it seems made for this particular room—as if each piece had been made for its particular spot—and in this air of having been built specially for its location lies a great part of the charm of all properly-made paneling.

Problems in Panels

Had our paneling material been wider it could have reached its height of two and a half feet and, at the same time, have gone clear to the floor without a baseboard. If one were to use new material the baseboard should be eliminated. But as it was, the first operation in the panel-work was to block out the baseboard just so far as to make it rest against the paneling as it formerly rested against the plaster of the wall.

Between the wainscot paneling and the cornice was five feet of space. This could, of course, have been covered with wall-paper; but we had set our hearts on paneling for the entire room. And this is what we did.

First, the entire bare space was covered with what is known as decorator's canvas; a strong, stiff, prepared, white fabric, which can be pasted right on the wall, and which need never show seams where its widths come together, because, when the edges are cut and butted, putty may be so used as to obliterate every sign of a joint. At the top the canvas was pushed under the cornice, that having been left loose until this was done, and at the bottom it was pushed under the finish of the wainscot paneling above described, which was already in place.

Decorator's canvas costs twenty-five cents a square yard and, when properly painted, gives a surface precisely like wood in appearance.

This was now all spaced off in panel-shaped rectangles—each with its corners squarely mitered and returned by means of three-quarter-inch angle moulding of pine, nailed lightly on. This moulding cost but a cent a foot: certainly cheap enough, though it was amusing to notice that it took as many feet as a pair of centipedes.

In the spacing—the determining of sizes of the panels—lies the important secret of good paneling: what may, indeed, be called its vital principle. For the sizes and spacing depend upon what is technically known as the "stile"—that is, the open space around each panel.

From the top of the wainscot paneling to the bottom of the cornice was five feet. To make each panel four feet in height would leave six inches for the "stile" at the top and at the bottom. In the arranging of the panels there were widely-different spaces to put them in; between door and window, between fireplace and door, on the long wall where the sideboard was to stand, in the narrow space between door and corner, and so on. But, however the width of panel should vary to fit the space, the height was fixed, always the same. Nor was this all. The six-inch "stile" must be preserved at each side as well as at top and bottom. Each panel must be surrounded by its "stile" space. Between the side of a panel and a door or fireplace this must be six inches, but between the side of one panel and the side of another panel the apparent anomaly of twelve inches; and this because the eye demands that each panel have its individual space.

And when all was done the wall was painted white, as from the first we had set a white-paneled dining-room as the goal.

But ordinary paint would not give the desired soft, unvarnished effect, especially on decorator's canvas, and therefore a special, but not expensive, flat-finish paint was used; a paint which gives admirable finish with only two coats and which is guaranteed to retain its fine white color for years.

A Use for the Useless

Not till the very last, after we thought the room complete, did a certain solitary table-leg do its part.

That table-leg had given our friends cause for joyful gibing. It had been picked up for a few cents because it was such a good-looking table-leg! But what, we were asked, could we do with one solitary, lone, single table-leg?

What, indeed! Really, there wasn't any very tangible excuse for having it. But one day there came the idea of where to build a much-needed china cupboard, and with it the picture of its being a mahogany-pilastered cupboard; and what could be better for two mahogany pilasters than a mahogany table-leg sawed through its length?

Well, perhaps, two table-legs would be better. And while planning the scheme there arrived a second table-leg, this one from a friend who thought our pride in the possession of one was so diverting that he had cut off a leg from an ancient five-legged table that he owned—thinking four legs enough for any table!—and sent it along. The two legs were not a match in girth—one was fat and one was lean; but they were alike in being of Empire design, with twisted rope and acanthus, and so they would go perfectly together as pilasters, though not as legs.

Between dining-room and hall were two doorways. One was necessity, the other was surplusage. The partition wall was eighteen inches deep, it having been the outside wall of the original house, the dining-room having been built on later. And the idea was to put an Empire pilastered china closet in that door space, leaving the old mahogany door to close it in.

Sides and top were fronted with an arching piece of mahogany cut from a mahogany board, and a keystone of mahogany was set at the top in the center. Scallop-fronted shelves were put in. All the shelving and the back and sides were painted white. Then down the front were set the long pilasters, each side made of half a leg of the fat one at the bottom and half a leg of the lean one at the top. It was really quite Tennysonian—half a leg, half a leg, half a leg onward!

The Glass Door Which Squared the Corner

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of papers by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton on the making of a home.

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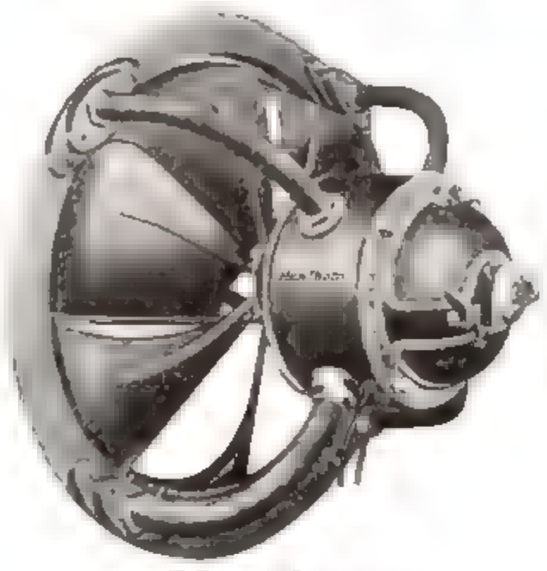

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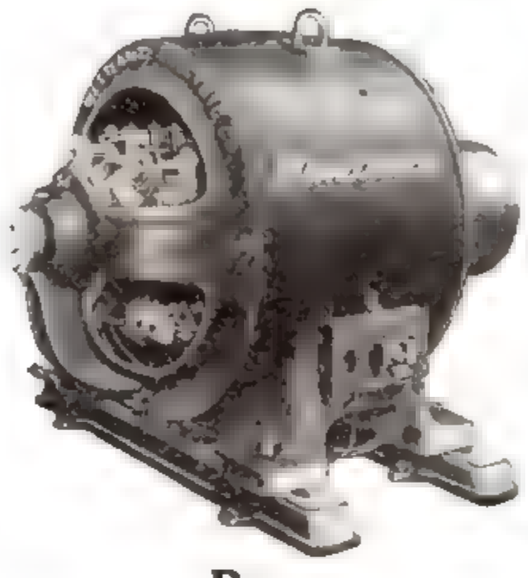
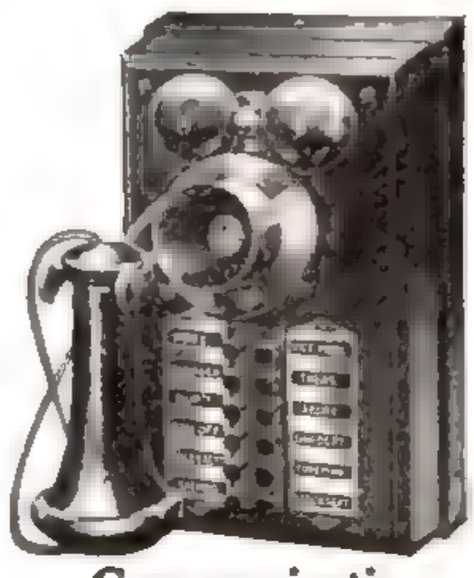


Power



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OUT-OF-DOORS

Bob White, the People's Friend

ONE of the most delectable and most wonderful birds of all the world is the Bob-White quail, the little fellow with the brownish-red plumage flecked with white who whistles so cheerfully in the summertime and flies so cheerfully in the fall. No one knows how many Bob Whites have been produced on the North American continent. Think how many millions of them have been broiled merely to decorate the top of a piece of toast, how many other millions have been criminally fried, how many others, mayhap, stewed! Here in America streams and floods of quails have flowed eastward for fifty years. One Chicago commission firm once filled a single order for a steamship company covering five hundred thousand of these birds.

Yet, all things considered, there are almost as many quail alive today in the United States as there were twenty years ago, perhaps more than there were ten years ago. The grand total of today is large because the bird continually is extending his living grounds, working north and west all the time. Although he is not to be found in swarms today, as was once the case in many parts of the country, he is obtainable in tolerable numbers over a much wider strip of country. No doubt he will eventually be found as far north as the south shore of Lake Superior. Already he occasionally is seen almost to the Straits of Mackinac, and he is gradually going northward in Minnesota and Wisconsin, learning to endure the cold winters of the slashed-off pine lands where once only the ruffed grouse could stand the climate.

Typically, Bob White is a temperate or warm-country bird, or at least does best in that kind of habitat, but he is wonderfully adaptable, and when it comes to the question of living or dying he will cheerfully change his habits, as you and I. The best of frontiersmen, he is the American game bird of all others—when he does not like a country he migrates in great bands, as do squirrels sometimes. There is a more or less definite migration nearly every year in lower Illinois and Missouri, the birds traveling on foot and moving south often in great numbers. Like other Yankees, too, he even goes across our northern line. The handsomest specimens of the species produced are to be found in Ontario, north of Lake Erie, hardy, red-brown fellows, almost twice the size of the pale-plumaged Texas birds.

Bob White's Regular Habits

It is this quality of growling and hanging on, so to speak, this general adaptability, pluckiness and courage that should endear to us this little brother of the woods above all others. All the world loves a stayer, and Bob White surely is a stayer. Ducks and grouse fade away like red Indians before the approach of civilization. The Bob-White quail, the black bear and the white-tail deer are the three animals that best withstand civilization. The bear and the deer survive through their wariness and cunning. The quail, smaller but bolder than either of these, endures through its ability to fly fast and hustle feed when days are cold. He will stand almost any weather except winter rains or thaws, which leave a frozen crust on the snow so that his food is hermetically sealed away from him.

The persistence of this species is none the less remarkable when we consider its desirability as a sporting proposition and its many vulnerable points of attack. Its strength of wing is almost its only defense. Its weakness is that it lies close to the dog, does not fly far when started and frequents regions close to the abodes of man. Given a little buckwheat patch in twenty miles of forest, or a wheat stubble in a wilderness of scrub, and you may count upon getting track of a good proportion of the quail of the adjacent district. To the sportsman the habits of Bob White are an open book. He knows that quail will feed in the morning and in the evening, or at least one or the other if the weather be bad, preferably on stubble or cornfield, although they eat multitudes of bugs and seeds. At midday they will bunch up and rest in some hedgerow or brier patch where the sun, if there is any, will strike them. Always afraid of enemies such as minks, skunks and cats, they practically always roost in the open, in some such place as a cornfield, a stubble or a meadow. They know that their night-feeding enemies are more apt to prowl in the thickets than in the open. Quail always roost in a circle with their heads out for purposes of protection, and although they always walk to their feeding grounds from their roosting place they always fly from their feeding grounds to the roost. This is to break the trail so that their enemies cannot follow them to their sleeping apartments.

This regularity of habits makes the Bob-White problem fairly easy of solution. But when the shooter has found his bevy, at this or that hour of the sporting day, his real troubles begin. Bob White has some ways of his own for self-protection. The first one is that used by many weak creatures, indeed employed even by such savages as depend on paint, grimaces, contortions and warwhoops to terrify their enemies. The quail uses his pigments to conceal himself, in the first place; and they blend excellently with leaves or stubble, as you will see. But when he goes up *en masse* he deliberately uses noise as a protective measure, just as the Indian or the ruffed grouse does. The latter bird can fly silently as an owl after you have passed him, and so can a quail, but when you put up a bunch of quail your nerves must be well steeled from long usage if you do not jump halfway out of your boots. Some shooters never learn to kill their double on a bevy rise, and a miss with the first barrel is rather the usual thing among most novices.

The Flight of Quail

After his flight Bob White shows alike his duplicity and his naïveté. The bevy scatters widely, not hanging together like a lot of stupid prairie grouse. Nearly always they will go to the nearest strip of timber or dense cover and, scattered there, they do things to the best of dogs and guns. Any dog will tell you that Bob White, when hidden under a leaf or bunch of grass, fairly seems to retain his scents under his tight-pressed feathers. The bird knows perfectly well that if he begins to move he will leave footscent on the ground and so be found by his pursuer. Yet still, not content with holding down the average shooter to three or four birds to the bevy, he presently will find it necessary to resume his ordinary ways of life. It is a little cramped sitting hunched up under a leaf, so, after a while, especially if it is toward evening, Bob White begins to whistle softly. "Where is the bunch?" he asks obviously. The bunch cautiously responds here or there. In the dusk you may hear their feet pattering on the leaves, and they run very rapidly and band together again very quickly. Then they count noses, drop a tear for the departed, betake themselves to the roosting place, and on the next day do the same thing all over again.

The quail, after alighting from his flight of, say, a couple of hundred yards—and more if he is wild or if the weather is rough—does not offer so many problems to the dog as does the ruffed grouse. He will openly and obviously drop down in plain sight along a hedgerow, or a bunch of sedge, or in some brier patch. This, however, is more apt to be true in fine weather. On some occasions in the old pine country of Michigan, when windy and freezing weather obtained, one has seen them rise above the tops of the tallest trees and fly literally out of sight, perhaps half a mile or more.

In the open, where the shooter has a straight shot, he is not a difficult mark for a steady hand. He flies low and level and quite lacks the twists and turns of the snipe or the woodcock. In the brush, although difficult to hit, of course, he is less artful than the ruffed grouse. On stubble or low sedge his real speed is discovered to be not commensurate with the tremendous bluff he puts up when he starts. He is so small that he seems closer than he is, and almost any shooter kills his quail closer up than

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Until the blade literally wears away to nothing, the Keenoh will keep it keen and sharp.

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Keenoh AUTOMATIC Razor Sharpener

There are other sharpeners which sharpen safety blades.

There are other sharpeners which sharpen ordinary razors.

But there is no other sharpener which sharpens both ordinary and safety razors, and will sharpen either as well as the Keenoh sharpens both.

The Keenoh asks neither skill nor experience of the user.

It says to him: "You can be just as careless as you like—you can't make me work uneven; you can't make me give your razor anything but a perfect edge; and you can't make me cut or nick the strop."

It says: "If you use an ordinary razor, I'll guarantee that your razor edge doesn't vary a particle from January to January.

"More than that: if your razor is in the condition that causes the barber to shake his head doubtfully, I'll have it into perfect shaving condition as easily as I'll strop it every morning."

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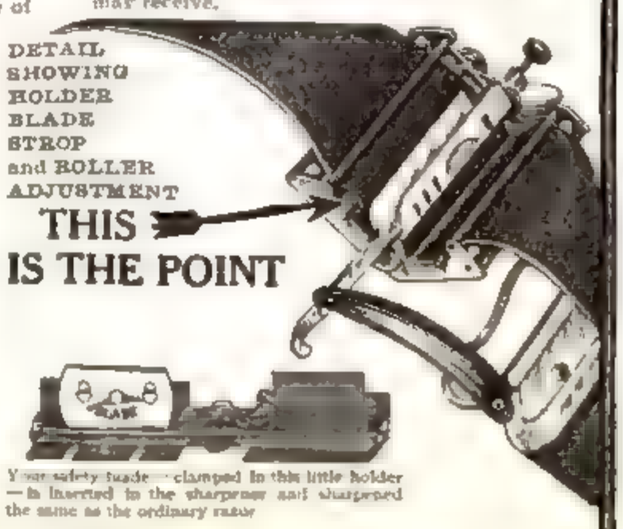

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he needs to in the open. Twenty yards is average distance for a good prompt gun. You would be more apt to hit him and would kill him just as well at thirty. The stylish and correct way to shoot quail, however, is in prompt time, say at twenty-five yards' average. Each shooter has his own method, form or "time." Of course no steady shot shoots at the bunch in a bevy rise, for that means to miss them all. Pick out one bird as soon as he tops the cover and stick to him no matter where he goes. Loosen the shoulder muscles and swing on him as soon as you can, shooting with the first swing of the gun if you can learn that. Use a light load so that you will not flinch or stop your gun when you pull the trigger, a fatal thing in any sort of shooting. Shoot with both eyes wide open. This probably means that you will never see your gun barrel at all, or be conscious of having a sight on the front end of it. Your gun must fit you or you cannot shoot it well. Some shooters follow a bird and cover it with the second aim, but that sort of man will pinch the cards in playing poker. Take your chances, try to kill your bird not too far away and not too close up, but with the first impulse of your gun, as though you pointed yourself at the bird, the focus of your intention being the muzzle of your gun. There is such a thing as style in quail shooting as well as in piano playing. In its best style quail shooting is semi-snap shooting. A less brilliant and more careful method may put quite as many or more birds in the bag.

Of course there are all sorts of guns suitable for quail. Today there is a twenty-gauge cult, and these little guns, many of them made with ejector action and single triggers, are sporting weapons, especially in these days of state-bag limits. The sixteen-gauge is a capital weapon also, but the twelve-gauge is, of course, the one most used. The ideal quail gun should not be choked. Both barrels should be perfect cylinders, but you can hardly get a maker to bore you a pair of true cylinder barrels today, so great is the obsession regarding hard-hitting guns. A perfect field gun is a freak like a fast yacht. You cannot test its performance by seeing how many shot it will put in a piece of paper at forty yards. Regularity of distribution is what you want in your shot pattern. That means a wider spread of the killing circle. If the latter were twenty feet across you would still miss plenty of birds, perhaps.

The Quail Shooter's Artillery

There are some shooters who instinctively hold close, and for these any sort of a gun will kill quail. The best shot one ever saw was a Michigan woodsman who used a full-choked repeater. He nearly always killed three out of a bevy rise, and was practically sure of his bird on any decent chance. Taking all chances, he killed, perhaps, three-quarters of his shots. If you kill half, on and off, you are doing good work. One remembers to have heard a boastful shooter declare that he had killed one hundred quail in one day's shooting, with a hundred and three shots. What is the explanation of such shooting? It is easy. The man lied. Possibly that score might have been made, none the less. In the muzzle-loading days a market shooter was once backed to shoot fifty quail with his fourteen-gauge muzzle loader. He missed his forty-eighth bird and lost the wager for his backers, though with no discredit to himself. In a personal experience of some years one has found a dozen straight none too usual a performance, and twenty straight quite the exception. Of course the city shooter is more apt to have good days and bad days than the market shooter, who is jealous of his ammunition and who shoots methodically day after day for what there is in it.

As to the size of bags once made, there is little pleasure in talking of them today when some states set the legal limit as low as a dozen for each day. About two dozen birds make a nice day's shoot. To kill fifty birds to one's own gun in a day is something like hard work. It means something over a hundred shots fired, in all likelihood, and, perhaps, twenty or twenty-five bevies of quail started. It is not necessary to be so strenuous. Say fifty shots and half the birds in the bag and you will have had a grand sporting entertainment. That leaves Bob White, diminutive as he is, with honors equal to your own.

In some states, such as Wisconsin, there is no open season at all, the intent being to let Bob White, moving north, get thoroughly acclimated and established. Some of the Eastern states have successfully planted this bird, the South and Southwest formerly supplying numbers of wild quail which were netted. Such shipments are now practically prohibited, so that the natural spread of the bird must be the reliance of the sportsman. Oklahoma, once netted hard, abounds in quail today, more especially in the Indian country to the eastward, for the Indians never bother the quail. In southern Texas the bird was once so abundant that one could shoot all day and not bother to follow any bevy, simply putting up another when one got ready. The Arkansas Valley, almost throughout its length, was originally a fine quail country. The bird abounds throughout the Middle West and now affords good sport in Minnesota and Dakota. It is most numerous in the Southern states, where there is a disposition to protect it against market shooting. Bob White is the most democratic and durable game bird that we have, and the quail preserve will be one of the latest to be established. He is the game bird of this generation. The generation preceding preferred grouse; the one before that would look neither at grouse nor quail. There seems no reason to doubt that the generation following us will have good sport on this elastic and lasting bird.

The Proper Bird-Dog

Many sportsmen of wide experience rate quail shooting over good dogs as the finest American sport. Big-game hunting is hard and expensive work, full of discouragement and not full of thrills.

Shooting the Bob White demands proficiency in manly accomplishments and offers frequent opportunity for the test of skill. Moreover, it brings in the pleasure of watching a good dog do his work, which is an added satisfaction akin to that of casting a good fly whether or not the fish rise

As to the dog, one that is country bred and raised is the best sort, for in the simple life he gets regular exercise and grows hard enough to travel day after day at full speed. Never mind his pedigree if only he has nose; if in addition to this he can have legs, so much the better, but nose and again nose is the one indispensable thing.

Of course your bird-dog must be able to travel all day and the next day and the next after that. All the world hates a quitter in the field, and no object is more disgusting than a bird-dog which comes in at midday and tries to make himself a nest in the grass, when you yourself are only stopping for a moment's thought on a log. The proper quail-dog is one that is up on his feet and eager to go on whenever you are ready.

The pointer is not so much suited to the cold northern winters as is the setter, and, on the other hand, the feathery setter does not belong in the cocklebur country of the Southern states. Of the two breeds the pointer has kept more of the old-time stamina and has not yet suffered so much from inbreeding, bench shows and field trials. The dog industry is much commercialized in this country, and the idea is to sell as many specimens of a fashionable strain as possible, regardless of their actual field ability. The pointer seems to take less breaking on quail, on the average, than does the setter; although a good coarse-grained pointer can be as hard-headed as a bulldog. For average work on quail throughout the country one would be disposed to use the pointer in preference today.

A good brace of dogs that will back each other and that are not jealous in their work are, of course, better than one dog, especially if two guns are shooting together. Not more than two guns should go behind one dog, as the danger of accident is sufficient in any case. A good shooting companion is like a good gun or a good dog, to be prized much above rubies. There is courtesy and etiquette in the shooting field among gentlemen. If you find that your companion is forgetting this, is disposed to claim all doubtful birds, and is trying to beat you shooting for the sake of beating you and not for the sake of the sport, then discard him the next day and go alone if you can do no better. Meantime, if you have grown nettled and are anxious to beat him, courteously ask him to take the dog on his side of the hedge or fence row.

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The birds will always go out on the side away from the dog, which will give you all the shots!

The point of the dog, of course, is simply a development of the primeval crouch before springing on its prey. This instinct now seems a part of the true bird-dog itself. Some dogs will stand for half an hour and are troublesome in heavy cover because they are always lost on point. A shrewd old dog will not wait too long if he knows his master is not coming, and he will put up his birds if left alone. There are some instances of dogs that are natural reporters, as the phrase goes. That is to say, they will leave a bevy in the grass to come back for the shooter and lead him to the birds. A strain of dogs in Sweden is noted for this performance. It is a difficult thing to teach unless the original instinct be there. The Swedish dogs originally came from England. One has known two or three dogs in America that would come and ask for help in emergencies of this kind. In fact, the intelligence of a good old bird-dog is something almost human, and usually he knows far more about bird finding than does his master.

A dog will point in all sorts of ways and shapes. Some are indifferent and not stylish in their work, standing looking straight ahead with head up but evincing no great interest. Others of a keener and more nervous type will nearly tie themselves into knots when they catch the scent while going at full speed. One has seen a dog point balanced on top of a fence, half-way down on the other side of a fence, or climbing half-way up a fence. Each animal is apt to have its own peculiarities, but even the most stoical dog will have some sign, such as the watering at the mouth, the glaring of the eye, or the slight trembling of the tail, which shows how eager is his interest. A slowly-waving tail usually means rabbit, which again ought to mean a reprimand or worse, for the dog for fur is barred in quail shooting. Some dogs badly broken when young will blink a point, running away from a bird instead of going to it. Others will false point when there is no bird at all. Discard any such performer as this latter. You may kill a bird over a flush but you are not apt to over a false point. A good nose and a positive brain are essentials in your dog if you are to enjoy yourself.

In the matter of nose the female dog is apt to be keener than the male and is more tractable and more easily kept under control, especially in the troublesome matter of rabbit chasing. The ideal worker goes with high head action and does not waste too much time pottering along footscent after the trail is once established and the game is close. A wily old bird-dog will sometimes cast a short circle to head off running birds, and, of course, he will circle wider when he loses the trail.

The Bird-Dog's Education

Some dog trainers who do not like the work of finishing a dog's education thoroughly will tell you that it spoils a quail-dog to teach it to retrieve. The best quail-dog one ever saw did not retrieve, and it must be admitted that the average dog is apt to be a bit keen to pick up the dead game and so to become more unsteady to shot. On the other hand, much game is lost by the dog that will not retrieve. Moreover, the prettiest thing about the very pretty sport of quail shooting is the sight of your old dog coming to you with the dead bird held tenderly in his mouth. He is just as proud about this as you are, and once he gets into the swing of it he will put many a bird in your pocket which otherwise you would have lost. Personally, one would not care to own a quail-dog that would not retrieve, basing this preference purely on the interest of the act of retrieving itself, something in which both dog and man should participate. A good bird-dog is a companion and not a machine.

If in his enthusiasm your dog is rough with his birds, as a bold, strong dog is sometimes apt to be, you can generally break him of the habit by putting some sharp wires through the bodies of some of the birds and then letting him try biting them good and hard. In time, if you have luck, he will bring the birds to you by the wing or held so gently in his mouth as scarcely to disturb a feather. You must remember that he is eager to be off after the other birds he has marked down, so that if now and then he gets in a hurry you should not chide him too harshly. It is not unusual for a dog to point a bird while it has a dead bird in its mouth. Sometimes, too, your dog will bring you a dead bird that you never knew you had touched, and that, perhaps, had flown almost as far as the others of the bevy before it dropped.

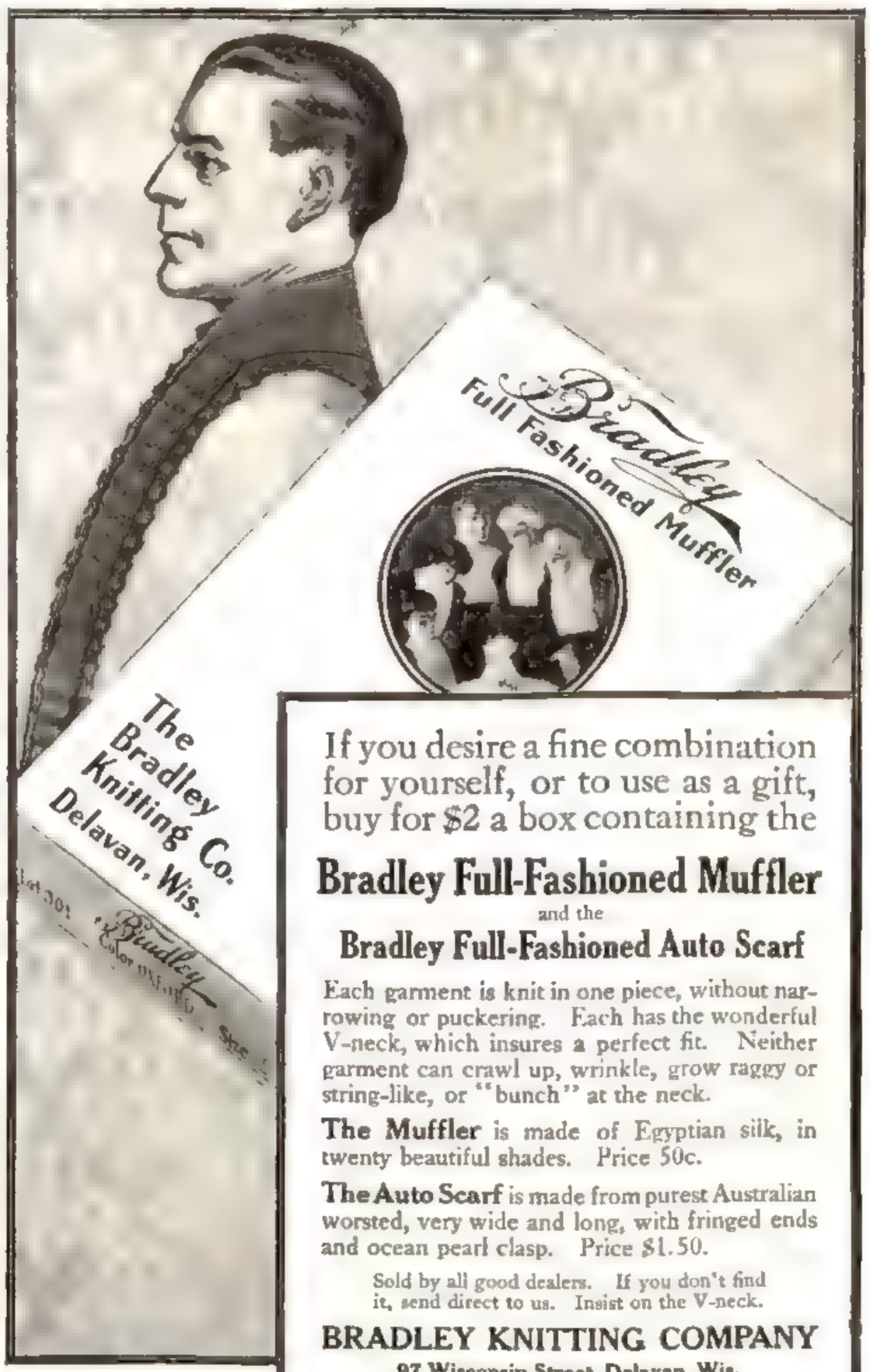
Granted a good gun and a good dog and a fairly good bird country, the sportsman ought to find plenty of pleasure with Bob White from October till February in this or that part of the wide territory that he now inhabits. The average season in the North is only about a month, but in the South, where the birds breed twice a year quite regularly, the season is extended. The idea in the North is to prevent the potting of bevies of quail as they sit bunched up on the snow. The boy who is beginning and the old negro man who has begun are very fond of this sort of shooting. No doubt you have heard men boast of having killed "every quail in the flock" at one shot. That is where they go.

A quail is only about one-third as big as a ruffed grouse, but it is a tougher bird and harder to knock down. You can kill woodcock and ruffed grouse with No. 10 shot, and indeed you can also kill quail with No. 10, but you are apt only to knock them down, sometimes, and to disable them, without killing them outright, as should be your object. Earlier in the season and farther to the South No. 9 will do the work nicely. The universal size of shot for all districts and seasons and all sorts of cover would be No. 8. Very likely you will have the notion that your gun patterns some particular size of shot better than others, but really this is most apt to depend on what you ate or, mayhap, what you drank on the evening before. Your gun and ammunition, perhaps even your dog, and certainly your bird, are all less apt to be at fault than yourself and your modern set of nerves.

A Woman's Grocery

THE wife of a carpenter who worked hard, but never earned more than twelve dollars a week, was dissatisfied with the outlook for her three children. They lived in a five-room cottage for which ten dollars a month was paid. This cottage stood on a corner. She hit upon the scheme of turning the parlor into a small shop. The family moved into the four other rooms, the parlor curtains were pulled down, and during evenings her husband built shelves, a counter and window fixtures. The wife owned a lot in the suburbs, and this, through an advertisement, was exchanged for three hundred dollars' worth of groceries, part to be delivered immediately from a wholesale house, and the rest at intervals during the coming year. A baker also advanced a small stock of bread and pastry. With all their stock, however, the little shop looked empty. So old cans were covered with crêpe paper and used to fill up the shelves.

When the curtains were finally raised patronage came. One of the most prominent fixtures of the shop was a sign: "Terms Strictly Cash." During three years the place did not yield a margin for savings, but it increased its own stock and provided better showcases, lighting and fixtures. After the third year it was possible to save thirty or forty dollars monthly. The wife worked hard for this, delivering goods herself, while their oldest girl kept shop and the husband worked at his trade. In eight years from the time they started they bought the place for cash, paying down two thousand dollars' savings. A year later, half of another store nearer the center of the town was rented and stocked, the oldest girl, now eighteen, taking charge. When this began to pay, in turn, the family managed to put more than five hundred dollars into the bank every year. Four years later the uptown store was purchased for four thousand dollars, of which twenty-two hundred dollars was paid in cash and the rest provided for by mortgage at seven per cent. The second store had a five-room flat on the second floor. This was furnished, and a sister took charge, living in one room and renting the others to tenants. Since then these two stores and the furnished rooms have yielded in clear savings never less than one thousand dollars yearly, and the family now has five thousand dollars in bank in addition to the prosperous business that has grown out of the wife's original enterprise.



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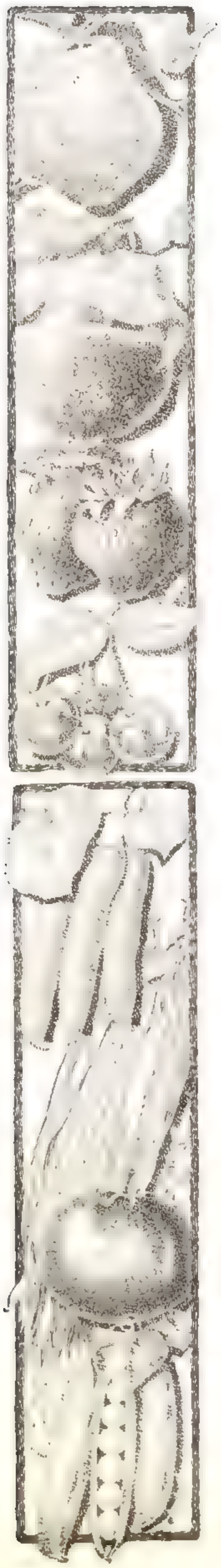

Some Mistaken Ideas Regarding Canned Vegetables and Fruits

There are some mistaken ideas which interfere with people's good health and enjoyment. We desire to correct them—for your sake and for ours. So we 1,800 canners unitedly certify to the following facts:

No Preservatives

There is a prevalent idea that preservatives are used in the canning of garden products—an idea that is utterly wrong.

No preservative whatever is used in any vegetable or fruit put up in tin cans. Not by any canner—not in any brand.

The preserving is done by sterilization—done by heat alone. Preservatives are entirely unnecessary. They would be a useless expense.

Please do not forget this. No canner of garden products adds any chemical or anything else, save sometimes sugar, sometimes a savor of salt.

Garden Freshness

Our canneries are all close to our gardens. The products are canned when perfectly fresh—within a few hours of the picking.

No grocer sells garden products right in the season which are nearly so fresh as ours.

Ours are the cleanest of kitchens. And our methods, Mrs. Housewife, are exactly the same as yours.

We cook these products just as you cook them. The sterilizing is done after the cans are sealed.

Heat is our only preservative.

If you open the can months afterward, you find the products as fresh and savory as though picked but an hour before.

Varying Grades

Vegetables and fruits naturally vary. Some seasons we get better crops than in others. The section where grown has something to do with the flavor.

We grow the finest varieties. And we locate our canneries where our products grow best. Yet there is bound to be some variation in grades.

But there is no variation in the manner of canning. Garden products when canned are always clean, always pure, always free from preservatives.

They are also free from decay. They must be, else the products would not keep.

All this is invariably true—true of every can put out by any canner. It is not merely a policy but a necessity—the universal custom of the trade.

Regarding Ptomaines

Some people think that ptomaine poisoning, when it occurs, is due in some way to tin cans.

That is wrong. There is nothing in tin, nor in the iron under the tin, which can create these poisons. Housewives cook in both tin and iron without a thought of danger.

Ptomaines are due to decay.

Canned products can't decay while the cans remain sealed. But they will decay after you open the can, if you let them stand long enough. And that decay may develop ptomaines.

But that is just as true of home-cooked foods as of foods put up in cans. It is due to decay, and not to the cans. The canning has nothing to do with it.

Tin cans are now used by the hundreds of millions. It is utterly wrong to regard such cans as unsafe.

Fresh Garden Products All the Year Round

We owe modern canning, and all that it means to us, to the discovery of sterilization.

In the old days we had fresh garden products during limited seasons only. Now we can have them every day of the year.

We can have them in January just as fresh as in June. And our best garden products—and cheapest—are the ones that we get from tin cans.

To this fact is attributed, in large part, the improvement in average health. For fresh fruits and vegetables form an essential part of our diet.

We live better and feel better because modern canning keeps our garden products fresh for months.

Don't let any prejudice—any mistaken ideas—lessen these benefits for you. There is nothing purer or cleaner—nothing freer from harm—than vegetables and fruits whose garden freshness is preserved in tin cans by the application of heat. To this we unitedly pledge our word—we 1,800 canners.

(11)

National Canners Association

C. S. CRARY, President, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

At the Stage Door

By OTIS SKINNER

The Mantle of Charity and Some Small Sins

AMONG those who are regarded as "easy money" by that ever-increasing class of genius, the grafter, the actor stands eminent. His qualities as a "good thing" are many. In the first place, he has his sympathies where they are easily perceived and got at by the shrewd gatherer of unearned coin. His own varied career of ups and downs renders him susceptible to the siren call of a hard-luck story. Then he has leisure moments wherein to listen to the appeal which in itself may contain the germ of a dramatic situation or a character study. The artistic temperament is his, the temperament that unfits him for a keen watchfulness over the tricks that the shrewd speculator prepares for his confiding soul. Then, too, the element of vanity enters somewhat into the scheme of his make-up. Some actors would rather be known for their cleverness in betting on the right security in the stock-list or in picking the winner in a horse-race than for their efficiency in artistic dramatic portrayal; and thus the ubiquitous vender of gold bricks finds many a customer among the members of the theatrical profession who can look complacently on a procession of salary nights extending through a long season. I've no wish to decry the actor's easy attitude toward charity, particularly in his own profession; the legitimate cases of suffering, privation and disaster are distressingly numerous, but of these I have no desire to speak.

One becomes suspicious of the pilgrims who make the theater stage door their Mecca, but their motives are not always sordid, nor the results of an encounter always unpleasant.

For instance, one of my most picturesque recollections is of my membership in Augustin Daly's company when we played in Glasgow. It was on the Saturday night of our week's engagement. With one of the ladies of the company I had stepped from the stage of the Royalty Theater out into the dense gloom of the dirty alley in the rear of the building. We had gone but a pace or two when the tall figure of a man lunged from its concealment in a black doorway, silhouetting itself against the lights of the street and blocking our progress. Glasgow on a Saturday night is not the soberest spectacle in the world, and I anticipated trouble from an inebriated Scot.

Glasgow Gibberish

I pressed forward as valiantly as I dared with my stick held tightly by the middle, and the tall man slowly but stubbornly backed away. From the faint glow of the distant lights I could see in the man's clean-shaven face a mouth firmly set and eyes that were fixed sternly upon us. He looked like a mechanic awkwardly fitting his Sunday clothes.

Step by step we advanced in silence, and step by step he backed. We had nearly reached the street before he found speech, then he blurted out this astonishing broadside:

"Uz Tewle a ber-r-r octer then yew?"

It sounded like gibberish. I asked him what he had said and he repeated his inquiry. I could make nothing of it. The third time it came, louder and more full of Scottish burrs, and then a light dawned upon me.

"Is Toole a better actor than you?" That was it.

The play had been A Night Off, and had been performed to boisterous expressions of glee from the gallery. This had evidently puzzled our mysterious stranger, and he wished to learn if this troupe of American comedians were actually funnier than the English comic actor, Toole.

"Oh, no!" I said very seriously; "we are really ever so much funnier than Toole."

"Ye are! That's strange. Tewle's consedered gret guns aboot here."

A tramcar that would take us to the hotel where we were staying was turning the curve directly in front of us. We made a motion to catch it, when a blow fell upon my shoulder, and I was wheeled about.

"Gie us a grip o' yer 'and, sir!" said my friend. I submitted, and my hand was crushed in a powerful paw. "And noo, yours, Miss!" My companion gave it with much amusement. Then we caught our car, while the tall fellow blinked solemnly after us; and, as far as I could see, he stood motionless, watching.

The mention of Augustin Daly brings to mind the Cerberus at Daly's home theater stage door, Owen Gormley. There was not in New York a more fearsome wild beast than he. Day and night he sat in his little sentry box, grim and forbidding, and no one passed by without Daly's rarely-given permission.

To every one who came to that shabby Sixth Avenue entrance, actor, author, reporter, mechanic or beggar, Owen had but one greeting: "Ye'll not go in. No one can go inside of here without he brings me orders."

Like Horatius, Owen could have held his post against an invading army.

The New York stage doorkeeper of today has a more complex task than his predecessor of the stock company days. Companies hold the stages of theaters for the run of a play; sometimes for a single week, or, in the case of a special matinée, for but one performance. Each manager brings his own rules, or lack of rules, in regard to visitors through the stage entrance, and its guardian is often in a state of perplexity as to whom he may admit and whom refuse.

Marked Down to a Quarter

This fact leads to absurd situations sometimes. Not long ago, while filling an engagement at the Hudson Theater, I came in rather later than usual for a performance, and found a stranger sitting in my dressing-room. "Who is this?" I asked of my dresser.

"Why, sir, he said he had an appointment with you, and he told the doorman he was to be shown directly to your room." I reprimanded the dresser for his stupidity, and demanded the intruder's business.

He steadied a wandering eye at me, and I became aware that he bore an aroma of whisky.

"Oh, you know me," he began. "I'm S——, of the New York Daily ——. I've known you for years."

"Never mind that," I interrupted; "what's your business? My time is limited."

"The fact is, I'm on a spree, and my business is absolutely confidential. Absolutely!" Here he looked appealingly at my dresser.

"But I'm late—very late. Tell me in two words or get out."

"Well, you see, I don't want the boys in Newspaper Row to know of this, and I'm temporarily embarrassed. My demands are extremely modest—a paltry two dollars."

There was no time to argue. "William," I said, "take this man to the back door and give him twenty-five cents." The intruder, who had remained seated all this time, rose with alacrity and followed my dresser out. A quarter had saved me the trouble of a row. Of course, the man's claim was fictitious; he was probably unknown to the newspaper world.

That same evening a well-dressed man brought a note to the doorman, saying it was on special business and that he awaited an answer. It was an appeal for money, spread over six pages of hotel letter-paper on which he enumerated a dozen names of Players and Lambs Club members, and those of several relatives of mine. "No answer," I said.

After the performance, as I stepped from the theater into the street, a man accosted me with: "Well, sir, you didn't answer my letter."

"What letter?"

"I sent you a request, sir, which required a civil answer."

"Here it is," I said, handing him a coin.

He looked at it in disgust. "A quarter! Oh, come now, I asked you for five dollars, and ——"

"If you don't want that," I said, "you may give it back to me." His hand closed

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ASSETS OVER FORTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

tightly on the coin, and without a word walked airily down the street.

The next night I had made an appointment with a downtown business man to be at the stage entrance before the hour of performance, and I was at the theater early to keep the engagement. I heard nothing from my friend until nearly nine o'clock, when a note was handed me, written on district messenger paper, scorching with rage. He had arrived at the appointed hour, but the stage doorman, remembering my indignation of the night before, had turned him into the street!

Stage-door visitors are not all of the impecunious kind. There is the man (or the woman) with a play. This is an insistent and determined variety. Naturally, it does not include the known authors and playwrights (they are not the seekers, but the sought), but the strange people who come up out of the Nowhere armed with plays which nobody wants, but whose manuscripts are accompanied with the assurance, written or voiced, that this is the *magnum opus*, the thing for which the jaded public has waited wearily for years.

These manuscripts are of wide range of character, for the most part inchoate, formless, impractical things; printed, typewritten or in illegible penmanship, and vary in subject from classic themes clothed in ponderous blank-verse to sensational affairs of murder, explosions, robberies, pistols and police.

Stage-Door Play-Pedlers

And the authors! The old, the young; the anæmic, ill-nourished individual, long-haired and ill-clad (his plays are generally along socialistic lines—plays with a purpose), and the boy fresh from college; the old lady in black, whose dead husband has left works of inestimable value, and the languishing young woman with careless hair and headgear, who smells of bad perfume and whose clothes are a wonder of bad taste. (Her plays are Maeterlinckian full of mysterious somethings or nothings which only she can understand.) One young woman in Boston sent me the most unique imaginable *avant courier* to her manuscript in the shape of a small black and white kitten. It was at my hotel and the grinning bellboy, presenting me with a pasteboard box, said there was an answer. I untied the package and out stepped Miss Puss. About her neck was a gorgeous scarlet ribbon, which bore a card that proclaimed her to be an important character in her owner's Colonial play. I might keep or return the kitten as I chose, but would I not see the author for a few moments and let her speak of her drama? The author won, though I have not yet produced her play.

The academic-looking party with spectacles comes laden with books of reference to corroborate all the dramatic situations in tedious historical plays. Certain subjects are perennial, and one looks for plays of Dante, Héloïse and Abelard, the American Revolution and Napoleon's Career, as one expects crocuses and robins in the spring.

There was that Texan dramatist who journeyed all the way from his native Austin to Manhattan, in order to put into my hands a play on the character of Lord Chesterfield. It wasn't exactly a play, but it *was* historically true. In one scene a number of people played whist, and here the person of Hoyle, the noted authority on card-playing, was introduced as a character, the dramatist explaining that Hoyle lived in Chesterfield's time and that naturally he would be appealed to in any dispute about whist. And he *was* appealed to in this play, thus proving its absolute correctness—"according to Hoyle."

Lord Chesterfield walked through this stirring drama, said a great many of the worldly things that are to be found in his Letters to His Son, finally getting into a large armchair and dying. "Why does this gentleman die?" I asked. "Ah! that's history," said my literary friend. "That's just the way that Lord Chesterfield died."

Sometimes there comes the shabby man with dirty hands and linen, whose play is merely in scenario form, written in pencil on cheap, soiled paper.

An odd thing is that they nearly always bring you plays containing characters "just like the one you are playing." As if the actor's aim was, after having played one kind of part, to get another exactly similar! When I produced The Harvester most of the plays handed in were about tramps and vagabonds. While I played the Abbé Daniel in The Duel, I received "priest" plays. The Honor of the Family brings a fine crop of swashbucklers. Thus it goes.

While presenting Shenandoah in Chicago during the summer of our difference with Spain, I found a young fellow waiting at the stage door with a suspicious-looking roll under his arm.

"Mr. Skinner," he began, "I have a drama here that will make the fortune of the one who produces it. It's a drama of the Civil War ——"

"Oh, hang the Civil War!" I exclaimed "I'm tired of war plays. I won't produce a war play—I won't even read a war play."

The young man drew himself up with splendid dignity, his face an angry red. "Your remarks, sir, would be in much better taste," he said, "had you waited till I offered you this one," and he flung out of the theater alley with infinite scorn.

Another kind of stage-door pest is the person who knew you when you were a boy, or knew your father, your uncle or your grandmother, or who calls to know if you are not related to a family of your name living in New York. He is generally after free admission to the theater, and the chances are that he didn't know you at all, and that he never knew your family.

Once, in a Western town, I received a call at the theater from a poorly-dressed woman, accompanied by a small boy who clung to her skirts and gazed wonderingly at me. The woman apologized for her intrusion and looked searchingly into my face with evident disappointment. "No," she said, "you are not the one. I'll have to tell you of it, though. Before I married my name was the same as yours. My father died, our family was divided, and I was put out to live with some people in another town. I had a brother with whom I corresponded for a long time, and finally he went away somewhere, and I've not heard of him for fifteen years. He bore exactly your name—both your names. He always had a fondness for the stage, and when I saw you were to play here tonight I thought that—I hoped you might be he. I'm sorry to have troubled you. I haven't seen him since he was a child, but you can't be my brother—you are older."

The poor little woman's disappointment was too sincere for me to doubt her story, and she wanted nothing—only her brother.

Sometimes, in the smaller towns, you get a portentous message that a committee of the local lodge of some secret order is waiting at the stage door to see you. You send to have them shown to your dressing-room, and they appear, beaming and hospitable. Then you learn from the spokesman of the deputation what you suspected and feared—that "the lodge is holding a social this evening, and you are cordially invited to attend later." You know what that means. It means: "Come and do a stunt for us." Having given out your stock of vitality in your performance, you are naturally only too delighted to call up your reserve forces for the edification of the midnight roisterers. If you are an Elk, you go; but if you are a diplomat, as you probably are, you have a severe cold and an early train to catch in the morning.

The Infant Phenomenon

Then there is the scholastic representative of the minor college or university who calls to ask if you will not kindly find the time to come out to the college tomorrow and say a few words to the students on the subject of the drama.

In the larger cities one finds in the stage entrance waiting-list the applicant for a position in the company; now and then an old actor or actress out of an engagement and "willing to go on for any kind of part"; but more often there is the raw amateur who has come from a few months' tuition in some provincial dramatic school or "College of Elocution," and who seeks the bubble reputation even in the theater's mouth. Occasionally a "black alpaca" mother brings her infant phenomenon for your inspection and consideration; said phenomenon being generally a moist-nosed, "sassy" brat with long, yellow curls and black finger-nails.

But, after all, it is the panhandler, the dishonest beggar, who most frequently braves the No-Admission sign of the theater stage door. His is an ever-ready excuse, an ever-inventive mind, and his methods are varied and picturesque. In this particular department women are more successful than men. There is, for instance,

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the woman who does quite a business in a small way by sending a messenger with a request for complimentary tickets to the theater through "professional courtesy," signing the name of some well-known actress whom the writer carefully ascertains is playing out of town. These requests are written on decent stationery and are never sent to the business manager at the box-office, but to the star in his dressing-room at an hour when he is so occupied by the business of the evening that the chances are he will hastily "O. K." the demand, and return it to the waiting messenger.

By working all the prominent players in New York, and frequently changing the forged signature to that of another actress, the swindle is made profitable by the subsequent sale of the passes. This fraud has of late become less successful, however, through being overdone.

A Game for a Bitter Night

Another picturesque and wholly theatrical device is the appeal for aid by the "destitute and homeless actress." This letter is written on cheap notepaper and oftenest in lead-pencil. The woman generally presents this note at the stage door herself, as the luxury of a messenger renders the scheme more suspicious, and, in nearly every instance, selects a bitter night for the occasion—one of biting cold, high wind, dense fog or driving rain—the ideal night being the last named: rain gets into one's sympathies, you know.

Here is a sample of this kind; it contains nearly all of the stock phrases:

> You will pardon my addressing you, an entire stranger, but I can appeal to no one except to a member of my own profession, who will understand and sympathize with my fearful plight. I have been out with a company that stranded in the West, leaving us without funds. I had to come to New York to get another engagement, and to find means to do so I parted with my trunk and all my wardrobe.
>
> The only place I knew to go to was kept by a woman with whom I had lodged before, and who had been kind to me.
>
> I find on reaching here today that she has moved away, and here I am in this great city, without a friend or acquaintance, even, who can aid me.
>
> I have eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. I have absolutely no shelter, and on this awful night, too!
>
> My case is desperate.
>
> If you do not help me I don't know what I shall do.
>
> I implore you, as you have, perhaps, once suffered, to be considerate to me.

What are you going to do in a case like that? You know it is a fraud; you have read dozens of similar letters—there are all the earmarks—the old melodramatic lines.

If you send money you are morally certain it will go into the nearest saloon, or more likely to the druggist who does an underground business in morphine and cocaine.

You listen to the swish of the rain on the dressing-room windows and the wind rattling the sashes. Down at the stage door is the woman, her skirts wet and steaming, awaiting your answer. You glance out into the slushy street. Would you turn a dog out on such a night—even a mangy, thieving yellow dog? Would you?

I once had the curiosity to follow up an urgent request brought to me at a Minneapolis theater by a ragged urchin who said his father sent him. It was a tale of unpaid rent, relentless landlord, starvation and a sick wife. I found three men sitting at a table playing poker.

The time of the San Francisco disaster was a golden one to the coin-seekers. It saved invention, and was an excuse timely and appealing. It is astonishing how vast the number was of those who had lost their all in the earthquake.

There is an old grafter in New York whose face is familiar at all the stage doors. He was once an actor of ability and position, but now between him and his days of usefulness lies a river of drink, deep and wide, along the shore of which he floats—a derelict. A little game that is all his own is worth mentioning. He has the manuscript part in a play which he claims to be rehearsing. For years he has been sending this part to prominent actors with a note which says he has an engagement, but lacks the funds to reach a near-by town to open with the company.

In a recent note to me he declared this town to be Trenton, and as a touch of verisimilitude, and to prove that his need was so great as to content him with the cheapest and poorest means of transportation, he requested the amount of his fare *by trolley*.

The manuscript part sent as corroborative evidence was that of a Hebrew pawnbroker in a melodrama that has not been played for twenty years. It was filthy with dirt and bar stains, the ink of the written lines had faded, the once-white outside cover had become a glazed gray through persistent handling, and its folded pages were stiff with age. This vagabond called repeatedly on me, always with a different reason for his importunings, until I was obliged to have him definitely and permanently banished from the stage door.

There was old X—— who, in his respectable days, was noted as the author of many practical jokes; he was another of this importunate sort. I am happy to say of him that, having gone through years of the lowest kind of dissipation, he finally straightened out, and is today constantly engaged for parts of minor importance.

The late George Clarke once met X—— in Chicago. It was the old story: "I really must get to New York, old fellow, and I don't know how I'm going to do it unless you help me with my railroad fare. One of the best engagements I ever had is waiting for me in New York now. I must get there." Clarke knew his man, and was obdurate. But his amazement was great when, two days after this, he had returned to New York, and on going to Daly's Theater he encountered X—— on Sixth Avenue, just outside the stage entrance. "Great Scott!" said Clarke. "How did *you* get here?"

"Hush!" said X——, with an assumption of secrecy. "Chicago played a philopena with New York and lost, and they sent me on as the forfeit." Then, falling on both knees on the sidewalk in the flood of light streaming from a saloon window, he clasped his hands in the most approved Third Avenue melodramatic manner and cried in his stagiest tones: "Charity! Charity! For the love of God, charity!" "Never!" replied Clarke, in the same spirit, much to the delight of a number of startled pedestrians. The old incorrigible rose and, assuming a most Irvingesque pose, he exclaimed: "I spare *you*, but the next man dies at sunrise! Anon, good Buckingham!" and off he strode. His farce comedy had failed.

The Hackman's Blessing

Aubrey Boucicault relates a quaint little tale of an encounter with a hackman. Coming from the stage to the street one night he beheld the cabby standing on the curb, whip in hand. As soon as he saw the actor his face lit up with a look of respectful rapture.

"Is this Misther Boucicault?" he said, taking off his hat. "Sure it is! Ah, manny's the toime I seen yer father on the stage, and manny's the toime I tuk him home in me cab. A great acthor he was—a gr-r-reat acthor! Have ye a quarter in yer clothes?"

Boucicault produced the coin. Tossing it joyfully in the air, cabby caught it, spat on it for luck and, slapping it into his pocket, he exclaimed: "God bless ye, sir! *May ye never die till I pay ye!*"

A sad-faced woman in Chicago has a method and a story that rarely miss fire, but she never appeals to the men. I first knew of her through her having disposed of three silk wrappers to the ladies of my company. She got by the doorkeeper and waited till the leading woman had come off the scene; and then with a low, tired voice apologized for coming at that hour, but she was sent by Miss X——, a prominent newspaper critic of Chicago who was interested in her. She had made three silk wrappers by working at odd times for nearly a month and would like to show them. The leading woman took her to her dressing-room, but on examining the wrappers decided that they were not particularly attractive, and hardly justified her in making a purchase. The woman without much show of disappointment, rewrapped her package and casually asked the time. On being told she looked somewhat wild, and put her hand to her forehead. "I shouldn't be here," she said. "I shouldn't be here." "Why, what is the

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matter?" "Oh, nothing!" She started on out, but leaned weakly against the door-casing. "What is it?" asked the leading woman, now thoroughly sympathetic. "My baby! I shouldn't be here. I left her at noon in charge of a neighbor, and I've been ever since then trying to sell these things. Miss X—— said she felt sure you'd buy one, and I need money very badly—for my baby." The leading woman was a mother herself—that was enough for her. Not only did she take one of the garments at a good round sum, but found two ladies of the company whom she coerced into a similar purchase. When the leading woman prepared to go home that night she discovered that some of the valuables from her dressing-room were missing. An investigation proved that the woman had worked all the principal theaters in Chicago. Of course Miss X——, the dramatic critic, had never heard of her, while the garments were of the cheapest character and purchased at a department-store bargain sale.

This recalls a rather sorry jest at the expense of my business manager. One night he was busy "counting up the house," when a note was handed in at the box-office, sent from a theater three blocks down Broadway. "Dear Joe," it read, "I am just making up my house and find I am fifty dollars short. I need just that much for my salaries that I must pay tonight, and I don't like to touch the treasurer of the house and get his accounts all muddled. Send it by bearer—will hand it to you tomorrow.—FOGARTY."

My manager knew Fogarty, the treasurer of a neighboring attraction, this was his signature, the stationery was that of W——'s Theater, everything quite all right. He sent the fifty dollars, but Fogarty never received it, because Fogarty never sent for it. The next day, while the matter was being discussed, Fogarty wrote his signature under the forgery—the two were identical to a shading and a pen-stroke.

The oddest and most original begging letter I ever received came from a man who said he was an ex-convict. It was marked "Private and confidential," and, minus its verbiage, it read thus:

My dear Mr. Skinner:

I beg you will read this through that you may know my reason for addressing you and the cause for which I plead. A friend of mine, formerly a member of your company, suggested my writing. You had been kind to him, and he thought you would listen to me. . . . A few years ago I was employed in a town in the western part of the state. I got into trouble there, and being only a clerk and without influential friends, I was arrested, brought to trial and finally sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. Six months ago the long term of my incarceration, and I may say my torture, came to an end, and I was once more a free man. But what could I do? I could not go back to my old home, where I was in disgrace, I could not tell my sad tale to any one without ruining my chances for work, and I could produce no references.

I came to New York. For weeks I was near starvation. There is a hell on earth, and I've known it in this town. I've slept in the parks, in sheds, on the docks. I've carried sandwich boards; I've stood for hours in the bread line. Time and again I have gone to the river-front at night, tempted to end it all.

Finally, I met the friend I have mentioned. The result of that meeting is that I now have employment in the offices of the New York Central Railroad. The head of my department took me in and gave me a small salary. This man, my friend and yourself are the only ones who know my terrible secret.

Now the reason for my writing you is this: At the boarding-house where my small salary just enables me to live, and no more, the landlady's son has recently died. The clothes he left are nearly new and will fit me. The landlady will sell them for thirty dollars. (Here followed a detailed list of the wardrobe.) If I can buy them I can dress myself respectably, thus get a better position and win a place in the world. I ask you to advance this sum, and I will give you my note and my sacred pledge to return it. . . . Another cause which makes the purchase of these clothes a necessity is that through all my sorrow a noble girl who refused to break her promise to marry me remained true and faithful. If I can decently present myself to her and have a little better position than the one I now hold, she will be my wife.

I have given but a part of this letter that overflows with descriptive passages and attempts at style. It covered several pages of foolscap in clerkly, businesslike penmanship.

Up to the "noble girl" the author had made a good plea, but here his imagination carried him away, and he went on the rocks.

My Wonderful Dad

My Daddy, he lived in a wonderful house,
and he played with such wonderful toys;
They were neighbors of his; and the attic
they had was a storehouse of wonderful toys;
He slept every night in a wonderful bed, with
a tick that his grandmother made
From the feathers of geese that she picked all
herself, and so soft he was almost afraid
He would sink out of sight when he got into
bed; he could look from his window right
out
And see where the vines used to bring him
sweet flowers just by crawling along up the
spout;
And he could look over and see where the
woods and the squirrels and birds used
to be.
He must have had wonderful times where he
lived from the way that he tells them to me!

My Daddy, he caught the most wonderful fish
—there were thin ones and fat ones and
round,
And some were so long that their tails when
he walked would be dragging right down on
the ground;
He scraped off their scales on a log that he had
at the woodpile, and said he would know
That log just as well if he saw it today,
although that was a long time ago.
He used to dig worms of a wonderful size—he
has never seen any like those
Since he was grown up; and on Saturdays he
wore a wonderful old suit of clothes
And a hat that an uncle of his had forgot, for
on Friday he did all his sums,
And Saturday always he went off somewhere
with his one or two wonderful chums.

My Daddy, he lived in a wonderful place
when he was a twelve-year-old lad,
For no matter what kind of a day it might be
there was always some fun to be had.
He learned how to swim in a wonderful creek,
where all of the whole summer long
The water was warm, and the springboard
they had it was springy and slippery and
strong.
And on the way home they found berries to eat,
and he said he remembers them well,
And it didn't seem nearly a mile to back
home, for there always was something to tell
That took up the time both for him and his
chums, and sometimes they came home a
new way,
And always all summer they had it all
planned what to do on the next Saturday.

My Daddy, he said he could go back there
now and could take me as straight as a
string
To all of the wonderful places he knew—
where the first flowers came in the spring;
Where you almost were sure to catch fish
in the brook—where the nuts would come
dropping in fall;
Where the most berries were on the way to
back home—he is sure he remembers them
all.
He knows where the squirrels were most apt
to be, and the lane where the hay wagon
comes;
And said he'd find names in the bark of a tree
that were cut there by him and his chums
Twenty-five years ago, and the log where they
sat when they found the big garter-snake
curled.
My Daddy, he must have had wonderful times
in the splendidest place in the world!

—J. W. Foley.

SMOKE THIS BOX OF Velvet FREE!

Nothing gives quite so much satisfaction as a pipeful of good tobacco—a pipeful of Velvet.

You are the man we want to convince—you are the man we want to smoke Velvet, and we want you to begin at our expense.

To prove to you that Velvet is the smoothest, cleanest, coolest smoke that ever pleased a particular palate, we want to send you one of our regular size 10c boxes *free*.

We know so well the result of this trial—that you will be convinced that there is no other tobacco as satisfying as Velvet and become a steady consumer, that we are willing to send you the first box *free*.

Fill in the attached coupon and mail to us today with 5c in stamps to partially cover the cost of mailing, and we will send you *anywhere in the U. S.* a regular 10c box of Velvet, the best smoke you ever had, by return mail. This is an opportunity you cannot miss. So send the coupon now.

SPAULDING & MERRICK, Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

SPAULDING & MERRICK, Dept. B, CHICAGO, ILL.
Enclosed find 5 cents in stamps to partially cover cost of mailing complimentary box of "Velvet" *anywhere in the U. S.* **Good only until January 1, 1910.**

My Name_____ My Address _____

My Dealer_____ His Address_____

Be One of the Thousand

Last year only 500 people were fortunate enough to get the exclusive Rauch & Lang.

Three hundred who wanted these cars last year were forced to wait 'til now. For we couldn't turn out 300 more cars than arranged for last year and turn them out satisfactorily.

We couldn't, in less time, give each car the Rauch & Lang finish and style—the perfect motors, the silent drive.

This year we will make 1,000 cars. If you act soon you can be one of the lucky thousand owners.

Three Months to Finish Each Individual Body

Each Rauch & Lang body represents the work of one craftsman for 90 days. For every detail, even the most minute, is treated as if it were the most important part of the car.

We have been carriage makers for over 57 years. No one knows better what refined people want.

The seats are wide, deep and soft.

The upholstering is imported broadcloth or leather in any color to match the body.

The exteriors are like the finest pianos.

The Best of Approved Construction

There is nothing startling about this car—nothing that smacks of sensation. Our mechanical features are practical—many are exclusive with us.

We use a unique control. You cannot start the car until the control is first in the neutral position—it can never start accidentally.

Yet all power can be shut off instantly in any position.

The One Perfect Electric Brake

Our electric brake never fails to work, and in no wise injures the motor.

The foot brake is strong, extra large and durable. The car answers these brakes at once and the weakest woman has plenty of strength to stop instantly.

We use a Corbin key in the control handle to lock the power connection. No one can steal the car by using a nail or wire.

We use Exide batteries of enormous capacity and extreme ruggedness.

You can ride in a Rauch & Lang Car as far as you'll want to go in a day.

This is the only car giving unqualified service in hilly cities.

We have spared no expense to make this car the very utmost in electrics. Other cars may be cheaper at first, but Rauch & Lang owners spend practically nothing at all for repairs. We have dealers in most of the principal cities.

Rauch & Lang Electrics

Cut out the memo below and mail it to us today for the catalog. [7]

The Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.
2200 West 25th Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me your catalog and name of your local agent.

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Address _____

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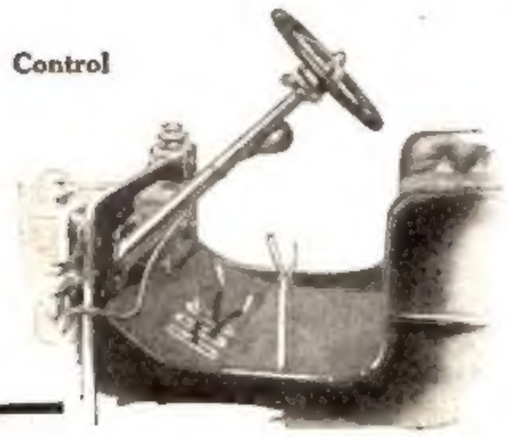
Facts From Ford

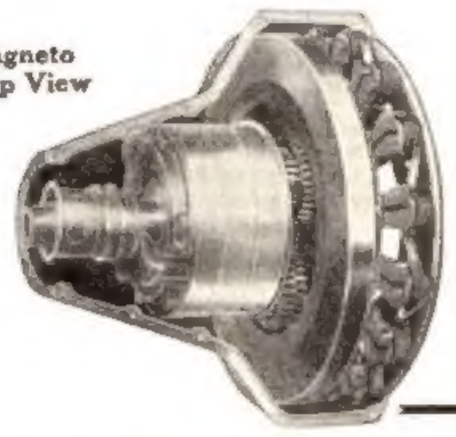
The Model T Ford is a popular Car because

Control



Model "T" 4-cyl., 20 h.p., 1200 lb., 5 Passenger Touring Car, $950.00
Price includes full equipment as shown

Magneto
Top View



It Combines High Priced Quality With a Low Priced Car

Compare the Ford car part against part, feature against feature, design against design, material against material with any car selling for several hundred dollars more money, and if you are conscientious in the comparison and your purchase is influenced thereby, Ford gets the order.

Consider the Control—All the forward speeds are worked by the first pedal. The reverse is on the second pedal and the brake on the third. A slight pressure on the first pedal releases the clutch and the other foot on pedal 3 applies the brake. For every operation forward, back or stop, only the feet are required. The hands remain on the steering wheel to guide the car and to regulate the gasoline and the spark. The car is therefore always under the instant control of the operator. Compare that with the method employed on other cars.

Then the Magneto—It's an extra in many higher priced cars. It is built in the Ford engine. The rotary part is a part of the flywheel and included in the weight. The stationary part is rigidly fastened to the engine casting. There are no brushes, moving wires, contact points or friction parts, nothing to wear out or give trouble, no batteries to bother with, the car starts on the magneto.

The power plant combines the engine, transmission, magneto and lubricating system all in one unit. All four cylinders are cast in one block, insuring perfect alignment and uniformity. Cylinder head is detachable and renders all parts of engine easily accessible. Thermo-syphon cooling system is employed. A pressed steel, oil tight one piece housing forms lower half of crank case. All working parts are enclosed. These are all high class features and make this the simplest, most efficient power plant ever put into an automobile.

The steering gear is on the left hand side for reasons that are detailed in the new Ford catalog 266 now ready and freely mailed on request. Several other makers have since adopted this style, so proving its worth.

The drive shaft and rear axle (one unit) from the single universal joint right back of the transmission clear to the wheels is enclosed in an oil tight dirt proof housing. The drive shaft, differential and rear axle all run in oil, insuring long life and satisfactory operation. This, by the way, is one of the Ford patented features that is being widely infringed by higher priced cars.

The Springs, different from the springs on any other car, are generally pronounced the easiest riding springs ever put into a car. Many a Model T car has been sold solely on its easy riding qualities.

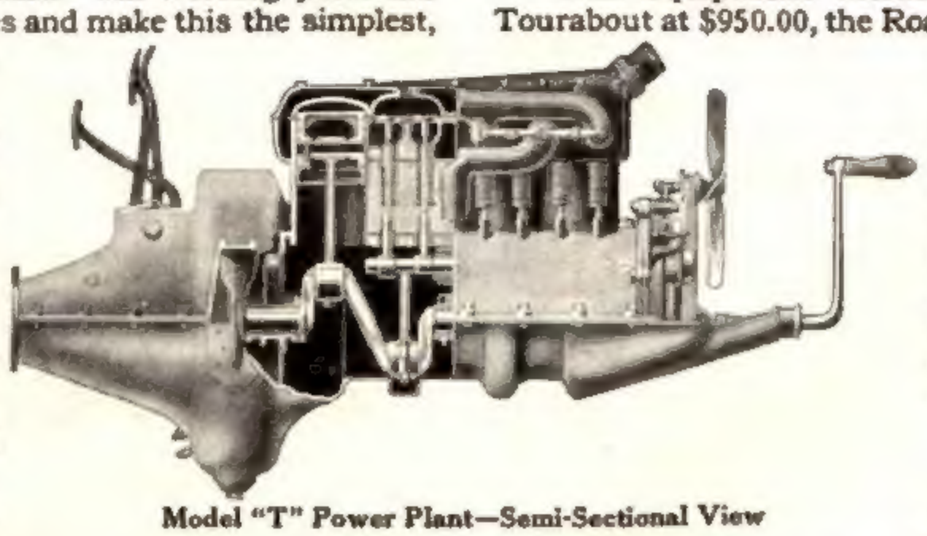
Vanadium steel used throughout wherever strength is a requisite is a further proof of Ford quality. Vanadium steel is high priced, not cheap, and the Vanadium steel in the Ford axles, crank shaft, cam shaft, drive shaft, pedals, brakes and a score of other parts is rendered the more costly by the thorough heat treatment each piece undergoes before it enters into a Ford car.

Operating expense—After comparing the construction, the appearance, the durability and the price, all of which favor Ford, compare the operating expense of this light, low priced car with that of any high priced and, of course, heavier car. The Ford owner has a smaller fuel bill, a smaller tire bill, a smaller repair bill than has the owner of any other car manufactured. That is the verdict of the user.

1st place in the New York-Seattle Race, 1st place in division 1 Munsey Reliability Run, 1st place in hill climbs innumerable help prove Ford quality, for we maintain no racing crew, all cars are stock and the cars entered have been, with the exception of that in the New York-Seattle race, privately owned and driven. The "Story of the Race," describing the New York-Seattle race, is yours for the asking. There's a lot of proof in it.

Full equipment included—The Touring Car at $950.00, the Tourabout at $950.00, the Roadster at $900.00, include, beside the magneto, an extension top, an automatic brass wind shield, a speedometer, two 6-inch gas lamps, a generator, three oil lamps and a horn. In other cars this amount of equipment is usually figured at from $150.00 to $300.00 extra on a price already higher than the Ford. In addition there is the Coupe at $1050.00, the Landaulet at $1100.00 and the Town Car at $1200.00, prices including three oil lamps and horn. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Branches or dealers everywhere. Write us and we will arrange for a demonstration at your convenience.



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